

The **A** **MERICAN**
LEGION *Monthly*
25 Cents August - 1926



Frederic Arnold Kummer ~ Hugh Wiley ~ J.G. Harbord
Albert Payson Terhune ~ Meredith Nicholson
Arthur Somers Roche - Gene Tunney - Percy Grainger

"Not at all - the aroma
is delightful"



Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

TO A MARRIED MAN WITH TWO CHILDREN



MODERN FATHERHOOD—what responsibilities it involves!

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ciples which fits men for the high places—and the high rewards—of business.

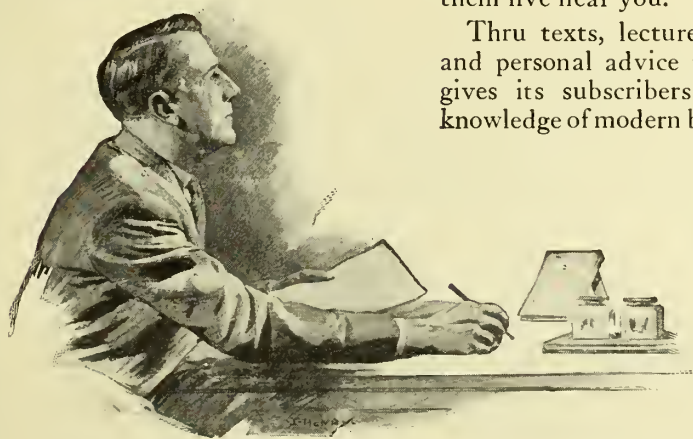
The Institute does not train men to be specialists. By giving a man a working knowledge of *every* department of business, the Institute fits him to direct the specialists in those departments to his profit.

Send for this book

Out of our experience we have prepared a book entitled "Forging Ahead in Business." We should like to send you this book—free by mail, and without obligation.

It is a cheerful, helpful book. It proves conclusively that a man's income can be increased by a definite addition to his business knowledge; and it points the way.

This book is a father's book. It answers the question, "How can I be sure of money enough for the fine, big things of life?" If not for your own sake, for the sake of the wife and children who look to you with so much confidence, send for it *today*.



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Signature

Please write plainly

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Business Position



The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



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A PATRIOTIC CALENDAR FOR AUGUST

1st: Figures of first United States Census announced, showing population of 3,929,214, 1790—2d: First steamboat arrives at St. Louis, 1816—3d: Columbus sails from Palos, Spain, 1492—4th: Denmark cedes Virgin Islands to United States, 1916—5th: Battle of Mobile Bay, 1864—6th: Sieur Gerard of France, first foreign envoy to United States, introduced to Continental Congress, 1778—7th: War Department created, 1789—8th: U. S. S. *Tennessee* sails for Europe with \$5,000,000 in gold for war-stranded tourists, 1914—9th: Ship *Columbia* leaves Boston on first trip around the world under the American flag, 1787—10th: First Plattsburg camp opens, 1915—11th: New Mexico and Arizona admitted to Union, 1911—12th: Lewis and Clark reach source of Missouri River, 1805—13th: Manila surrenders to United States forces, 1898—14th: United States troops enter Peking, 1900—15th: Panama Canal formally opened, 1914—16th: First message sent over Atlantic cable, 1858—17th: Fulton's *Clermont* steams up Hudson River from New York to Albany, 1807—18th: Virginia Dare, first offspring of English parents in what is now the United States, born, 1587—19th: U. S. S. *Constitution* captures H. M. S. *Guerrière*, 1812—20th: Mad Anthony Wayne defeats Indians near Miami, Ohio, 1794—21st: Storm blows down Charter Oak at Hartford, Connecticut, 1856—22d: Yacht *America* wins Cowes Regatta Cup, since known as the *America's Cup*, 1851—23d: First steamship leaves Buffalo for Detroit, 1818—24th: Parcel post established, 1912—25th: Resolution of peace with Germany and Austria signed at Berlin by United States and German representatives, 1921—26th: Woman suffrage amendment to Constitution becomes law, 1920—27th: Battle of Long Island, 1776—28th: World's first oil well gushes at Titusville, Pennsylvania, 1859—29th: English seize New Amsterdam, now New York, from the Dutch, 1664—30th: French fleet arrives in Chesapeake Bay to bear important share in victory at Yorktown, 1781—31st: First California constitutional convention meets at Monterey, 1849.

ROBERT F. SMITH, *General Manager*

JOHN T. WINTERICH, *Editor*

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September 19, 1922.

Thomas Cook & Son,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen--

Our American Legion Tour has now been concluded and I am writing to express to you the appreciation of the entire party for the most excellent manner in which your firm handled all of the business and travel arrangements on the Tour.

It is the unanimous opinion of the members of the party that everything was most satisfactory and that you always did a little better than was required and even expected. I can assure you that every member of our delegation feels a very keen sense of appreciation for the excellent service received from you from beginning to end and I take great pleasure in so informing you.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) JOHN J. WICKER, Jr.
Tour Director.



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of the

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Your offices in the several cities we visited served our thousands of men in innumerable ways and always in a manner which won and deserved their confidence and appreciation.

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European Trip, 1926

I wish to express to Thomas Cook & Son, the appreciation of the four commands of the manner in which the land portions of our European Trip were handled by your organization. We consider that the service given and the manner in which the service was rendered were excellent, and commend it highly.

*Major Mills F. Neal,
Major Commanding*

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THE MESSAGE CENTER



AMONG the most conspicuous violators of General Order Something or Other during the World War was Major General James G. Harbord. Those who were present at that time will remember that it was strictly forbidden to have a camera or keep a diary. While there is no direct evidence that General Harbord journeyed through France kodaking as he went, it cannot be denied that he kept a diary. It appeared in book form a few months ago under the title "Leaves from a War Diary" (if that isn't flying in the face of the Army General Staff, what is?), and it is the most interesting historical document by an American participant in the war that has so far been published. In saying a kind word for the doughboy in this issue General Harbord is not speaking for himself. Like Pershing, he is a cavalryman.

GENERAL HARBORD is now president of the Radio Corporation of America, which is the first job he ever held with that organization. This is something of a blow to the theory that every corporation executive in the United States began by emptying the waste-baskets and collecting the soiled towels. General Harbord passed through that phase of existence too, but not with the Radio Corporation. At the time he might have been emptying waste-baskets he was peeling potatoes for the United States Government. Enlisting in the Army as a private, he held every rank, non-commissioned and commissioned (with the exception of a few trick sergeancies) up to and including major general. The A. E. F. remembers him as commander of the Marine Brigade while it was ploughing through a mean tangle of landscape known as Belleau Wood, as commander of the Second Division in certain all-critical days south of Soissons, and as head of the Services of Supply.

PERCY GRAINGER writes as an expert in describing Paderewski as king of living pianists—one proof, by the way, that not every great man in a special field of artistic endeavor is frightfully jealous of every other great man in it. Mr. Grainger, a native of Australia, is now an American citizen, having become naturalized while serving with the United States Army in the World War. He enlisted as a bandsman in June, 1917, playing the oboe and the saxophone—that device which becomes an instrument of such excruciating torture only when in the hands of the non-expert. Later he became an instructor at the Army Music

School on Governor's Island, in New York Harbor. He served throughout the war as an enlisted man. Mr. Grainger is famous as a composer as well as being a pianist of world repute.

IT IS the proud boast of Meredith Nicholson that he is a "provincial American." Born in Crawfordsville, Indiana, he is still a resident of that State, now making his home in Indianapolis. Mr. Nicholson may have stayed close to home himself, but his reputation has traveled far beyond the Hoosier border. He is the author of a score of novels, two books of verse, and several collections of essays devoted principally to an exposition of that broad sweep of middle America of which he is a foremost interpreter. Of solidest American stock, no one is better qualified to sense "The Savor of Nationality" than he. "My forbears," he has written, "were farmers or country-town folk. They followed the long trail over the mountains out of Virginia and North Carolina, with brief sojourns in western Pennsylvania and Kentucky. My parents were born within two and four hours of the spot where I pen these reflections, and I had voted before I saw the sea or an Eastern city."

WOODWARD BOYD is the wife of Thomas Boyd, author of "Through the Wheat." The Boyds live in St. Paul. Hugh Wiley is a Californian but not a native son, having been born in Zanesville, Ohio. Philip Von Blon, who is Managing Editor of *The American Legion Monthly*, is also a native Ohioan. Fairfax Downey was born in Salt Lake City and is now on the staff of the *New York Herald-Tribune* by way of Kansas City—reverse English on Horace Greeley's advice. He is the author of two books, "Father's First Two Years" and "When We Were Rather Older." Messrs. Wiley and Downey achieved the conspicuousness of lieutenantancies during the World War and Mr. Von Blon the ultra-conspicuousness of a regimental sergeant majorcy.

TWO statements from prominent Englishmen on the occasion of the one hundred and fiftieth birthday of the United States arrived too late for inclusion in the July Monthly. Dr. C. W. Saleeby, physician, eugenist and author, wrote: "Three years have passed since my last visit to America, and I long to return. (America is incomparably the finest thing that Britain has ever done.) Years before I began to visit America, I

learnt of her achievements in the conquest of disease in Cuba and the Panama Canal Zone. Now the visitor learns that, beside her ever advancing conquest against disease, America is well on the way towards the abolition of poverty. It is indeed a New World which is being thus created by means of what the greatest and most forward-looking of American poets has called 'sane wars, life-giving wars, the great campaigns of peace to come.'"

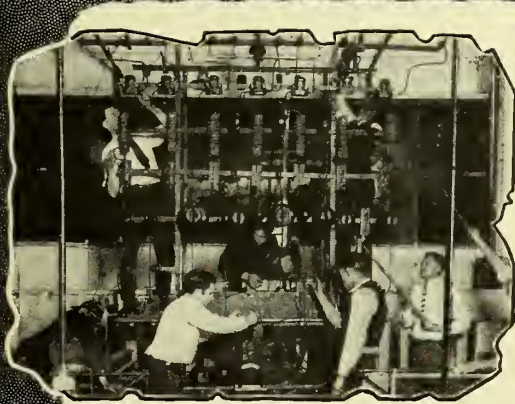
FROM C. Lewis Hind, author, editor and art critic, came the following: "You say that for a century and a half the two great English-speaking nations have gone separate ways. If this be so it is wrong. There is only one way—the right way: that is the complete union of the English-speaking peoples."

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE knows all dogs, but he knows collies best. Shortly after writing "Dog Nature Is Just Human Nature" he went over to Scotland this spring to find the perfect collie. On his return he was able to announce that there warn't no such animal—or that, if there was, it was right here in America. Mr. Terhune himself is built on mastiff rather than poodle lines. He is an amateur heavy-weight boxer of parts, and though in his early fifties can still make things interesting for the big-timers.

ORVILLE WRIGHT and other Americans whose names are writ large in the development of aviation will describe the high points in their flying careers in the September Monthly. The effect will be that of a short history of aviation in the words of the men who have made it. Robert F. Sherwood, editor of *Life* and foremost motion-picture critic, will discuss the present deluge of war movies. The composer of "There's a Long, Long Trail" will describe the birth of the song that helped win the war (he didn't leave it all to the song, but got in himself). Marquis James will tell the story of the Arnold-André episode, wherein half a dozen little flukes, including the fact that out of a group of three American privates one was able to read, saved the cause of independence. Mrs. Constance Boyle Clune, herself a record holder, will discuss swimming.

The Editor

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THE SAVOR OF NATIONALITY

By Meredith Nicholson

Decoration by Walter Jardine

IS THERE an American Spirit?

I think there is. The question, casually introduced into a conversation anywhere, is sure to invite rebuke. Of course there is an American Spirit, as witness Fourth of July, Memorial Day, Armistice Day and many other rubrications in the calendar that afford opportunity for the expression of our patriotism. A national spirit is compounded of many elements, and our Americanism is a pleasing and stimulating blend of the distinctive essences of forty-eight proud commonwealths.

James Russell Lowell speaks of "Don Quixote" as a work possessing "the savor of nationality" and goes on to say that in every literature which can be in any sense called national there is a flavor of the soil from which it sprang.

There has recently been evident a marked disposition among a considerable number of blithe young writers, intoxicated by their own cleverness, to sneer, not only at the elder gods of American literature, but at American life itself. This is not original, but an imitation of the attitude toward America of foreign critics from the beginning of the republic. The sneer at American achievements in literature is heard in many college class rooms. Young professors eager to "make the first page" of the nearest newspapers find it easy to demonstrate their own superiority by speaking with contempt of the men who (stupidly, it would seem) really expressed themselves and the America of their today.

It now appears that they committed the unpardonable and damning sin of being Americans. Being Americans they wrote of American subjects and expressed American ideals. If Longfellow hadn't written "The Hanging of the Crane" and "The Building of the Ship" our early American history would lack two of its most delightful illustrations. Whittier's "Snow-Bound" is another poem that has a real value for the student of American social history.

It is hardly becoming for Americans to deride the pioneer American writers for choosing homely American subjects, particularly where they wrote truly and effectively in the manner of all who, in any language, have enriched literature by expressing the spirit of nationality. The same breed of critics

cackle their contempt for Emerson, though no man ever had a truer conception of the hope and the promise of America than Waldo of Concord. His "Concord Hymn" stirs the pulses with the rhythmic drum-beat that in all ages has sent the world marching toward freedom. If his wholesomeness, sanity and optimism seem to these young gentlemen the mere babblings of a ridiculous imbecile then they should betake themselves in haste to other lands. Whitman is the only poet who wholly satisfies the school of bolshevik criticism, but Whitman, they seem not to understand, was a pretty sound American, though not half as useful a citizen as Emerson. The fact that Whitman refused to button his shirt and exhibited himself on top of the Broadway omnibuses doesn't make him a better American than Emerson, who lived like a gentleman and didn't garnish his writings from the garbage can.

Mark Twain, Bret Harte, William Dean Howells, Joel Chandler Harris and James Whitcomb Riley are only a few of the many other Americans who looked out of their windows and wrote of what they saw and helped America to know herself.

It has lately become the fashion among some of our pleasing young writers to sneer at the American business man as an ignorant Philistine with a fat neck who is without the "vision," which is a blessing reserved for the exalted critics. The intelligence and enterprise of America's captains of industry has at least made the conditions of life in America more comfortable than they are anywhere else in the world—even more attractive than they are in Russia!—and to that extent these gentlemen may be said to have done something for civilization. The generosity of American business men has given to education, literature, the fine arts and science the greatest stimulus to high endeavor ever enjoyed by any people.

We are not doing so badly, we Americans!

Helpful constructive criticism is always desirable. A sneer signifies nothing but spite and malevolence.

The sanctuaries of the American Spirit must be preserved from defilement by the voluble smart alecs who earn a living by sneering and jeering at America.



WALTER
JARDINE

Scatter-brained!

*No wonder he never accomplishes
anything worthwhile!*

HIS mind is a hodge-podge of half-baked ideas.

He thinks of a thousand "schemes" to make money quickly—but **DOES** nothing about **ANY** of them.

Thoughts flash into and out of his brain with the speed of lightning. New ideas rush in pell-mell, crowding out old ones before they have taken form or shape.

He is **SCATTER-BRAINED**.

His mind is like a powerful automobile running wild—destroying his hopes, his dreams, his **POSSIBILITIES**!

He wonders why he does not get ahead. He cannot understand why others, with less ability, pass him in the prosperity parade.

He pities himself, excuses himself, sympathizes with himself.

And the great tragedy is that he has every quality that leads to success—intelligence, originality, imagination, ambition.

His trouble is that he does not know how to **USE** his brain.

His mental make-up needs an overhauling.

There are millions like him—failures, half-successes—slaves to those with **BALANCED, ORDERED MINDS**.

It is a known fact that most of us use only one-tenth of our brain power. The other nine-tenths is dissipated into thousands of fragmentary thoughts, in day dreaming, in wishing.

We are paid for **ONE-TENTH** of what we possess because that is all we **USE**. We are hundred horse-power motors delivering only **TEN** horse power.

What can be done about it?

The reason most people fall miserably below what they dream of attaining in life is that certain mental faculties in them **BECOME ABSOLUTELY ATROPHIED THROUGH DISUSE**, just as a muscle often does.

If, for instance, you lay for a year in bed, you would sink to the ground when you arose; your leg muscles, **UNUSED FOR SO LONG**, could not support you.

It is no different with those rare mental faculties which you envy others for possessing. You actually **DO** possess them, but they are **ALMOST ATROPHIED**, like unused muscles, simply because they are faculties you seldom, if ever, **USE**.

Be honest with yourself. You know in your heart that you have failed, failed miserably, to attain what you once dreamed of.

Was that fine ambition unattainable? **OR WAS THERE JUST SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU?** Analyze yourself, and you will see that at bottom **THERE WAS A WEAKNESS SOMEWHERE IN YOU**.

What **WAS** the matter with you?

Find out by means of Pelmanism; then develop the particular mental faculty that you lack. You **CAN** develop it easily; Pelmanism will show you just how; 550,000 Pelmanists, **MANY OF WHOM WERE HELD BACK BY YOUR VERY PROBLEM**, will tell you that this is true.

Among those who advocate Pelmanism are:

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Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.

The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, Famous Novelist.

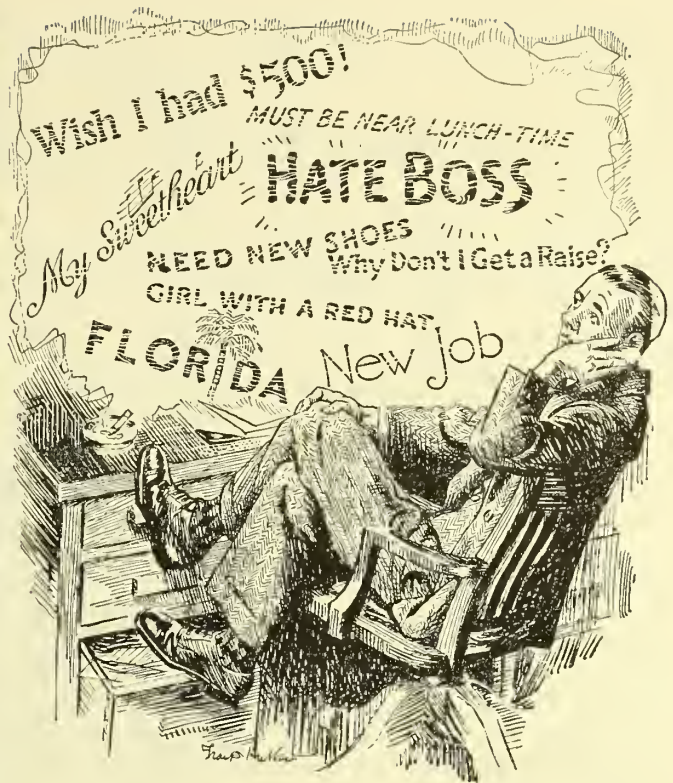
Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist

General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement.

Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.

Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.



Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.
W. L. George, Author.

Baroness Orczy, Author.
Prince Charles of Sweden.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

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A remarkable book called "Scientific Mind Training" has been written about Pelmanism. **IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE**. Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who **NEED** this book will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's all tommyrot," others will say.

But if they use their **HEADS** they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed here.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS**, and what it can do for you.

The first principle of **YOUR** success is to do something definite in your life. You cannot afford to remain undecided, vacillating, day-dreaming, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you **FIND YOURSELF**. Mail the coupon below now—while your resolve to **DO SOME THING ABOUT YOURSELF** is strong.

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POST CONVENTION TOURS IN EUROPE

AT the close of the 9th Annual Convention, September 24, 1927, of the American Legion, there will be thousands of Legion members and their families who will wish to see more of Europe.

Distances from Paris to the neighboring countries are relatively short, hence an extra two weeks or month of sight-seeing and exploring will be comparatively inexpensive.

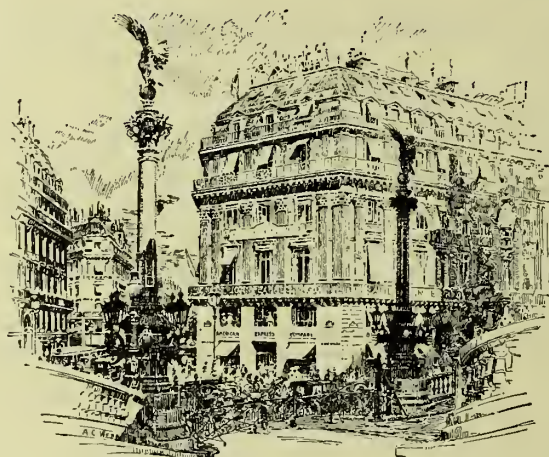
But in each country travel conditions vary. Strange languages, customs requirements and native differences, while they add to the charm of travel, do not lessen its difficulties.

To get the most out of any tour, to see interesting places with the least personal trouble, requires the expert planning and experienced service of a tourist agency.

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modations and sight-seeing, etc., are made in advance. All the party members have to do is to sleep and eat and enjoy themselves!

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A BURNT CHILD

By
*FREDERIC
ARNOLD
KUMMER*

*Illustrations by
Howard Chandler
Christy*



New York, May 1, 19—.

DEAR Brooke: No doubt you have heard about Edith and myself, even in gay Paree. Bad news travels fast, you know, and I suppose it is bad news to hear that two people who agreed, so short a time ago, to cleave to each other until death should them part are once more free as air, except for a lot of unpleasant memories. And yet I would not have it otherwise. Edith, I am sure, is far better off, and so no doubt am I. Perhaps, like you, I never was cut out to be a married man. I remember very well how cynical you were when I asked you to be my best man. "Chief mourner," you insisted on calling yourself—and as it turned out you were right.

Now that everything is over, I frankly admit a vast sense of relief. It seems quite wonderful to be free again—to have no one whose wishes I must consult—whose likes and dislikes I must constantly consider—whose comfort and happiness I must always have on my mind. Now I need make no explanations if I come home late, or not at all—I am my own master. To a certain extent marriage undoubtedly makes cowards of us all.

I don't know what stories you may have heard, over there, but I think it only fair to both Edith and myself to tell you—and have you tell any of our friends who may want to gnaw a little at the bone of gossip—that in this case there is no bone to gnaw. No other woman—no cruelty—no throwing of plates—

just a decent, dignified parting of the ways; the sort of thing the law says you can't do because you both want to do it. Ridiculous, of course, but—

Well, my dear fellow, I fully expect to be a bachelor for the rest of my days. Without disrespect to Edith, whom I shall always consider one of the finest of women, I can safely say that neither beauty, brains, nor all the wealth of the Indies could tempt me to give up my freedom again. Not that I have any ill-feeling toward women as women, but, frankly, I doubt their value as wives. Even the best of them come, in the end, to regard you as a somewhat questionable asset, like an old coat—useful to keep out the cold, but nothing to be proud of. And I sometimes wonder how many wives there are in the world who, if the truth were told, would not rather welcome a chance to exchange the threadbare garment for a new one, with a fur collar and all the trimmings. You see, I am getting to be as cynical as you are, which is saying a great deal.

Are you coming back this summer? I imagine not. Between Paris and prohibition—the Boulevards and Broadway—there could scarcely be much opportunity for choice. From your enthusiastic letter about the charming little grisettes and mannequins and whatnots you've met, I conclude that you have been tempering the study of art with an occasional glimpse of nature—equally fascinating, I haven't a doubt.

Please remember me to the Watsons, and that interesting Burke boy, and write to me when you have the time.

Yours,

VAN

New York, June 25, 19—.

DEAR Brooke:

Your letter, with its spicy gossip of the studios, was like a perfumed breeze from an enchanted land. I won't attempt to name the perfume, since each lady in Paris now has her own particular brand, but the combination was intoxicating. I should say, offhand, that you were having a very interesting

time, and am genuinely and selfishly sorry that I'm not with you.

You ask whether I am enjoying my new-found freedom. Isn't that a rather foolish question? Bachelor life has some disadvantages, of course, but that is to be expected. Things are a bit dull in town just now, and sometimes I'm lonely, even at the club, where I've been living since Edith and I had our break. I think I shall move. The same old crowd, playing cards or pool night after night, has begun to get on my nerves. I've found out something during the past year—it's a great deal easier to be a bachelor, if you've always been one, than it is if you haven't. Like everything else, marriage is a good deal of a habit. Take Maxwell and Scott and the rest of that crowd—they've always been bachelors—never have known what it is to be anything else. Sitting about the club has become second nature to them. With me it's entirely different. Not that I'm longing to be back with Edith, or anything like that, but when evening comes, and I leave the office, the old habit of going to some definite place, where some particular person will be waiting for me, asserts itself, and I feel—well—detached. What I need is a place I can call home—a little apartment where I can have my things about me and retire to when I want to be alone, like a turtle to his shell.

I mentioned the matter to Tom Scoville the other night and he laughed. "Make a hermit of yourself—you, of all men!" he said. "Wake up! What you need is life, excitement, people about you, or you'll die of dry rot. Come along with me tonight. I'm going to take a couple of girls to dinner."

I went, having nothing else to do. The girls were very young—very pretty—very full of pep—and we ate and danced and went to a show and ate and danced again, until all hours. Tom was in his element, and I found the evening amusing, but—well—skin deep, if you know what I mean. Women of that type haven't much to offer. They can't talk, and it's difficult to get interested in their chatter. There's no doubt that Broadway is just another Main Street. Those girls discussed the latest Times Square scandal as eagerly as a small-town sewing circle would discuss the cut of the new minister's coat, but when I happened to say to one of them that she had a smile like the Mona Lisa—which she did—she wanted to know if Mona was in pictures, and what company she worked for. I shouldn't have expected anything else, of course, but I *would* like to meet a really attractive, intelligent woman—one a man could talk to—have as an understanding friend. Edith had brains, you know, as well as good looks, and no doubt she spoiled me for the average woman. If she had only been a little less exacting—but that is another story.

I'm sorry that business conditions won't permit me to run over and spend a month with you in Paris just now, but since I can't, I think I'll try Easthampton for a while. I remember we used to have some very jolly times down there, before the war, and I need a vacation to jolt me out of my present state of dullness. Take this evening, for instance. I've been sitting here in my room for three hours, reading a book on the Japanese question—interesting, of course, but not exactly thrilling. I might have gone to a show—Edith and I used to go a great deal—but it's stupid, alone. I tried it, last night. Must I cultivate a taste for chorus girls, or the movies? Married life

certainly has *some* compensations, in spite of all its drawbacks. Of course one can call on one's friends, but they usually spend the evening telling you, as George Otis did me the other night, that the only worthwhile things in life are a home and children. He has six—four boys and two girls—and ought to know. One of them smeared chocolate all over my dinner coat. And I noticed, when George said what he did, that there was a haggard gleam in his eye. Raising a family on his salary

these days is enough to make anybody haggard. And yet, when I got back to my two-by-four room at the club, I realized that I didn't have *all* the advantages on my side. I certainly must get that apartment.

I am delighted to know that your work is going so well. Tell me more about the "Portrait of a Lady." And who is the lady?

Yours,

VAN

New York, July 5, 19—.

MY DEAR Brooke:

I've sent the books you wanted, and I will have a talk with Franzen & Co. about the pictures at once.

No, I'm not getting the blues, as you suggest. In fact, I've had an amusing time since I wrote you last. Tom Scoville introduced me to a delightful little girl—really quite exquisite, like a well-dressed dryad, if you get what I mean—slender, piquante, altogether lovely. I saw her every day for over a week, at tea, or dinner, or the theatre. She appealed to me tremendously—quite took me out of myself, the bewitching little devil. I don't say that unkindly. She really was a very nice girl, but these modern young flappers are thoroughly well aware of their physical charms and don't hesitate to use them to turn an old duffer's head. They consider you old, you know, if you're past thirty. Just when I'd begun to think she was the very understanding friend I'd been looking for she introduced me to her fiancé. Yes—engaged, of course. A young chap of twenty-two or three. He'd been out of town, it seems. I wondered for a moment that she hadn't said anything about him before, but there wasn't any reason why she should—I'd been careful to point out, when we first met, that I had no matrimonial intentions. They both grinned at my surprise—it *was* something of a shock, I'll admit—so just to show that I was a good fellow I asked them out to dinner.

Thank the Lord I have a sense of humor and can laugh at my imaginary troubles. Most of us, I'm afraid, expect too much of life—we want to eat our cake and have it too. Take myself, for example. I want all the freedom a bachelor has and all the comforts of married life in the bargain—and I don't know how to get them. Do you? Or aren't you that way? Most men are, I think. The married ones are forever breaking loose, trying to imagine themselves single, if only for a night, and the single ones keep tying themselves up in all sorts of questionable situations in an effort to secure the advantages of married life without its responsibilities. It can't be done, old fellow. You've got to take your chances on one side of the fence or the other, and from now on I shall confine myself to the unmarried side. The personal



Lillian Graham



The girls were very young—very pretty—very full of pep—and we ate and danced and went to a show and ate and danced again, until all hours

comforts of a home I shall get when I move to my apartment (I forgot to tell you that I have found a bully little place—a studio—on Fifty-seventh Street), and as for the bigger things, such as companionship, understanding—I still believe it possible to find them in a friend—even a woman friend. I haven't discovered the woman yet, but I'm still looking, and in spite of your facetious remarks, I'm *not* looking for a wife.

Is the "charming person" you mentioned in your letter from Cannes the same charming person you wrote about last month, or a new one? You're a wonderful chap, Brooke. I haven't forgotten what you used to say about there being safety in numbers—always fifty, never one. An excellent motto, but I imagine it would require a Gallic temperament like yours to live up to it.

Well—I'm off for Easthampton next week, and will write you from there. The notices from the *Figaro* were splendid. Keep up the good work, old man. Your big success is just around the corner.

Yours,

VAN

Easthampton, July 17, 19—.

DEAR Brooke.

Here I am at the shore, and have been for a week. The place seems to have changed a lot—not nearly so lively and interesting as it used to be. Perhaps I miss the old crowd, but whatever the reason, I'm bored. The Corwins, and Mark Smiley and his wife, are coming down next week, so I shall have someone to play about with. You knew that Mark had been married, since you left. I wonder what his wife is like. If I don't find them interesting I shall try Atlantic City. You are certain to be amused, in one way or another, down there.

I am going to put this aside and finish it after I get your next, which will probably arrive on the *Oceanic*.

July 26.

Your letter didn't come, but I haven't been lonely. Quite the contrary. Mark Smiley's wife is charming, and she has a sister—my dear chap—the loveliest thing (*Continued on page 60*)

Dog Nature is

A Study in Similarities

BACK in the B. C. ages a hairy old philosopher, Pythagoras by name, declared that every human had once been a lower animal or that every animal had a chance of becoming some day a human.

He had no way of proving his startling claim, but it was so plausible that it found thousands of believers. These disciples of Pythagoras did not base their beliefs so much on their master's eloquence as on the undoubted fact that there is a mighty resemblance—physical, mental and moral—between many animals and many humans.

There are bovine humans and there are catty humans and there are foxlike humans and there are ratty humans. And so on, all down (or up) the line.

But no other animal and no ten other animals have the same striking likeness to various types of humans as has the dog.

Vaguely, in olden times, this was realized when the bulldog was chosen as the representative of the British nation. Grimly resolute, un-



"Too big of body and heart to make unworthy use of his powers"



"He represents the majority of us Americans"

ruffled, non-melodramatic, unswervingly brave and loyal, the bulldog is a canine that any man or race of men might eagerly boast resemblance to and might use for an emblem.

But the bulldog is perhaps the least understood of all dogs. Like the bloodhound, he does not merit his doubtful reputation. The bulldog is the gentlest and friendliest of chums, to his

accredited master and to his master's family, enduring torments from the children of the house and of the neighborhood, placidly keeping his temper and his philosophy when dogs of a lesser breed would be in hysterics of excitement or fury.

True, he will fight when fight he must. And, once forced into warlike action, he will not give up while life lasts. But he is no swaggering bully. Give him his rights or even a semblance of his rights and he is the most peaceful of dogs.

He will guard his home and that home's occupants and valuables, sometimes with more zeal than understanding, but that is his creed. Leave him and his few prejudices and ideas of duty alone and you have nothing to fear from him.

He is the canine counterpart of the faithful old bookkeeper or estate manager or the (semi-extinct) family servant rather than of the brawler.

There are such people—patiently loyal, asking nothing better than to do their duty and to safeguard the interests of those they serve. Happy is the employer who has the luck to engage one of them.

The motto "Faithful Unto Death" applies to the bulldog. It might apply to him

even more pointedly than it does were it not that a half-score of other dog breeds merit it as well as does he.

For example, there is his first cousin, the alert and steel-spring bull-terrier. As doggedly loyal as the bulldog, he brings to his work a dash and alertness and imagination which the bulldog does not possess. He has his counterpart in a thousand humans—folk easy enough to get on with if approached from the right angle, but dynamically dangerous if tackled from any other viewpoint.

Handle these people carefully and they are worth a fortune to you. Rub them the wrong way or approach them with a false notion of their qualities, and your chances for a stay in the hospital become unwelcomely bright.

Here is a true and representative instance of the grim loyalty which the bull-terrier shares with the bulldog—and which both of them share with a million reliable one-ideaed humans:

In my boxing days, some quarter-century ago, I knocked around much with Bob Fitzsimmons, champion heavyweight prizefighter of the world, sparring with him and training with him and gleaning a mass of future writing material from his innumerable weird reminiscences.

Fitz was of the bull-terrier type, if ever a human was. And, naturally enough, a white bull-terrier was his favorite dog.

just Human Nature

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Once Fitz was summoned to Boston in hot haste about a lawsuit in which he was vitally interested. He received the summons by telegram at his home in Bensonhurst, Long Island, in lower Brooklyn.

There was just time to dress and to catch his train at the Grand Central. He stuck the papers pertaining to the lawsuit in an overcoat pocket and tossed the coat on the bed while he dressed. His bull-terrier was in the room, annoying the old fighter by getting under his feet at every step. To get rid of the nuisance, Fitz bade the dog jump on the bed and guard the coat lying there.

Eagerly the bull-terrier leaped upon the bed, crouching there above the overcoat he had been told to protect. Fitz finished dressing and hurried off for his train. Not until he reached the Grand Central did he remember that he had not put on his overcoat and that the necessary documents were in its pockets.

He ran to a telephone booth at the station and called up his home. His wife was out, but he told his man-of-all-work to get the papers out of the overcoat and to bring them to the Grand Central at top speed.

The man rushed up to his employer's bedroom and seized the coat. Then he rushed downstairs again far faster, yelling bloody murder and nursing a torn right arm. The bull-terrier had resented the servant's effort to steal the coat his master had bidden him guard.

As the man was trying to explain the situation over the phone to Fitz, a friend of the fighter—a young fellow who was on terms of comradeship with the dog—happened in. He ran upstairs and, chirping to the bull-terrier, sought to draw the coat from under his paws. In practically the same gesture he departed suddenly from the room, his cheek scored by a double set of raking toothmarks.

While the servant was still telephoning, Mrs. Fitzsimmons came home. She heard the story from the two bitten men. Then, without fear, she went to the bedroom to get the overcoat.

The dog heard her coming. He would not bite her as he had bitten the men. But he gripped the coat tightly in his jaws and bolted past her to the stairs, dragging the garment after him. Nor did he stop until he had reached the cellar. There, digging a hole in the coal-heap, he thrust the coat into it and lay atop the pile to guard it from capture. Nor would he yield it to anyone, through threat or cajolery, until Fitzsimmons himself came all the way back to relieve the dog's guardianship.



*"Gentlest and friendliest of chums,
the most peaceful of dogs"*



"A loyal friend and a terrible enemy"

All honor to the old pugilist! Fitz had missed two trains, and he had put himself to hideous inconvenience, on account of his bull-terrier's mistaken sense of loyalty. Yet he rewarded the dog with a pat on the head and a word of praise as he rescued the new fawn-colored coat from its grimy grave in the coal and exhumed the dirty and crumpled legal documents therefrom.

He was enough of the bull-terrier type himself to appreciate his counterpart's gallant efforts to protect his property and to obey orders.

To carry the same line of metaphor a step further:

Fitzsimmons's chief rival in the prizefight game was James J. Corbett—a peerless boxer, a man who, in the ring, was everywhere at once and nowhere in particular, a man full of keen imagination and of almost elfin gaiety and with a speed and bewildering skill and psychological resource unknown to any other pugilist since the birth of time.

Corbett's favorite dogs were collies. He had a long

succession of collies, stretching over several decades of his own ring supremacy. A collie was his roommate, his day-long chum and comrade.

If ever a man was of the collie type, that man was Corbett. He is an old friend and former boxing-mentor of mine, and he will be the last person in the world to object to my comparing him with the breed of dog he loves best.

Have you ever seen a true collie in a fight? If so, you must



"Dash, alertness, imagination"

have given wondering credit to his amazing speed and skill and unexpectedness and gay pluck. You must also have noted the queer resemblance between his elusive methods of warfare and those of Jim Corbett.

The likeness goes further than that. For instance:

In the sheep country of northern California I saw a show-type collie guiding a silly flock of sheep along a narrow back-road in Tehama County. A large and rattling motor car appeared at a bend of the lane. At sight of it, the sheep huddled, hysterically, and prepared to scatter in a hundred directions.

What did the collie do? He sat down, lazily, in the middle of the trail, and yawned. He did not even bother to look at the car. Well did he know that three hundred pairs of bulging eyes were on him. He chose this way of showing the sheep that the car was not only nothing to be afraid of but that it was not even an object of interest.

Instantly the milling flock quieted down, and the dog was saved a half-hour's hustling in checking a stampede. That was sheer psychology—the psychology which a collie, alone of all dogs, seems instinctively to understand.

Jim Corbett was matched to fight John L. Sullivan, who had terrorized all former opponents before they entered the ring. Corbett went to the fight arena in New Orleans clad as if for a dance. On his head was a gaily-ribboned straw hat. In one gloved hand he twirled a malacca cane. He strolled unconcernedly into the building, chatting and laughing.

Two minutes later word of this amazing procedure was carried to Sullivan in his dressing room. And as Corbett had foreseen, it worried John L. to the point of confused fury, shaking his monumental calm and filling his dull mind with a perplexed rage.

That destruction of Sullivan's nerve-poise had more to do with his losing the fight to Corbett than many onlookers realized.

It was collie psychology. Or else the northern California collie I have told you about exercised a Corbett psychology. Take your choice.

There is a dog that represents France even more fully than the bulldog typifies England. Indeed, he has been used, for a century or more, in cartoons, to symbolize the French. He is the poodle—a dog too little understood and appreciated in this country. He has more brain, in a brilliant and flashy way, than has any other dog. He is as gaily valiant as the collie himself, and even quicker to learn and to comprehend. Withal, he is not comprehended except by those who take the trouble to make a careful study of him and who bother to find out the depths which lie beneath his rather garish and flippant exterior.

Again you will note the resemblance to the Frenchman, especially if you recall in pre-war days the loud and despairing

excitement of French railway officials and the like in face of any small mishap, and contrast it with the wondrously efficient and quiet excellence of the work done by the same officials in the stress of war-time:

Here in America I have known a dozen poodle-type men—whom I began by laughing at and ended by taking off my hat to. So have you, if you will stop to remember. I will tell in a word or so an incident that will show what I mean—a true story I have told once or twice before:

He was a frilly and fussy and excitable and all but effeminate little man. I met him in my boyhood, and I was one of many to make all manner of fun of his odd flashiness and effeminacy.

He went to Europe one summer on a Cook's Tour vacation, where he was the butt of his fellow-tourists.

There he died, rescuing children from a blazing orphanage, trotting merrily into flaming rooms which the firemen did not dare enter. He rescued five children, as I remember it, singing to them and soothing their fright as he bore them to safety. As he went back for a sixth child the burning roof fell on him.

Yes, there are worse men among us, perhaps, than those of the poodle sort.

Then there is a type of man who "never caused his mother a moment's anxiety"—and who, too often, never caused anyone else a moment's pleasure. He has his counterpart, by the hundred and by the thousand, among dogs. I am not going to name



"With a genius for friendship"

any of the several breeds of dogs which he resembles so completely. I am not going to name them because dog-breeders are the most touchily sensitive lot of people on earth, and I don't care to receive a throng of indignant letters declaring that I have maligned the most noble or most intelligent breeds of all.

Just the same, any of you who have a rudimentary canine knowledge will agree with me that there are several such breeds—dogs that are dully and professionally faithful and whose owners

can tell with shut eyes just what commonplace and uninspired thing their pets will do next.

These are the dogs which counterpart the elderly shipping clerk or the worthy boy whose school reports are soggy faultless and who can be counted on to keep out of all mischief—who never will say, or even think, anything original.

There are men who will go through life without ever causing a woman to shed a tear. Unluckily they are liable to cause her many hundred yawns to make up for the lack of tears.

Yes, and they might readily have patterned themselves upon any of three or four kinds of dogs. You know that as well as I know it. Never mind what breeds.

You'll recognize them.

A while ago I spoke of blood-



"Speed, unexpectedness, gay pluck"

hounds as maligned. That is true. The average bloodhound, in real life, is gentle and friendly, even with strangers. He is used nowadays to track escaped criminals just as of old he was used to track runaway slaves. But he has no ill-will toward those he trails.

He has a superhuman power of scent which enables him to follow unerringly any clue on which he has set. He will follow it, through all normal obstacles, until he has caught up with the fugitive.

But having caught up with him, will the murderous bloodhound rend the luckless refugee to pieces or tear out his throat? He will not. Far more likely he will gambol around him or try to make friends, or cuddle down at the victim's side to rest after his long run.

It is his job to track, not to punish. When the trailing is done his work is ended. Then it is up to the human pursuers to do the rest—the pursuers whom his deep baying has guided along the trail.

Do you see the bloodhound's astonishing likeness to a born newspaper reporter? The latter has a genius for finding and following clues. He will give up sleep and food and health in tracking a criminal or in unraveling a crime mystery. It is his nature; it is meat and drink and recreation to him.

Has he a grudge against the criminal he pursues? He has not. Having solved the mystery, he wishes the transgressor no harm,



"Brainy, brilliant, flashy"

but is content to let the police attend to the punishment. He is a hunter for the love of the hunt, not for any vengeful motive. He and the bloodhound do their work from similar motives and along sharply similar lines.

By the way, if ever you expect to be in a position to be chased by bloodhounds, let me tell you an old and effective but almost forgotten way to throw them off your track:

Carry along a few ounces of red pepper (cayenne, not paprika) and scatter it behind you. The bloodhound will follow, inhaling great lungfuls of air from close to the earth. Up into his ultra-sensitive nostrils he will draw the dusty red pepper. At once he will not only lose all his miraculous powers of scenting, but he will lose all interest in the chase and in all else except his own intolerable torture. (Yes, I know the foregoing hint has no direct bearing on the theme of this article. But nobody can tell just when an odd bit of practical information may come in handy.)

There are Irish terrier humans—cocky, abristle with gay pluck, loyal friends and terrible enemies. Let the other fellow take the opposite side of the street if he wants to. The Irish terrier won't step aside for him or for anyone else.



"With no ill will toward those he trails"



"A pygmy with the heart of a giant"

There are Scotch terrier humans—pygmies with the hearts of giants, loving to the death, grimly unafraid of the hugest foe or the blackest danger, homely of visage, white of soul.

There are St. Bernard and Newfoundland humans—too big of body and of heart and of strength to make unworthy use of their giant powers, and with a queerly gently protectiveness toward the weak or the unhappy—not bulldog-tenacious or terrier-truculent, but calmly gentle in their assured power.

There are spaniel humans—lively, honest, with a genius for friendship, good to look upon, unobtrusive, courteous.

There are humans of practically every other dog-type if only you will study them and their counterparts closely enough.

Then there is the mongrel type of human. I do not say this in any disparagement. For the mongrel has many an advantage over the thoroughbred—both canine and human—including the drawing of his traits from several types and not from one set of breed-qualities alone.

Such is the all-around dog, and such is the all-around man. Even as the former is likely to be of stronger mental and physical stamina than is the pure-bred dog, so is the latter apt to be quicker of mind and more enduring of body than is the man of one unsullied race or type.

Everywhere you will find him. Indeed, he represents the majority of us Americans, even as there are more mongrel dogs than dogs of all recognized breeds combined.

Most of us humans, here in the United States melting-pot, have a half-dozen blood-strains coursing through us—Nordic, Semite, Celt, Aryan, and the others. Out of the blend is emerging, and will emerge, the American of the future, welding the traits of one race after another into a distinct type, even as both the Airedale and the Boston terrier are scientific blends of at least four widely different breeds.

The mongrel of today may well be the thoroughbred of tomorrow, whether among dogs or among men. That will bear thinking of, not only as a matter of racial sufferance between man and man, but in isolating and tabulating bits of human nature which otherwise might pass misunderstood.

The breeds of dogs shown in Mr. Terhune's article, all, except the mongrel, past or present ribbon-wearers in their respective classes, are: Page 12, top, St. Bernard; bottom, mongrel; page 13, top, English bull; bottom, Irish terrier; page 14, top, bull-terrier; middle, spaniel; bottom, collie; page 15, top, Scotch terrier; middle, French poodle; bottom, bloodhound. The mongrel shown on page 12 was photographed after an experience which has left the clear mark of fright on its face. It had just been extricated from a sewer in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in which it had been a helpless and terror-stricken prisoner three nights and two days.



SIDELINES *of* DUTY

By Hugh Wiley

LONG before the A. E. F. was knee-high to a pup-tent, ten volunteer regiments of Engineers began a pick and shovel attack on our unpaid debt to Lafayette. The Pacific Coast Regiment lit heavy and spread out forty ways. Company X, hereafter known as the Gang, woke up knee deep in mud, a million miles from the zone of spectacular heroism. Plain hard work had been their lot at home and plain hard work, at the pleasure of high command, was their fate in France.

Three months after they landed, heading back to camp from Base Headquarters in Chapelle, Cap and the Loot talked it over. The Captain's hand was clenched around a copy of an order received an hour before from G. H. Q. The order made him a major and sentenced him to Paris. "I don't mind gettin' promoted," the Captain protested, "but by the holy iron-clad goldfish of the dog-robbin' Quartermaster, I hate to be torn out by the roots before I'd fairly begun to sprout."

"You and me all six, Jimmy old Cap," the Loot agreed. "But it serves you right for lugging a cyclone reputation around with you in the good old U. S. A. Whoever turned this trick knew what he was doing. Your orphan Gang will sure miss you. Your first play after you get settled up the line is to pry an order out of G. H. Q. that will transfer us Rabble to your new command."

"Forget that stuff, boy. You and the Gang will have your hands full with this warehouse elephant down here. It's the biggest construction problem in France." The Captain, silent for a moment, recalled the essence of the obligation which had impelled him and his Gang to leap into the Big Game. "Don't you forget for a holy second that the colonels and the generals and the whole blasted outfit are working for the Hundred Million back home. There's a trial court one step higher than G. H. Q. and Supreme Command, and that's the home folks. You've got to run this warehouse job for a while, and if you ever get tangled up in a cross-fire of Sam Browne bullheads, play your own hand the best you know how for the good of the U. S. A. Maybe when the smoke clears away the brass-necks will have you hog-tied in the guardhouse, but if they do you can bet forty years of hard labor that the home folks will be sittin' in jail to keep you company. Things are gettin' more mixed up every day. Obey orders all you can, but in a pinch, when it comes to a showdown, scrap the orders and use your own head! . . . Damn me, boy, for dishing out so much advice—reach around and see if you can find that coonyak bottle."

The Loot explored the bottom of the car with his feet and located the three-star likker. He handed the bottle to his Captain.



The colonel complimented the Loot on his total ignorance of academic French and signed his name. This done, he quoted an approximate application of a newly acquired philosophy: "Wat in those bell are the few millions of wooden trees among fast friends?"

Beginning a Two-Part Story of the Days when the A.E.F. Needed Shelter More Than Shells

A steady gurgling synchronized with the clucking cams of the car's engine. The Captain passed the open bottle to his Loot. In the half-darkness the Loot held the bottle for a minute without drinking, and then, "Gimme the cork, Jim—I'm due for a rest cure."

"How come?"

"There ain't much how come to it—only I figure the Job and the Gang and the Hundred Million back home will keep me busy for a while, without any time out for heavy wrestling with the justly celebrated Demon."

"Fair enough. The way you've been hitting it up, if you ride the wagon for duration your average will still be good."

"I'll ride as long as I need the old bean—then if I finish the job mebbe I'll shoot the roll on one long furlough with Old Man Hootch."

"You'll need the bean forty hours a day. The way those imported piano tuners at G. H. Q. are juggling with your yards and terminals and warehouse plans, you'll need three beans and a dream book to outguess 'em."

"Jimmy, now that you're a spur-bearing major and totally distinct from the bull gang department of this man's army, I'll promise you something—what we don't know won't hurt us. If

I acknowledge receipt of the cute little blueprints and all the pretty pictures and file 'em in the stove, it wouldn't surprise me a bit. You rounded up your Rabble Gang and you know better than I do that twenty or thirty of them have lived on economy and efficiency and progress records and penalty clauses all their lives without knowing the college names for all the bunk that the so-called experts have writ the books about. There's talent enough in the Gang to build the whole damn war and tear it down again, and you can bet your new gold leaves that my main play is to head 'em into the job and then let 'em alone."

"You'll have your hands full now and then keeping these flying squadrons of inspection gents sidetracked. And another thing—these gold leaves got here just in time to keep me from turning gray-headed on the subject of materials and tools. You've seen all the correspondence and all the glittering promises from G. H. Q. about supplies, but so far all the mammoth shipments of timber from Spain and Norway and Switzerland and the Pyrenees have failed to materialize."

"There's enough short stuff coming in from the French mills to take care of camp construction, and that's our only grief right now. So far we've managed to duck the flu, but if this rain keeps coming it's bound to whittle down the Gang's resistance and then—you know what's goin' on in the other camps."

"Feed 'em and keep 'em dry, and they'll duck the flu. You'd better hit that camp construction a heavy jolt. Base Headquarters told me today that they're throwing six thousand men in on you during the next thirty days."

"I heard that rumor last night through one of the chorus gals at the Apollo. She said a thousand German prisoners, a thousand

French Chinks, two black-face labor battalions, and a couple of our own infantry regiments had orders to report to you."

"Check, except that I didn't know about the French Chinks; there's some horseless cavalry included in the home guard. My dope was confidential—how come your chorus gal to know so much?"

"They know everything. I'll bet the Clicquot Queen and Fifi and Cigarette know more about us than the General Staff."

In the darkness the Gang's old Captain smiled grimly. "Sure they do, but if one of the Gang spills his correct address in a letter to the home folks, the censor hands him ten years in Leavenworth. See if you can find that coonyak bottle. Got to cover it up goin' into Camp. Incidentally, with all this personal reform wave that's hit you, what about your little playmates at the Apollo and all the rest of your harem?"

"Far be it from me to desert a friend. They're useful to us hicks, and a darn sight more entertaining than most of our native uplift queens. Now and then they drive dull care away. Naw, sir, Jimmy—under cover, maybe, but they're good kids and good playmates and they know twice as much as all the secret service men and intelligence gents put together. Whoa! There's a sentry. Tell him you're a major and surprise him. It's probably Bill Crane."

Cap was a major! The sentry who had halted the arriving pair made it his business to spread the news and then, despite the lateness of the hour, a shirt-tail parade festooned with porous raincoats congregated in front of the Gang's huts and marched to Captain Jim's quarters. A light was burning in the Loot's window, and seeing this one of the Gang tapped on the window. The Loot stuck his head out, and through the drizzle came a hoarse whisper, "Git Cap out here till we give him a cheer."

"Right, wait a second." The Loot hammered a moment on Captain Jim's door. "Get up here, old timer. The Rabble heard about those gold leaves of yours and they've got to talk it over with you. They figure you're a hell of a father to desert 'em elsewhere in France—I figure they're right."

The midnight reception lasted for half an hour. When it had quieted, Captain Jim detoured to the Loot's room en route to his own quarters. The Loot was still engaged with a pile of official correspondence which he had brought into Camp from Base Headquarters. His old Captain interrupted him, and the senior officer's voice was still husky with half-concealed emotion. "Boy, for two battered clackers I'd tell G. H. Q. to take their gold-leaf promotion and head sideways with it. I can't hardly bear to leave the Gang. They're the best in the world!" For a moment Captain Jim's voice failed him. Then, recovering, "Boy, there are some brands of indoor hell connected with this war that the public don't know about."

"You said a mouthful—but don't make it any harder for us guys than you have to. The next play is to get Fifi and Madeline and the rest of my chorus ladies busy on some of the visiting generals, and pry an order out of G. H. Q. that will send you back to us. In the meantime, look at this junk—here's a new track layout canceling everything previously received, new standard plans for the warehouse, and another ration reduction that gives gold-fish the same social status as T-bone steak."

"Go to it, boy, it's your trouble now. If they come too fast your hot-stove filing system will take care of everything."

"Mebbe." The Loot handed a personal letter over to his superior. "Here's a screed from a friend of mine in San Francisco. Read those last few lines about the sugar."

The indicated paragraph of the letter began with a complaint about the strenuous life of a business man, and then:

"You fellows ought to have plenty of sugar and flour by next month. We have shipped all our Hawaiian reserves, and most of the beet-sugar crop starts East next week. Frank tells me that they are expediting shipment on ten cargoes of flour and taking a ten percent patriots'

loss. He is howling like a wolf, as usual, in spite of the fact that I turned over half of our Atlantic sugar fleet to him, along with four Norwegian ships that I was lucky enough to cinch two months ago."

"That means fifteen or twenty shiploads of perishable grub within the next thirty days! And not a warehouse started! Maybe I'm getting out from under the biggest piece of grief that ever hit France! Somebody's got to get a roof over that stuff if it lands here. They can't hold the ships and they can't park sugar and flour in the rain. It looks like you're elected!"

The Loot bundled up the armload of blueprints which he had received. He handed the awkward cargo over to the new major. "Sort of a ceremonial—my last pledge to you. Shove 'em in the stove with your own hands so that I can plead not guilty if G. H. Q. roars about the loss of its tailor-made construction plans. Jim, some of those sheets call for Douglas fir dimension stuff forty feet long, and except for that Uplifters' timber the A. E. F. hasn't got a stick of Douglas fir nearer than Oregon."

The two men looked a moment at the blueprints blazing in the stove, and then the major confined the flames with a rusted stove lid.

"That's that." The Loot turned away from the stove. "Jim, one thing I promise you," he said, "your Gang will get a roof over that sugar somehow, some way, even if it's nothing better than three layers of blueprints waterproofed with seventy-seven coats of riding-boot varnish."

"I'm not worrying a bit. You and the old Rabble Gang will turn the trick. Git to bed. I've got to transfer everything to you before nine o'clock tomorrow—and oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!"

II

STREETS and water supply, bath-houses and huts for six thousand men. Ten days to do it. Thirty warehouses and twenty miles of track to be built within thirty days. Ties, spikes, rails, lumber, tools, transportation—the Loot needed somebody to cuss it over with, and Slim was elected.

"The Uplift people have two million feet of the finest dimension stuff that ever landed in France laying right here in your front yard," Slim suggested. "Why don't you slam the saws into it and forget that much of the grief?"

"Ab-so-lute-Gehovely boiler-plate orders against touching a stick of that Uplift stuff," the Loot objected. "Only play I see is to stick a shot under the Frog sawmill people. You take Chuck and the rubber-tired asthma tomorrow and head into the timber country as far as the Pyrenees, and see what you can do."

"Two meter stuff is all I can do. Them handsaw loggers can't see anything bigger than bed slats, and they've cut their stuff in six-foot lengths."

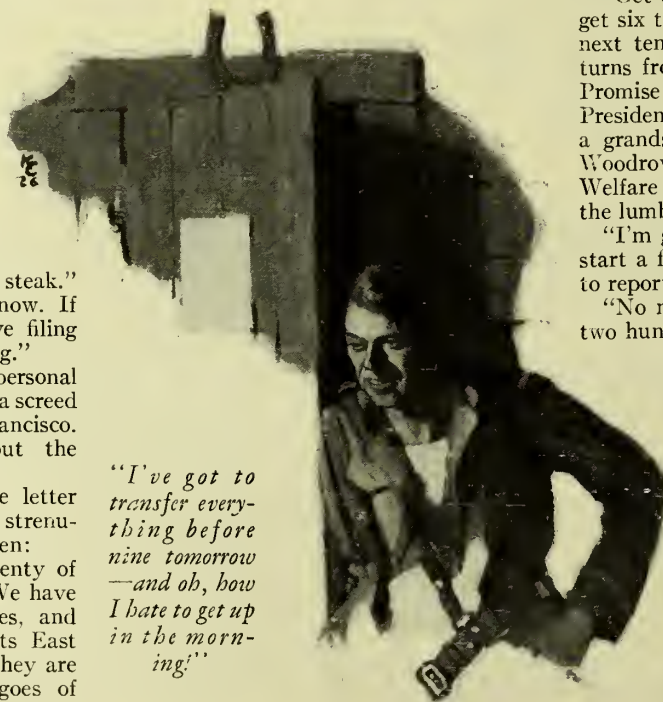
"Get all of it you can. We've got to get six thousand men under cover in the next ten days. I'll expect the first returns from you by day after tomorrow. Promise 'em anything. Tell 'em the President of France needs the lumber for a grandstand where Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson will review the Lady Welfare Workers of Afghanistan. Git the lumber!"

"I'm going to town tomorrow and I'll start a fleet of motor trucks down there to report to you."

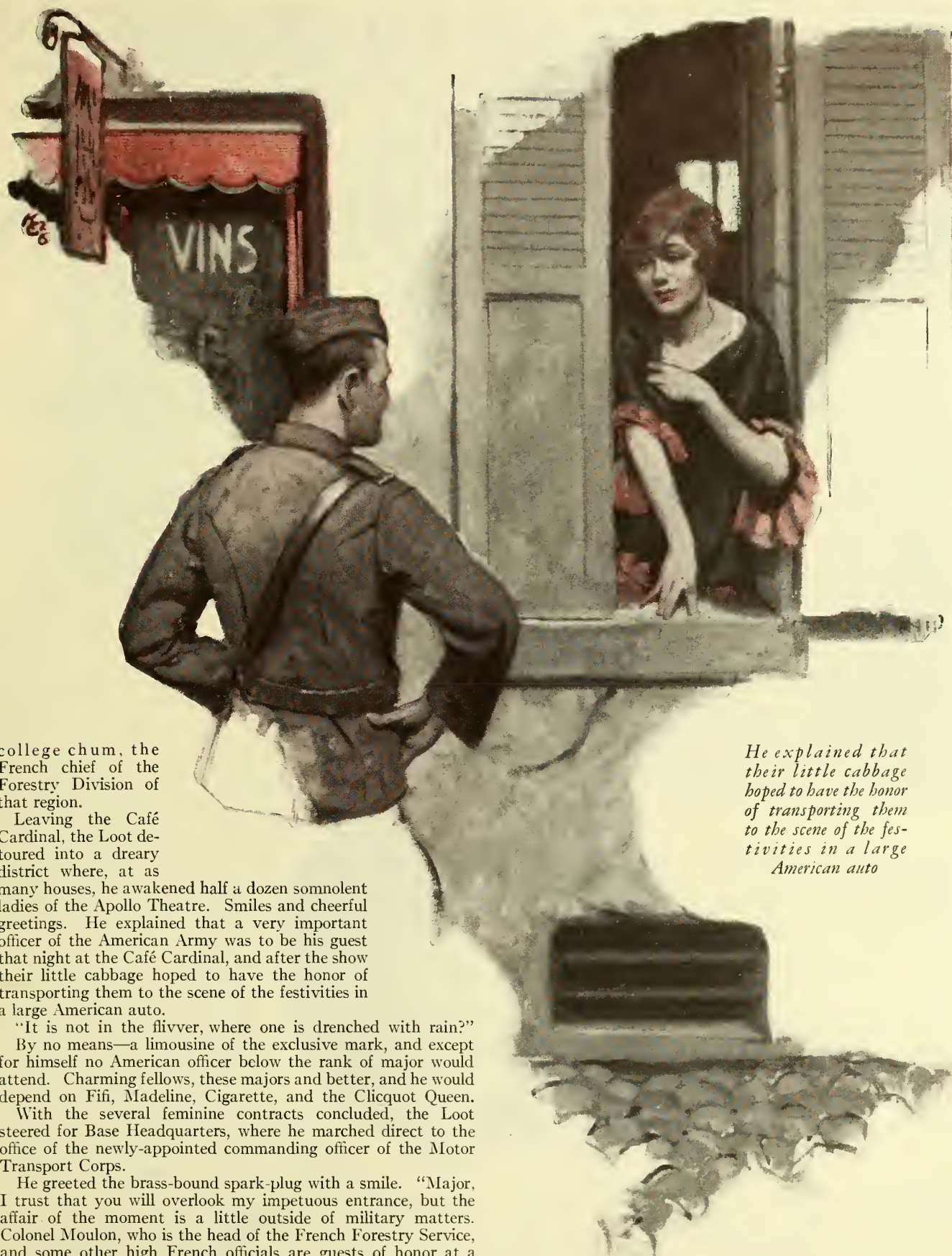
"No miracles, Loot—there's less than two hundred trucks in the Base."

"I'll have orders for a hundred of them by tomorrow night."

On the following morning, Slim started his trek south into the land of torpid foresters, the Loot accompanying him as far as Chapelle. At the Café Cardinal in that city the Loot indulged in a courteous interchange of hypocrisy, and then he explained that it was his pleasure to pull a party along around ten o'clock that night in honor of an American officer and his old



"I've got to transfer everything before nine tomorrow—and oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!"



college chum, the French chief of the Forestry Division of that region.

Leaving the Café Cardinal, the Loot de-toured into a dreary district where, at as many houses, he awakened half a dozen somnolent ladies of the Apollo Theatre. Smiles and cheerful greetings. He explained that a very important officer of the American Army was to be his guest that night at the Café Cardinal, and after the show their little cabbage hoped to have the honor of transporting them to the scene of the festivities in a large American auto.

"It is not in the flivver, where one is drenched with rain?"

By no means—a limousine of the exclusive mark, and except for himself no American officer below the rank of major would attend. Charming fellows, these majors and better, and he would depend on Fifi, Madeline, Cigarette, and the Clicquot Queen.

With the several feminine contracts concluded, the Loot steered for Base Headquarters, where he marched direct to the office of the newly-appointed commanding officer of the Motor Transport Corps.

He greeted the brass-bound spark-plug with a smile. "Major, I trust that you will overlook my impetuous entrance, but the affair of the moment is a little outside of military matters. Colonel Moulon, who is the head of the French Forestry Service, and some other high French officials are guests of honor at a rather important banquet tonight, and in Congress assembled you were elected to represent the good old U. S. A. Entente cordiale and all that stuff, you know—although really the affair will be quite informal after the first few volleys. French ladies, laughter, champagne, everything. I know you are new in France, and if I may be permitted I'd like to suggest that you attend with two or three of your officers."

As the cutthroat trout leapeth, the imported talent craved a touch of ancient hospitality, flavored with hearty dashes of local mirth and laughter. The official tension evaporated. Real names

He explained that their little cabbage hoped to have the honor of transporting them to the scene of the festivities in a large American auto

were exchanged, and unofficial conversation backed water as far as Indianapolis, U. S. A. "I'll call for you in the Dodge at eight o'clock, Bill," the Lieutenant announced in parting.

"Whaddye mean, Dodge—is that all you rate?"

"Up to date, yes. The two Locomobiles are being used further up the line."

The Motor Transport officer was quick with an unofficial courtesy. "I've got an extra Cadillac (Continued on page 63)

2 ounces of PREVENTION

By
Woodward Boyd

"He wants to see his daddy," repeated the young mother softly. "He says he's dust dot to see his daddy!" Exuberance flooded her as she thus interpreted his three-months-old antics, and her face reflected a sudden happy picture of reunion. She took the arms of her small son between her two hands and lifted him up from her lap and down again—up and down—in a joyful rhythm of ecstasy. "He's goin' to see his daddy!"

The woman in gray said nothing. She sat behind her desk watching the young mother from sad, brown eyes which were quietly sympathetic. At her right hand were scales for weighing babies. Behind her the walls of the little cabin were hung with weight charts on which were diagrammed the day-by-day fight of children whose fathers developed tuberculosis while in the service of their country when it was at war. Over the right shoulder of the woman in gray the summer flowers of North Carolina twisted on their vines as if to peek in. There was a soft movement of wind among the leaves.

And on the asphalt pavement of the country road which lay ten feet below, at the foot of a small green knoll on which the cabin stood, a humming motor car went swiftly by and could be heard tightening its brakes at the entrance of the great white-and-yellow hospital where the father who had never seen his son was lying.

United States Veterans Bureau Hospital No. 60 lies in an emerald cup shaped by the Blue Ridge Mountains and colored by the trees and grasses of the region. It is a long, low building set in the midst of its own beautiful acres on the flat, green bottom of the bowl. At Oteen, North Carolina, which is ten miles from Asheville, the health-giving mountain air helps make the disease that was once called the great white plague yield to rest and careful nourishment. It is here that many men who were boys in 1917 and 1918 come broken in health, victims of tuberculosis, in order that they may

know how to live again.

Around this estate, defining and protecting it, is a great transparent fence of heavy wire. Inside goes on the long, slow wrestle with death. Outside are little wooden houses—two hundred of them—in which live these men's wives, mothers and children, all waiting. They have come from California, Georgia and Illinois, Missouri and Virginia and Pennsylvania; led by instinct rather than reason, they come to share the terror of the shadow which all the beauty of the surroundings and all the comfort of the hospital cannot dispel. All of these families have been exposed to the disease.

In these little wooden structures, built, many of them, from logs of the forest in which they stand, are the anxious families.



This baby's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Anderson, have both been patients in the United States Veterans Bureau Hospital at Oteen, North Carolina. Mrs. Anderson, a former nurse, met her Legionnaire husband when both were recovering from tuberculosis. Baby Anderson is a weekly attendant at the Legion-Auxiliary clinic maintained for the children of patients. He is in perfect physical condition. Mrs. Boyd, author of the accompanying article, is holding the swing. Below, another husky customer of the clinic



"THIS baby ain't never seen his daddy." Beneath her little turned down hat the eager black eyes of the young mother looked wistfully determined. "But he's goin' to." She looked half defiantly at the woman in gray who sat opposite, listening. "He's goin' to."

The afternoon sunlight slanted in through the cabin windows and patterned the mother and child with the shadows of trees outside. The baby, fat and pink, with little blobs of embroidery set in his white, clean dress and little bows of rosy ribbon in his white lace cap, leaned from his mother's lap with a bored manner and clutched at the air. This accomplished, he leaned back against his mother's breast once more, cooing with satisfaction, and beamed.



Miss Lula L. Whitesides, in charge of the Legion-Auxiliary clinic at Oteen, coaxes the baby that had never seen its father to stay with her while the mother visits her husband

Sometimes the father is with them, paler than the white iron bed in which he lies, or in happier cases almost well, only waiting for a few months to elapse before he will be discharged. The effect of these families living there on the men inside it is impossible to determine. Sometimes the worry and fret of family life lying so close to them only retards their recovery. Other men would go home to certain death if their families were not there.

But in any case it is all bad for the unfortunate children. For they may or may not develop tuberculosis in their late 'teens. A tremendous amount depends on the care they receive in their early childhood.

And it is here, in this most important phase of child welfare work, affecting not only North Carolina but every State that sends a veteran to the hospital, that The American Legion of the State has set itself a task. Together with the Legion Auxiliary it has engaged Miss Lula L. Whitesides, a community nurse, who not only does bedside nursing in case of illness but also carries on a preventive and educational program among the children and the mothers. Each week she takes children who need medical advice into a free clinic which is held in Asheville. She stresses over and over again to the mothers the necessity of keeping their children's weight up to normal. She teaches them that they are building up bodies now that in fifteen years may have to be fitted for a fight against the disease. She has authority to quarantine. This year she had every child vaccinated and inoculated against diphtheria and typhoid.

But her biggest work is educational, and to be successful in this she has had to be more than a teacher, more than a community nurse. She has succeeded in being a friend to the mothers. And so it was that she sat listening so gravely, so sympathetically to the complaint of the young mother whose baby had never seen its sick young father.

In the laughter wrinkles at the corner of her eyes, which were gravely troubled as she listened, in the sensitive twist of her mouth, Miss Whitesides showed that she realized the enormity of the educational task set before her just in the person of this one girl. The hospital officials would never permit the child inside the walls. And she must somehow make this black-eyed, eagerly loving girl understand why.

"Perhaps you could hold him up outside the windows," she suggested.

"Huh," snorted the young mother. "Ain't goin' to do that."

Her firm little mouth closed tightly, then opened in a stormy smile. "Lotta good that's goin' to do his daddy to see him through an old glass window. He couldn't tell what he looked like!" Her brows came together and she said impressively, "Three months old and his daddy ain't never seen him!" She thought that the nurse had not caught the enormity of it. "Couldn't hurt him for his daddy to hold him just for a minute and just kiss him *once!*"

Miss Whitesides smiled. "He'll see him some day, and kiss him too," she said gently. "It seems hard now. I know that he hasn't seen the baby, but it's really a lucky thing for the baby that he hasn't. Children are so very susceptible to the disease. You wouldn't want your baby to be sick, would you?"

The young mother laughed. "I guess he wouldn't catch it. His daddy's just fretting his life out to see him, too," she added almost triumphantly.

Miss Whitesides considered. "Sometimes they let the children go in with a gauze mask over the face," she said slowly.

There was another scornful laugh. "Guess his daddy wouldn't stand for that," she said. "He'd pull that old cloth right off so that he could see his baby's darling little face, he would, he would, he would," she ended to the baby.

But it was three o'clock. The time had come when the guards at the gates stood back to let the wives and mothers of the patients through. The dissatisfied young mother abandoned her argument for the day, and leaving her baby with a friendly neighbor who had just brought her three children into the clinic, she went on up to the hospital to visit her husband.

The argument had been going on for weeks. By degrees Miss Whitesides was slowly making the young mother understand, but sometimes it seemed as if she was making no progress at all.

"Why will these women come," moan the hospital authorities, "these loving and well-meaning wives, with their helpless little children? They camp on our very door-step, and there is nothing that we can do about it. They drive their poor husbands to a frenzy of despair with their daily worries—a despair which is fatal to the slow work of building up which is the only cure for tuberculosis. Why cannot these women learn that their husbands have one job to do now, and one only! That job is to get well. They must rest, and sleep, with nothing on their minds. They must not be troubled with family affairs."

That some of these cares might be taken from the shoulders of the sick men occurred to Miss Alice Gray, Chairman of the Department of Child Welfare for The American Legion of North Carolina. It was Miss Gray who installed Miss Whitesides a year ago. Acting as Chairman of the Legion Department of Child Welfare in North Carolina, Miss Gray suggested to the state body and its Auxiliary that not only would the peace of mind of the sick soldiers be increased, but that the children of these veterans would be greatly aided and given a squarer chance at facing life by the work of a public health nurse in the hospital community.

The department saw the value of it at once. They voted an appropriation that would pay for more than half the nurse's salary. The Auxiliary stepped forward and pledged the rest. Miss Lula L. Whitesides, of Gastonia, North Carolina, who was acting as community director at Loray Mill Village, North Carolina, was engaged for the superlatively important Oteen task. She is a graduate registered nurse with public health training.

As the work expanded it became evident that a children's clinic would aid the community enormously. Many of the babies of the veterans, Miss Whitesides found, were under weight. The mothers themselves were ignorant of the proper care and feeding which it was necessary that these youngsters should have. She had done much already for their health—by establishing quarantines, by vaccinating for small-pox, inoculating for typhoid and diphtheria. But she had need of a children's clinic. She knew that these children who had all been exposed to the disease from which their fathers suffered should not be doubly handicapped for lack of care during their early years, which are the most important.

Miss Gray, to whom Miss Whitesides regularly made reports of her work, decided that she should have a clinic. As a war nurse in France Miss Gray was entitled to, and naturally took advantage of, membership in the Legion itself. She put the matter of the clinic before Clyde Bolling Post of Winston-Salem, of which she had once been commander, and Bolling Post immediately volunteered to pay the rent of a building which would be suitable to house Miss Whitesides' clinic and shelter its company of youthful visitors.

So now, twice a week, the mothers of the community about the hospital bring in their babies to be weighed and examined by the nurse in gray. Once a week Miss Whitesides takes special cases in her car over the country roads to Asheville to a free clinic where the children of the veterans are examined by the best doctors of the State.

The records of Miss Gray show that more than two thousand children have been taken care of since Miss Whitesides was installed by the Legion as community nurse. Oteen harbors a floating population which is sometimes two hundred families and sometimes nearly three hundred. At the present there are 175 families, but they are not the same people who were there six months ago. Wives are constantly coming and constantly going, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by from one to six children. However, if in the course of a year two thousand children can be made just a little healthier than the average by the building up of their weight and stamina, in fifteen years, at which time tuberculosis will have shown in

these children if it is going to show at all, there will be thirty thousand young men and women who will be healthy human beings instead of invalids. So Miss Whitesides, in her gray gown and with her black bag, going from door to door among two hundred families, might seem at first glance to be engaged in a minor, unimportant task. But when you consider that the city of Asheville contains thirty thousand souls and that, if they were wiped out tomorrow in a hypothetical catastrophe, it would rouse the civilized world to horror, you have some idea of the monumentally constructive work that Miss Whitesides, through the Legion, is doing.

"The work which we do among these children of veterans has to be a preventive and an educational program rather than one which actively combats the disease," said Miss Gray. "Miss Whitesides urges all of the mothers constantly to keep their children's weight just above the normal because of the additional handicap with which they start in life. Mothers who are at Oteen for only a few weeks go away fortified by a new knowledge about the disease and how to combat it. If they succeed in keeping their children's general health above par they may never go through the terrors of tuberculosis. If we had searched the whole world over we could not have found a woman better fitted to the position of educating the mothers and caring for the children than Miss Whitesides," added Miss Gray.

As long as there are men in the hospital there will be wives and anxious mothers at the gates. And if the families are poor the children will be with the mothers. If the families are poor! Many of them, most of them, are poor. A twenty-four-hour bed patient, wheeled to his window to see his children waving from the road their signals of delight and love, thinks frantically, "What will become of them; what will become of them!" It is this mental anxiety more than anything else that keeps many of the men from getting well.

Here again The American Legion has been of untold assistance. Gilbert W. Fike, who was himself on his back in that hospital from June, 1923, until August, 1925, has within the last six months collected more than \$200,000 in compensation for the men in the hospital. Many a man who found that he could at last die in peace, once Legionnaire Fike had got his compensation claim recognized and straightened out, has turned from the edge of death and rallied back to life instead. The medical authorities in charge of the hospital themselves say that the work of Mr. Fike in adjusting compensation has been of inestimable value in aiding the cures.

Mr. Fike himself is an amiable, red-headed person who boasts of the fact that he comes from the third oldest town in the United States—Natchitoches, Louisiana. The end of the war found him in a hospital, and in 1923 he came to Oteen, where he went into the bone ward, for tuberculosis had attacked his spine. Two years later he was able to get up. Now, with his back partly encased in a celluloid plaster cast, he goes cheerfully about his business, which is to interview every man who comes into the hospital and see if his compensation and insurance have been adjusted. Mr. Fike is employed by the North Carolina Department of The American Legion and by the local chapter of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War on



Two girls and a boy, regular clinic attendants, whose father is a tuberculous ex-service patient at Oteen



Mrs. Jose Santucci, a native of Rome, speaks no English, but is enthusiastic about the clinic in Italian. Seated in the scales is Leon, seven months old, one of three children of Mrs. Santucci and her disabled-buddy husband. Miss Whitesides is trying to give the scales a chance. Below, Mrs. C. L. Williamson of Sumter, South Carolina, with Charles, Jr., and Sara Frances, children of a veteran taken to Oteen for observation who proved not to be tuberculous. But Mrs. Williamson was delighted to take advantage of the Legion-Auxiliary clinic

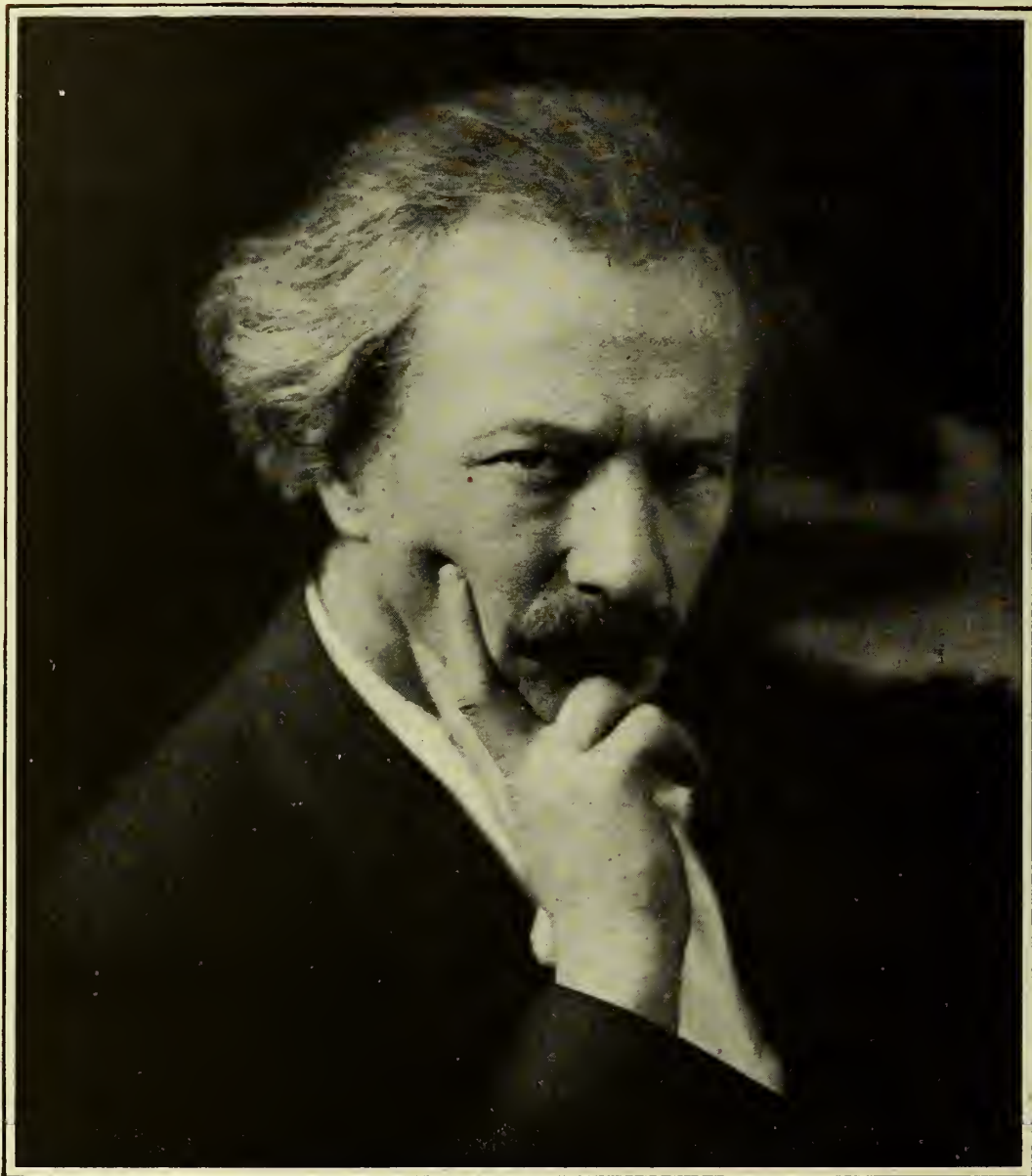
a full-time salary which is paid for jointly by the two organizations. Legionnaire Fike visits the bed patients constantly and keeps in touch with the men in the hospital who are well enough to come into the office. Even after the veterans leave the hospital he files application for adjusted compensation and reinstatement of insurance, and writes letters for men who are unable to do so for themselves.

When Legionnaire Fike has investigated a case of a former service man and has satisfied himself that the veteran is entitled to compensation from the Government he turns in his report to the Veterans Bureau. If the Bureau does not agree with him and he still believes himself to be right he appeals to the director. So far he has lost only one case which he has so appealed.

Last spring Miss Whitesides induced 66 mothers to be examined for tuberculosis. A specialist came down from Winston-Salem at the expense of Clyde Bolling Post of the Legion. He stayed for a week making examinations without cost to the patients. Though these women had all been exposed to the disease it was difficult to get them to submit to an examination, as none of them had positive symptoms. Of course the earlier the presence of the disease is discovered the easier it is to cure. Of the 66 who were examined the test showed only three positive cases. Among the remainder three were possible cases, thirteen were probable, and 47 negative.

It is said by the doctors that with children a chest examination for tuberculosis means very little. In her work with her children Miss Whitesides has found little more actual disease than she would have found among an ordinary group of children. It is in the vitally important matter of being up to normal in weight that these children need the most attention. That is, there are always a certain number of them who need their tonsils removed, a few who have adenoids, a certain number who are struggling against rickets, and so on. With the average child these things are important enough, but with children of tuberculous parents they may be a matter of life and death. (Continued on page 68)





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IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

Artist, Patriot, Humanitarian

Ignace Jan Paderewski is to date the largest individual contributor to The American Legion's \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund for disabled American World War veterans, the children of disabled men, and the orphans of service men and veterans. Following concerts in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Washington, M. Paderewski's manager turned over to the Endowment Fund a check for \$28,600, representing Paderewski's entire return from the concerts. M. Paderewski is one of nine wearers of the Legion's Distinguished Service Medal

PADEREWSKI

*King of Living
Pianists*

A Tribute by Percy Grainger

PADEREWSKI towers above the other pianists of his generation just as Wagner towers above other modern composers—and for a similar reason. Both these geniuses are all-round men, expressing a great variety of human experiences, emotions, urges and endeavors in a variety of artistic ways. The curse of our age is specialization, a trend tending to make small men even smaller than they otherwise would be, but a trend to which no really great man—in any line of life—will ever submit.

When I met Grieg, the great Norwegian composer, in 1906, I heard a fellow-artist say in his hearing: "After all, art is technique"—and I was amused to hear his reply: "Art is *not* technique." Grieg meant, of course, that technique is only a part of the process of artistic expression, and that expression itself is subservient to the underlying emotional urge that is back of all true works of art. Hence no artist can be greater artistically than he is humanly. Art must voice manifold and universal longings, experiences and memories, and no artist can become truly great by turning his back on the myriad interests, duties and enticements of life in order to devote himself to the intensive mastery of some branch of technique. Thus it is that specialists always end by being small fry, however hard they strive, while all-round, many-sided, adventurous natures who try their hand at a wide gamut of life, at a variety of contrasting occupations, sometimes end up as outstanding geniuses, such as Wagner and Paderewski.

Just as Wagner was sociologist, revolutionary, "wolf's-head," pamphleteer, patriot, poet, dramatist, stage manager, conductor, composer and religionist, so Paderewski is pedagogue, virtuoso, composer, business man, patriot, premier and philanthropist. The saint and the hero form part of Paderewski's make-up, alongside of the artist and the show-man. I need not allude to his life-long devotion to the cause of his native Poland, to his self-sacrificing generosity towards suffering humanity, to his activities as Polish premier. All the world knows of these things.

But even if we did not know of these historic sides of his personality, we could divine the multitudinous diversity of his nature as expressed in his art. None but a deep-down patriot, a soldier-type, could invest the Chopin Polonaises with the soaring martial glory they acquire at his hands. Only one who had drunk deep of the draught of personal and racial suffering could bring home to us, as he does, the full tragedy of the Chopin Funeral March. Only an intense humanist could interpret, as only Paderewski can, the full range of romance, amorousness, wistfulness and gracefulness found in the "Romantic" School of composers, such as Schumann, Liszt, Chopin, Stojowski and others. No one could unfold, as Paderewski does, the formal grandeur, the sweeping proportions, the overwhelming climaxes of the greatest compositions of Bach and Beethoven who was not himself a truly great and experienced composer. A lesser composer than



Portrait by Pirie MacDonald

Percy Grainger

Paderewski (the Paderewski who, in addition to writing several charming and widely loved smaller compositions, also composed the opera "Manru," several larger symphonic works and some of the most effective and spirited creations for piano and orchestra penned in our time) could not possibly, as a performer, recreate for us, as he does, the greatest piano works of all time.

And here we come to the true explanation of his purely musical stature; he is a composer who is also a performer, a performer who is also a composer; one who knows the inner as well as the outer side of music. It is worth remembering that all the superlatively great interpretative virtuosi of the past that we could place beside Paderewski were likewise composer-performers—men such as Rubenstein, Joachim and Paganini.

Paderewski's greatness is the greatness of master-interpreter who is not only a great musician and a great human being but, furthermore, the artistic manifestation of a heroic period in the life of his race. He is the individualistic expression, through art, of Poland's struggle out of darkness into light. His art is thus the crystallization of an epoch and a racial drama, firmly rooted in time and space, and can, therefore, never be replaced in the future. When he leaves us his place will always remain empty—no other pianist will ever step into his shoes. He is and will always remain unique—an expression of universality, a combination of wide contrasts, a magical blend of Polish local color and cosmopolitan culture, a world-artist and a world-figure.

READY,

By Marquis
Illustrations by



MR. JONATHAN CILLEY descended the white steps of the Capitol and crossed the park in the direction of the fashionable boarding house where he and several other members of Congress lodged and took their meals. He strode briskly. The February air was sharp, and Mr. Cilley had something on his mind. It was approaching dinner time, which is to say noon, because in Mr. Cilley's day in Washington the meal you had at six in the evening was supper. The Congressional boarding house, where the patrons placed themselves about one long table, is another Washington institution which time has taken away without leaving anything which quite fills its place. Only a frayed tradition remains. Washington is still a stronghold of the vanishing boarding house, long table and all—but places once occupied by the mighty have been relinquished to little government clerks who bridge precariously the gaps between pay days.

A caller awaited Mr. Cilley at his boarding house. Mr. Cilley knew him well. He was Henry Wise, of Virginia, a colleague in the house of Representatives. Mr. Wise rose and bowed. He handed Mr. Cilley a paper. Mr. Cilley shook it open, glanced at the signature and then at the contents:

Washington City, February 23, 1838.

As you have declined accepting a communication which I bore to you from Colonel Webb, and as, by your note of yesterday, you have refused to decline on grounds which would exonerate me from all responsibility growing out of the affair, I am left no other alternative but to ask that satisfaction which is recognized among gentlemen. My friend, Hon. Henry A. Wise, is authorized to make the arrangements suitable to the occasion.

Your obedient servant,

Hon. J. Cilley

WM. J. GRAVES

Mr. Cilley bowed, saying he was pleased to accept the message of Mr. Graves. He hoped the terms of his reply would be found to be agreeable. The gentlemen bowed again, and separated.

I am unable to say whether Mr. Cilley dined at the long table that day. At any rate, his next few hours were busy ones. At five o'clock that evening George W. Jones, the Representative from Wisconsin Territory, called at the apartments of William J. Graves and handed him this message:

Washington City, February 23, 1838.

Your note of this morning has been received. My friend General Jones will "make the arrangements suitable to the occasion."

Your obedient servant,

JONATHAN CILLEY

Hon. W. J. Graves

The matter was now out of the hands of the principals. Under the Code the seconds were in charge of events. It was General Jones's move. He handed to Mr. Wise, who was present, the following:

Washington,

February 23, 1838.

SIR,—Mr. Cilley proposes to meet Mr. Graves, at such

SIR

James

William Heaslip

place as may be agreed upon between us, tomorrow at 12 o'clock M. The weapons to be used on the occasion shall be rifles; the parties placed side by side, at eighty yards' distance from each other; to hold the rifles horizontally at arm's length, downwards; the rifles to be cocked and triggers set; the words to be, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" After which, neither answering "No," the words shall be, in regular succession, "Fire—one, two, three, four." The positions of the parties at the ends of the line to be determined by lot. The second of the party losing the position shall have the giving of the word. The dress to be ordinary winter clothing, and subject to the examination of both parties. Each party to have on the ground, besides his second, a surgeon and two other friends. The seconds, for the execution of their respective trusts, are allowed to have a pair of pistols each, on the ground, but no other person shall have any weapon. The rifles to be loaded in the presence of the seconds. Should Mr. Graves not be able to procure a rifle by the time prescribed, time shall be allowed for that purpose.

Your very obedient servant,
GEO. W. JONES

Hon. Henry A. Wise

Being the challenged party, Mr. Cilley had the choice of weapons and could outline the conditions to govern the meeting. Mr. Wise read the above and asked for time to think it over. At nine o'clock at night he replied:

The terms . . . though unusual and objectionable, are accepted, with the understanding that the rifles are to be loaded with a single ball, and that neither party is to raise his weapon . . . until the word "Fire."

I will inform you, sir, by the hour of 11 o'clock, A. M., tomorrow, whether Mr. Graves has been able to procure a rifle . . .

It required considerable scurrying around to find a rifle which suited Mr. Graves. This delayed matters, and it was two o'clock the next afternoon before the two closed carriages containing the respective duelling parties took a road out of Washington which leads to Marlborough, Maryland.

The gentlemen thus prepared to shoot each other were not enemies. They had had no quarrel. They went out to decide a purely academic point of view.

It had come about simply enough. Two days before, Mr. Cilley was sitting at his desk in the House chamber. The House was in session. Jonathan Cilley represented the State of Maine, and represented it ably. He was thirty-six years old, a man of cultivation and wit and a member of a distinguished family. He was one of the younger leaders in Congress and seemed to be marked to go far in public life. He sat at his place on the floor of the House, listening to a tedious debate and doing nothing in particular, when down the aisle walked William J. Graves, of Kentucky. Mr. Graves also stood above the rank and file of Congressmen. He was three years younger than his colleague from Maine. He stopped at Mr. Cilley's desk and handed him a letter. Mr. Cilley read the letter and handed it back to Mr. Graves.

The missive was from J. Watson Webb, the editor of the *New York Courier and Enquirer*. It was addressed to Mr. Cilley. It quoted a disparaging allusion which the Congressman had made concerning Webb in the course of remarks before the House.



It requested "the explanation which the character of your remarks renders necessary." Cilley knew what Webb was after and was not disposed to oblige him. Cilley had documentary proof of dealings of Webb's which supported everything—and more than—he had said about the editor. But that was neither here nor there.

Returning Webb's letter to Mr. Graves, Mr. Cilley spoke in a low tone so as not to disturb the proceedings of the House. He said he declined to accept Webb's message because he did not choose to enter controversies with editors over remarks he found it necessary to make on the floor of the House.

Mr. Graves walked back to his own seat. He had a good deal to think about. Mr. Graves, too, was a student of the Code—and the Code was powerful in Kentucky. Finally he picked

up a pen and wrote: "When you declined receiving from me the note of Colonel J. W. Webb, will you be pleased to say whether you did not remark . . . that you did not rest your objection . . . upon any personal objections to Colonel Webb as a gentleman?" He placed this note on Cilley's desk, and almost immediately got an answer back: "I neither affirmed or denied anything in regard to his [Webb's] character; but . . . I stated to you, and now repeat, that I intended by the refusal no disrespect to you."

The House was still in session. The monotonous debate droned on. Mr. Graves pocketed this note and left the chamber. In refusing to give Editor Webb a certificate of character Graves felt that Cilley had left him under the implication of having carried a letter for a man who was not a gentleman. Graves slept on the matter. The following day was Washington's birthday, which was not a holiday in 1838. When Mr. Cilley arrived at his desk a note from Graves was waiting. Would Mr. Cilley say in so many words that he took no exception to Editor Webb "as a gentleman or a man of honor"? In so many words Mr. Cilley replied, courteously but unequivocally, that he could not recognize Graves's right to propound such a question. In other terms, what Cilley thought of Webb was Cilley's own business, especially since the remarks Webb questioned had been delivered in the House, under the shelter of constitutional immunity.

The following noon Mr. Cilley received Mr. Graves's note demanding "that satisfaction which is recognized among gentlemen."

At two p. m. the day after the young statesmen were on the way to Marlborough in separate carriages.

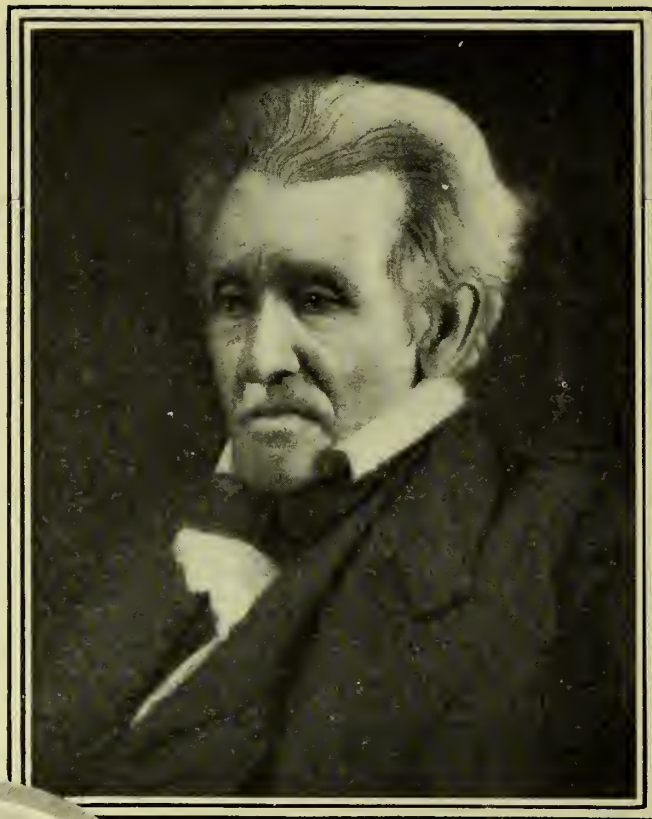
But they might not fight yet.

It will be remembered that already the departure of the two carriages had been delayed two hours by the search for a suitable rifle for Mr. Graves. They were still milling around Washington when three men hurried from Gadsby's Hotel and leaped into a cab. The driver sent his horses flying to Mr. Cilley's boarding house. Inquiry was made for the representative from Maine. He had gone. When? About an hour ago. Where? Nobody knew.

The cab proceeded to the quarters of Mr. Graves. But he was not at home either.

The leader of the three searchers was J. Watson Webb, the New York editor. He had just heard how the land lay. Two men who had no grudge were about to fight on his account. He meant to stop that duel.

Webb was a fire-eater and he was furious. Graves must not fight Cilley. He, Webb, must fight him. With two companions, each heavily armed, Webb



Andrew Jackson, from a photograph taken when Old Hickory was very old and the camera very young. Jackson was badly wounded in a "meeting" in which he killed his opponent. In oval, Congressman Jonathan Cilley of Maine, slain in a duel with Congressman William J. Graves of Kentucky in 1838



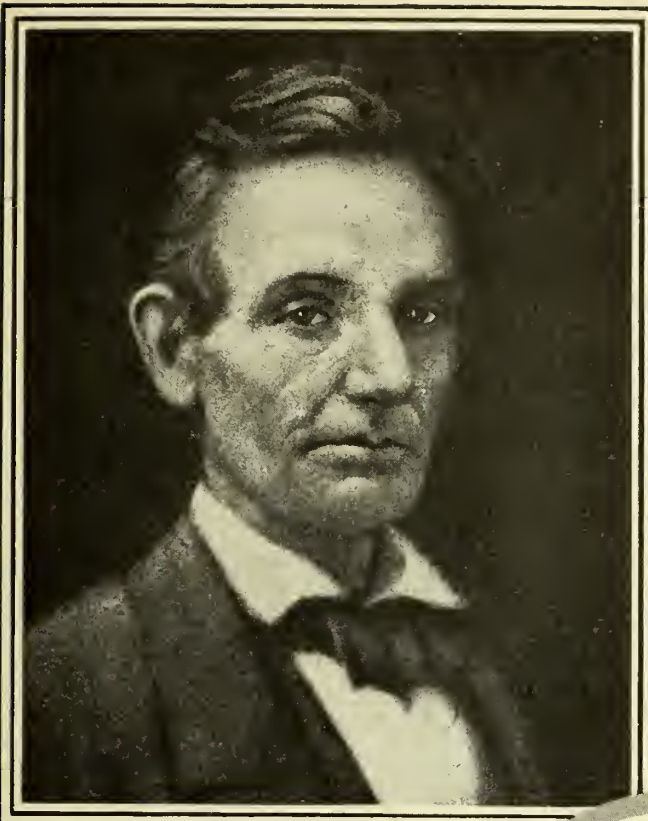
had gone to Cilley's rooms to challenge him on the spot. If Cilley declined to fight, Webb was to shatter his right arm with a pistol bullet. But the bird had flown and the duellists apparently were on their way to the meeting. Webb was not aware of the delay over a rifle for Graves.

"To Bladensburg!" shouted Webb.

Spurred by the promise of a double fee, the driver lashed his horses into a gallop. Down Pennsylvania Avenue, to the left of the Capitol and along a road to Maryland the hack bounced over the frozen clay. Webb meant to surprise Cilley at the duelling ground and demand that he fight him, not Graves. In case of refusal Webb meant to shoot Cilley down. His two friends then were to bring their pistols into play and the three would escape as best they could.

Webb had had no time to inquire whither the duelling parties had gone. He had jumped at the conclusion that they had chosen the celebrated field near Bladensburg, Maryland. That seemed the likeliest place. Webb reached Bladensburg at two o'clock. Naturally, there was no one there. Cilley and Graves were just leaving Washington, and they were not going to Bladensburg anyhow. Webb told the driver to head for a point on the Potomac River where affairs of honor sometimes were conducted. There was nobody there either. It was three o'clock—useless to search further. The trio returned to the city.





Abraham Lincoln, challenged to a duel while a member of the Illinois Legislature, specified cavalry broadswords as the weapons. His would-be opponent allowed the difficulty to be settled off the field of honor. In oval, Stephen Decatur, who died from wounds inflicted in a duel by a brother naval officer

Webb went to his hotel to await events. If Cilley returned victorious from the meeting with Graves, Webb declared he would not let the matter rest there. He would hunt Cilley up and take a shot at him.

While the editor of the *Courier and Enquirer* was confiding these plans to his friends, the carriages of Messrs. Graves and Cilley arrived at the chosen spot near Marlborough. Mr. Graves was accompanied by Congressman Wise as his second, by Senator Crittenden and Representative Menefee of Kentucky as witnesses, and Dr. Foltz of Washington as surgeon. Mr. Cilley's party consisted of Mr. Jones as second, Congressman Bynum of North Carolina and Colonel Schaumburg of the Army as witnesses, and Dr. Duncan of Ohio, surgeon. The hack-drivers stood at a distance flailing their arms to keep warm. A couple of Kentucky Congressmen and two native Marylanders added themselves, unbidden, to the gallery.

The seconds chose a line of fire laying roughly north and south, at right angles with the sun. They paced off the ground. The choice of positions fell by lot to Mr. Graves. This gave Cilley's second the calling of the word. Graves took the north end of the line. He stood on lower ground than his opponent, with a woods at his back and some trees partly sheltering him. Cilley stood in an open field, facing a strong, chilling wind which fell across the line of fire at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The rifles were loaded in the presence of the seconds. The rifle which Graves's second had taken such care to select was nearly twice the calibre of Cilley's weapon. Rather oddly, the articles of agreement had not stipulated that the pieces should be of equal calibre. The seconds took their places midway between the principals, but out of the line of fire.

Each second held a pistol, loaded and cocked. Another was at each belt. It was the duty of either second to shoot down anyone, principal or other, who should violate the terms of the meeting or attempt to prevent the meeting from being carried out in accordance with those terms. Being familiar with duelling arrangements, Webb knew what to expect in case he had succeeded in attempting to prevent Cilley from fighting Graves. That explains the editor's armed bodyguard.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" called out Mr. Jones.

"Ready, sir," said the challenger.

"Ready, sir," said the challenged.

A brief pause.

"Fire!" shouted Jones, and in cadence, "One, two, three, four."

At the word "fire" Mr. Cilley started to bring his piece quickly to his shoulder, but inadvertently pulled the trigger before the rifle was fully elevated. The ball tore up the ground many yards short of its mark.

Meantime Mr. Graves was aiming with some deliberation. At the count of two he fired, lowered his piece and seemed to be studying the effects of his effort.

"I've missed," he said. "I must have another shot. I demand another shot."

The seconds and others collected in the center of the field.

"Mr. Jones," said Mr. Wise, the second of Graves, "these gentlemen have come here without animosity toward each other. They are fighting merely on a point of honor. Cannot Mr. Cilley assign some reason for not receiving Colonel Webb's communication which will relieve Mr. Graves from his position?"

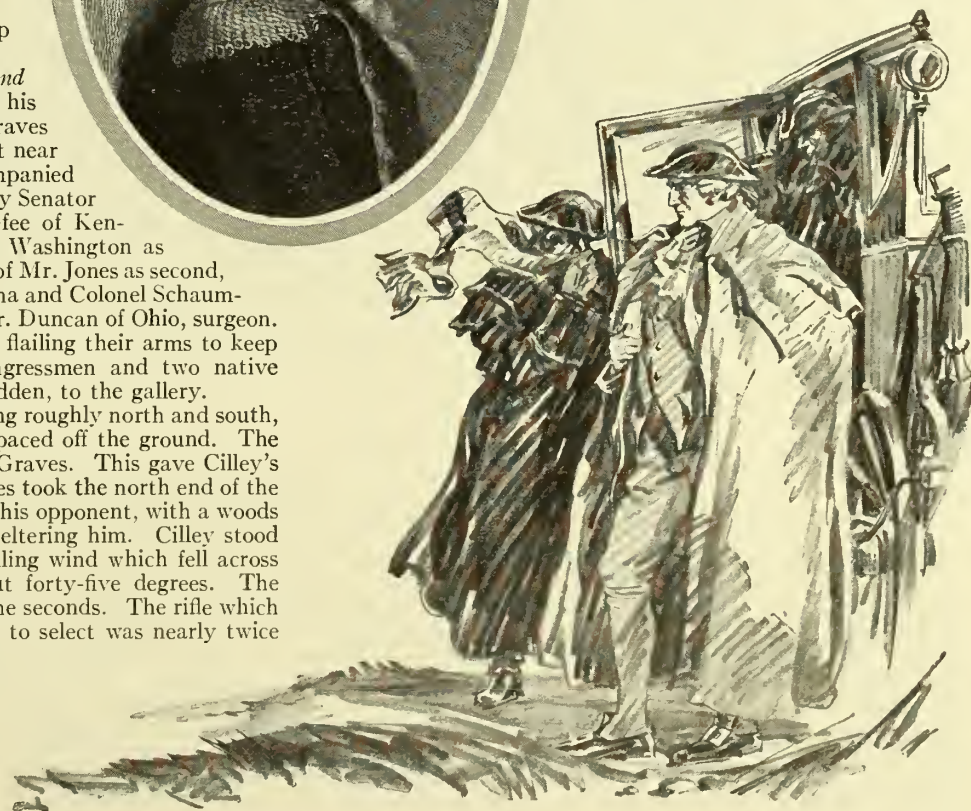
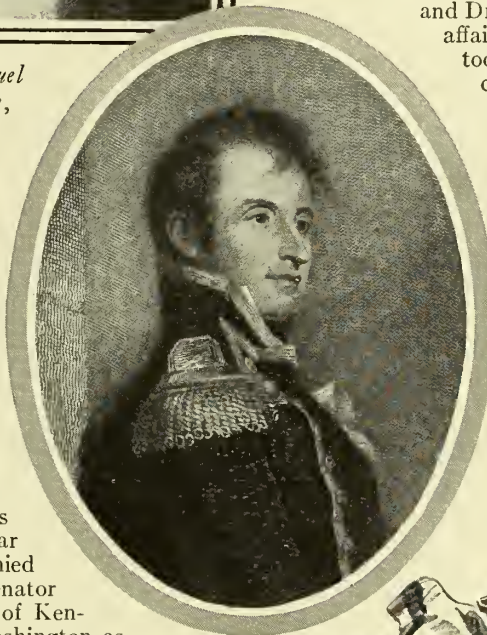
"While a challenge is impending," said Mr. Jones, "my friend can make no explanation."

"An exchange of shots suspends the challenge," said Wise.

There was considerable parley. Senator Crittenden and Dr. Foltz, both of Graves's party, thought the affair should end there. Cilley was ready to quit, too, but refused to express himself on Webb's character, because he said he was answerable only on the floor of the House for words spoken on that floor. Graves clamored for another shot. He renewed the challenge. Cilley accepted.

This time Graves fired prematurely. It was a wide miss.

But Cilley was steady. He sighted carefully, and pulled the trigger. Graves made a convulsive movement. He was saying something. It looked as if he had (Continued on page 81)



MARIE

Remembers

By Fairfax Downey

Illustration by R.F. Schabelitz

WHEN you go back to France, you may or may not be able to find a certain old trench or gun emplacement which, eight years or so ago, you used to be able to hit the bottom of blindfolded or, more exactly, gas-masked. The reason may be that the folks from whom the battlefield was borrowed have filled in that same trench or emplacement and planted something in it. For that you really cannot blame them. We have been content with distant memories, but they have felt the need of handy cabbages.

So you may care to go on and look for something else, perhaps a certain little estaminet. It is possible that the patron thereof made enough money in the war to change it into a hotel, and you may then be reduced to partaking of red ink or vin blink some place else, knowing that history has partially fallen down on her job of repeating herself. And then you may think to search, as I did, for your marraine—your godmother of the war.

Perhaps you did not have a marraine. If you didn't, you probably did not have occasion to bless the mail orderly as often as we luckier adoptions of some French or American girl. Patriotically the dear things afflicted themselves with writer's cramp that we might not feel neglected in those long intervals of soldiers' mail which would occur no matter how devoted the correspondence of family and friends. Most of our godmothers could not have realized what unforgettable pleasures their letters were. It was hardly fair that they should not, I thought, so when I returned to France for the first time after Uncle Sam's free trip I decided I would find my marraine and tell her.

I did, and it was an adventure. But before its relation a flashback is in order to a spring day in 1918 when Marie let herself in for the expenditure of considerable purple ink and trick French writing paper for the cheering of this embattled narrator.

My outfit was going back en repos. It was only from a quiet sector, but we had been in the line a month and a half and we could well use some repos. While en route to en repos (pardon the display of French) we parked for the night in one of those neat little villages which boast a château and live up to it.

I saw Marie first, being ahead on a billeting detail. A sweet little girl, Marie. Dancing brown eyes, black curls, round rosy cheeks. Too young to fall in love with and hence nothing to worry the girl I left behind me. The recollection of mailless days suddenly inspired the idea that I ought to acquire a marraine, and here was my chance.

I tried my French. It worked. I was elated. Marie tried her English. I was a good guesser, too, so she was elated.

"Marie," I pleaded, "don't tell me you're anybody's marraine yet?"

She said she wasn't. The only soldiers she was writing to were a couple of brothers of hers and she doubted if they really appreciated it.

"Will you be mine, then?" I invited, and added hastily, "My marraine, I mean."

"I weel be yours," Marie promised sweetly. And she blushed and added, "Votre marraine de guerre."

So there we were all adopted, and it was twice as nice for being personally conducted. My outfit hiked on soon, but my godmother did not forget her word. For the duration of the war I received letters from her beginning, "Mon cher filleul" but otherwise in charming pigeon English. And I came back with epistles in French which must have given her many a good laugh.

Though we did not meet again, we carried on. The Armistice and an intervening ocean did not cramp our style. When I

married that girl I left behind me, I sent Marie a wedding invitation to which she replied with felicitations. She was now living in Paris,

she added—not a bad town to call home.

When a man's married he somehow hasn't time to write as much as he used to. So the correspondence dwindled down to Christmas cards. I hoped mine were as welcome to Marie as hers were to me. It was like recalling something pleasant about the war with a buddy, this receiving letters in her familiar handwriting, letters like those which used to make the mail orderly sound off my name to the jealousy of the assembled gang.

To borrow a movie phrase, years passed and came a day when I caught the coveted chance of a trip back to France.

"The battlefields!" I exclaimed excitedly.

"The shops of Paris!" the wife countered enthusiastically.

"Apt to be the same sort of thing," I muttered apprehensively.

Paris first. Where else? Rounds of sights and shops and restaurants par excellence. Then I suggested in a lull:

"I'd like to look up a friend here, my marraine de guerre. You remember the little girl I told you of?"

"Hm," the wife remarked. "She may have been a little girl eight years ago."

"Of course she must have grown," I admitted. "But I think it would be fine if we looked her up and made a call."

So began the search.

It is hard to make time through the streets of Paris, there are so many places one wants to stop. But the wife helped me past the cafés and I helped her past the lingerie shops. Even so it was not easy to pass other alluring spots: the courtyards which suddenly open up a fascinating vista from the street—sunny courts with ancient fountains purling languidly, small cozy courts and dark, adventurously sinister courts. Crowds around bizarre sidewalk booths delayed us. We could not hurry by the open market stalls with their profuse array of spiced bread, figs, dates and queer candies ranged hard by quarters of wild boar, rabbits, pigeons, ducks and chickens; with trays of hairbrushes and of cheeses, of perfume and smoked salmon, of hardware and shrimps and snails—everything, in fact, from soap to nuts. When our way led through such a pleasant square as the Place des Vosges we could not help but tarry. One does not every day stumble on such bright gardens surrounded by stately seventeenth century houses where kings and celebrities have lived, or upon ground where, jousting, a sovereign was slain by a nobleman who soon paid with his own life for the accident, fair fight or no fair fight.

At last we came to the tiny court from which Marie had written. Climbing, I worked out several handy French phrases in my head and had them all ready to try on the concierge.

"But no, m'sieu," the concierge informed me. "Mademoiselle has not lived here for two years. But she would like to see you," she added politely, and gave me a new address.

We forged on, now by taxi. Taxis are cheap in Paris. What if most of them seem to be veterans of the first battle of the Marne and charge through traffic on a *sauve qui peut* plan? They arrive usually. So we came through twisting streets to a tidy little house, and I asked again for Mlle. Marie.

It proved to be her older married sister who answered the door. Miraculously doping out some of my French, she called:

"Mama, an American, an American soldier, is here." So she must have understood some of my declamation.

A trim little old lady appeared. At my French introduction of myself she nodded so encouragingly that I grew positively fluent. I stated my name. At that she uttered a cry and retreated



*A sweet little girl, Marie. Dancing brown eyes, black curls, round rosy cheeks.
Too young to fall in love with and hence nothing to worry the girl I left behind me*

hastily. I determined to stand my ground, come what might, and what should come but my last year's Christmas card in the hands of mama. That was my passport. We were friends from then on. We agreed it was a darn fine card.

"Marie is married now," her mother announced.

That I deemed the moment to indicate the wife awaiting without in speechless, Frenchless curiosity. Bows were exchanged. More of the time of day was passed and then we departed and took up the hunt again armed with the knowledge of Marie's married name and the address of the place where she worked—

for many a French wife these days must supplement the budget by taking a job.

Past the Place de la Bastille we drove, where now no stone of that famous hoosegow remains, so well did the mob and the government of the Revolution blot it out. Past the Place de la Nation, where the Terror slaughtered thirteen hundred and now havoc is wreaked on even larger numbers of gingerbread men and women in the Easter fair. Past churches and picturesquely ancient dwellings and into the wholesale business district, finding no dullness even there.

(Continued on page 79)

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

Reckless or Wreckless?

"CROSSING Crash Wipes Out Family."
"Killed As Car Hits Pole."
"Disregards Traffic Signal, Dies."

Headlines like these are so common in any American newspaper that much ink, space and time would be saved editor and reader alike if some such symbol as A for the first, B for the second, C for the third and so on were used instead of the monotonously recurring words that spell out the familiar tragedy.

But all is not lost. Let it be remembered that for every driver who tries to beat a train to a crossing, who seeks to pass a slower roadmate on a curve, who uses up two thirds of the road and laughs at the little family party he crowds into a gully, there are thousands of men and women at the wheel who use their heads as well as their hands and feet—who do not believe that courtesy, considerateness and sanity should be locked in the garage every time the old bus rolls out.

Overloaded

SEVERAL million years ago, day before yesterday in geological time, a beast with eight legs and sixteen toes halted in the soft mud beside a primeval river. It moved onward, and eventually it died and its bones became dust. And all beasts like it died.

Not long ago men found the tracks made by the eight-legged and sixteen-toed beast. They found them imprinted in stone—as sharp-cut and clear as the inked finger-prints of a recruit on an enlistment record—one thousand feet from the top of the mile-deep Grand Canyon of the Colorado River.

Scientists conjecture that the beast became extinct when climate and topography changed and the extra legs which Nature had given it for a good purpose became a hindrance.

All history is the record of getting rid of extra legs. In social relations, in religion, in politics, in industry, institutions have died as they became unwieldy—dragged down to extinction by too many legs. Simplicity and utility are inexorable laws in Nature's scheme of economics.

The Slack Season

THESE lines will find most of their readers on vacations, recently returned from vacations or planning vacations. August is supposed to mark the peak of leisure of the year. It is the height of the slack season, the month of the big let-down. Most employers finance these rest periods as a matter of business policy. The help works better with a little time off to freshen up.

All this is comparatively new. Thirty years ago it was considered the mark of a sensible man to say

of him that he had worked for so many years without a day off or a vacation. That sort of thing was given as a recipe for success, a formula for getting on in the world.

Now count on your fingers the number of labor-saving devices which the past thirty years have brought into common use. You will need three or four sets of fingers. Yet to what extent has this mechanical age really proved a labor-saving proposition, a preserver of the human mechanism against the wear and tear of work? The mechanical age has done many things, but not this. It has increased, not diminished, the pressure of living. It has increased the wear and tear so that most of us have to take a couple of weeks off each year to get away from it and recoup.

We ride over highways at thirty miles an hour where our fathers rode at eight. But that thirty takes from us something that is vital. This is no delusion. Vacations—rest periods—are necessary in this fast-gear age. The slack season is important. We need to slacken up the tension for a spell. The late Charles Proteus Steinmetz predicted an advance in mechanics which would enable the world's work to be done in a four-hour day. If it turns out that he is right the other twenty hours probably will be devoted to recovering from that easy four-hour day.

Sugar-Cured History

THERE is a society which would remove the cause for discord among nations by rewriting the histories which the young read in the schools. It is suggested that the United States should be the pioneer in this great movement.

In rewriting history two points should be observed. Care should be exercised not to say anything which might prejudice the reader against any other nation. At the same time he must not get too lofty an opinion of his own country.

Thus would be removed the incentive to war. We should think too well of other nations to fight for them. We should have insufficient enthusiasm for our own country to fight for it.

Particularly, in narrating the history of our own national past, the space devoted to wars should be trimmed down. It is all right to give the "facts" about wars, but not the "national color." A great many "useless military leaders" should be suppressed altogether.

The plan has the advantage of simplicity. The degree of our national virtue would be in direct ratio to the density of our national ignorance.

This history-doctoring suggestion springs from a school of thought which is all too conspicuous at present in the United States. Another evidence of it is the well-meant admonition that editors should



THE FIRST AMERICAN IMMIGRATION CONFERENCE

play down news about bootlegging lest it be known that the national prohibition laws are so generally violated. Does it occur to the zealous proponents of this idea that the bootleggers also would profit by the adoption of their suggestion?

Into Its Own

THE used car has been crowned with social respectability. After years as the target for scornful humor, it has been admitted unreservedly to the circles once closed against it. It has become proof against satire, and those who once shunned it as they shunned garlic and crimson neckties no longer hold up the bars of ostracism. Second-hand was the epithet of its olden unpopularity. Now one would no more condemn an automobile simply because it had been bought second-hand than he would condemn a mansion in possession of its second owner.

If you are looking for a bargain in a used car, you can pick up a good one for about \$10,000. They are being snapped up in the New York and Chicago markets at this price. At this figure you can get a car which originally sold for \$15,000 or more. One doesn't level shafts of snobbish sarcasm at a car, even a second-hand one, which is good enough to bring \$10,000 in a competitive market. A Rolls Royce is a Rolls Royce.

Of course you don't have to pay \$10,000 for your used car. For \$500 or \$1,000 or \$1,500 you can buy another used car that will look as good and run as well as if you had always owned it. And if the Joneses who live next door raise their eyebrows and whisper something to somebody about the neighborhood getting to be second rate, well—there's no law to compel you to keep up with the Joneses.



Not For Sale: ONE

THERE are still a few American farmers whose address is New York City, and who turn their furrows forty-five minutes from Broadway. Their rolling acres of potatoes and timothy, their apple orchards, cauliflower and cabbage patches, cows and chickens are within the legal limits of the metropolis—tangible proof that the soil thereabouts is suited for the cultivation of other things than forty story buildings, the skyline of Manhattan notwithstanding. Manhattan Island is not all there is to New York City. That City stretches out on Long Island, and, I venture, encloses more good corn land than will be found within the corporate confines of Des Moines—good corn land which is still being used for growing good corn.

All this, however, is changing. New York's leading industry seems to be population, and as the annual output—or influx—of new New Yorkers has to find places to live, the agricultural importance of the city is declining. The farms are being cut up into building lots. Streets are being laid out along the lines of the old corn rows, and crops of apartment houses and suburban Dutch colonials are springing up faster than pole beans used to on the same ground.

These tides of change have enveloped Flushing. Flushing is an old village which was settled by the Dutch two hundred and fifty years ago—the name Flushing, in fact, is only an Anglicized form of the Dutch name Vlissingen. Generation after generation it drowsed along, a pleasant and prosperous farming community. One day it was annexed to New York, but that did not matter much. Flushing did not lose its ancient character. There were fields and woods and pleasant little streams which flowed into Long Island Sound. There was plenty of room for everyone and plenty of places for the kids to play. With so much vacant land to be enjoyed for the asking—or without it—it seemed that Flushing needed a formal playground or recreation center about as badly as Yellowstone Park needs a country club.

But gradually the change set in. Flushing began to become a part of the metropo-

lis in fact as well as in name. After the war came the great movement from the congested centers to the suburbs. The fair fields of Flushing began to disappear. Vacant lots vanished. The kids began to find themselves up against it for a place to choose up sides and hold a ball game. The high school athletes had no proper field for their track events. People began to talk about this shortcoming, but they treated it something like the weather, which Mark Twain said everyone talks about but no one ever does anything.

This was the way the land lay in 1920 when something was said about erecting a memorial in Flushing in commemoration of those who had served in the World War. Sixty-eight of Flushing's sons and two of its daughters—Army Nurses—who went away in 1917 and '18 did not come back. There were several suggestions as to the form a memorial should take.

Finally The American Legion—William A. Leonard Post—was consulted in the matter. Commander Henry P. Oatley talked it over with his officers. The matter was discussed at a post meeting. The result was that the Legion made a brand new suggestion. Why not have a memorial recreation field?

It required a little time for the idea to sink in. The Legion post had about 300 members. The population of Flushing was in the neighborhood of 70,000. Numerically the Legion was a drop in the bucket—something less than one half of one percent. But this drop in the bucket displayed so much intelligence and zeal, and advanced such sound arguments in support of its proposal, that presently sufficient of the community had taken up with the Memorial Field idea to launch a campaign to raise the initial funds. The goal was \$35,000. The Legion post was the impelling force behind the campaign, and the money was subscribed. There



Peg, mascot of Flushing Memorial Field, white all over and a slave to nicotine



FARM *By Carter Johnson*

were 1,150 contributors who gave from twenty-five cents to \$2,500. An effort was made to obtain as many contributions as possible, regardless of how small they were.

"We appreciated," said Mr. Oatley, "that we had need for the co-operation of the whole community. The job was too big for us to undertake alone. We sought the support of the public and made an honest effort to keep in the background and take no more than our share of the credit. The whole project would have failed had it not been for the support we obtained from the public."

Desirable land was getting scarce. A fourteen and a half acre plot which the Legionnaires had their eyes on was held on the market for \$50,000. But the owners relinquished it for half that sum, which was the same as making a \$25,000 cash contribution. The title of the property was passed to a corporation, which has a set of officers and a board of fifteen directors. Commander Oatley was elected secretary, a position he still holds. Five of the fifteen directors were Legionnaires, and still are. Moses King, the present Commander of Leonard Post, is the treasurer.

At present a little more than five acres of Memorial Field have been developed. Fronting on the street is a pleasant park, with a drive and walks lined with shrubbery. In the center a white flag pole rises seventy feet. The concrete wall which encloses the part of the ground which is now utilized in time will be concealed by shrubs, except where the bronze memorial plaque is. This contains the name of the sixty-eight men and two women of Flushing who died in service during the war.

Inside the grounds are stands for six hundred spectators. There is a track for field meets, and two baseball diamonds or two football fields, according to the season. Groundkeeper John J. Whalton keeps everything shipshape, which comes more or less natural to Legionnaire Whalton, who served three enlistments in the Navy and sailed on square-riggers before that. During the war he was a member of the naval shore patrol, otherwise an M. P., at Brest and chief boatswain of the transport *Plattsburg*.

The field is constantly in use, and has given an impetus to outdoor athletics. About twenty amateur ball teams have played on it this summer. Under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. baseball leagues have been organized in the Sunday schools of Flushing and in the industrial plants there, and both leagues play

on regular schedule at the field. The writer saw one of the games. There were about as many spectators as there were players, and that is precisely the sort of athletics the directors of the Field wish to stimulate. A man does not get much exercise sitting in a grand stand. The admission fee was a dime or a dollar—whatever you wanted to drop in the hat. There is no objection to spectators, of course. Some of the school field meets which have been held there have filled the stands.

Outside of the enclosure there are two other ball diamonds for kids' sand-lot games. Perhaps those diamonds are the most important part of the field. A chance to play should be the heritage of every American child.

The field is still in its infancy. More than \$50,000 has been expended to date, and as soon as funds are available more facilities will be put in, with special attention to the requirements of children. There will be a playground, with swings and slides and a wading pool for the little fellows. There will be additional ball fields for sand-lot games. There will be tennis courts.

This will be the only recreation center of its kind in Flushing, unless the authorities tear up streets and pull down buildings, because no more land is available. The farms and fields are all gone now. Memorial Field, which some said was "too far out" six years ago, is now almost surrounded by houses. The Legion acted in the nick of time and gave Flushing the finest sort of



Groundkeeper Whalton, late U. S. N., and his shipshape home



memorial that could be. A post of three hundred did this in a community of seventy thousand. It inspired the whole community to collaborate in the effort. Post Commander King says to be sure and give the general public of Flushing plenty of credit. "Without their support we could have done nothing," says Mr. King. Which is quite true, but without Mr. King and his Legion colleagues nothing would have been started.

Unlike many playgrounds, especially in populous places, Flushing Memorial Field is not a bare stretch of ground devoted entirely to the utilitarian purpose of making muscle, and utterly devoid of any scenic beauty. On the contrary, the ancient farmland, doubtless once the domain of an honest Dutch burgher in knickerbockers with a pipe that swung down to his knees, has been left so far as possible in the state in which the Legionnaires of Flushing found it. Trees are at a premium in some parts of the five counties that constitute New York City. It was a New York City soldier who died for his country on the Ourcq in the vivid summer of 1918—Sergeant Joyce Kilmer of the 165th Infantry, Rainbow Division—who doubted, in the words of a poem that will live, if he would ever see "a poem lovely as a tree." So when New Yorkers find trees ready built anywhere within their city limits, they think two or three times before they set about sawing them down.

There are, of course, no maple saplings in the pitcher's box of either of the two diamonds on Flushing Memorial Field, nor are there any waving poplars off third base. But on the edges of the field, virtually embracing the entire grounds, are magnificent trees that will survive as long as Nature lets them. Certainly



The flag will still be there long after Taps has sounded for the last Flushing Legionnaire—and so will Memorial Field

they will endure years after the last member of Flushing Post has been laid to rest.

The effect of Flushing Memorial Field is, indeed, at first sight that of some vast private estate—in a region where one has to be somebody, or at least have something, to be able to swing a private estate. There is just such an estate right next door to Flushing Memorial Field, and I was told of a couple of local taxi drivers who twice made the mistake of carrying playground visitors grandly into the private domain before they were aware of their error.

Flushing Memorial Field is a valuable piece of real estate. One need not be an especially gifted prophet to foresee a day when the expanding metropolis will flow all around it in a slow but certain tidal wave of apartment buildings and business blocks. When that day comes Flushing Memorial Field will be even more valuable.

Not in dollars and cents alone. Dollars and cents have done their part and will never again enter into the transaction. But as the city crowds the field more and more, more and more essential to the growing youth of Flushing will the field become.

Flushing Memorial Field is not for sale. Forever it will be the farm that it has been ever since the Indians relinquished it to the Dutch, and the Dutch to the English, and the English to the Long Island Yankee. Forever it will produce a crop of health, a crop that will pay a dividend of boys and girls, men and women, more fit to face the strain of a complex civilization than if Flushing Field were to become itself engulfed by the tidal wave of apartment buildings and business blocks.

A PERSONAL VIEW

by
Frederick Palmer

THAT LITTLE FIGURE caught my eye. I found myself watching Tony for half an hour. He was of Italian ancestry, and as American as the game that he was playing. He was twelve years old but ten in size. The point was that all of him was in the game, every ounce of him, including his head. That made a total of more than grown men who weigh three times as much as he often put into it. He was a catcher who did not let one by; he threw to second like an arrow; he was captain of a nine much smaller and younger than the nine against him. Under Tony's training and eye his nine had team play.

He was a silent little commander, but when he spoke he meant business. No yapping against a decision of the umpire. Tony's nine just played ball. He was cool in a pinch. Twice he stole bases; nabbed in a third attempt, he grinned good-naturedly. He brought in two runs with a two-bagger. I stayed right on until his nine had won the game. Some day he may be in a major league team, or maybe governor or president.

On the sidelines, with no part except to cheer, was a boy of about Tony's age. This boy was a mouth-breather, puny, vague, badly formed, wearing big spectacles, in utter contrast to the sturdy Tony. What a difference in the two for their start in life!

This made me think of pre-natal care and child care and all we can do for child welfare to make as many like Tony as we can. I am sure that there are a lot of Tonys in the nines competing in the Junior World Series, and a nine that is composed entirely of Tonys ought to have a good chance of winning the pennant in Philadelphia.

NOT A GAME in which Babe Ruth plays—the Babe who has come back. Not with the crowd that packs the bleachers of the right field to be near their hero when the left-field bleachers are empty. Not a game under professional management. No. I want to be with the crowd at the Sesquicentennial which sees the final games of the Junior World Series under the Legion for the boys' national championship where the battle is for glory and the game's sake.

THERE ARE NOT enough automobiles. There can never be too many moving east and west on vacations these hot days. They take people from the interior to the sea; from the coast to the mountains. In summer, when school is out for the youngsters, they are taking old and young to school. Every time any man or woman gets a journey away from home, to see other parts of the land and to exchange ideas with those who live there, that is education of a big, broad kind.

WE MAY Go too far in increasing the practice of centralization in Washington; the States may resist encroachments on their prerogatives. However, there is one thing that should be as national as the Army that we sent to France. Every section should have equally good schools. This is to the interest of all States, all citizens. A backward State affects the whole.

Some States have more children than others. These have a heavier burden if each child is to have the same chance as those of other States. According to the Research Bulletin of the National Education Association, the percentage of population between six and thirteen years of age in California is 12.68 and in South Carolina 21.67. Now the average wealth to a child varies from \$5,777 in Mississippi to \$45,664 in Nevada, and the average annual income per child from \$1,317 in Mississippi to \$7,693 in California. Some States have more money to spend; therefore, their children may be better educated.

THERE IS A limit to what one man can earn with his own brain and hands. Big fortunes come from making others, or your money, work for you. Twenty dollars a day in wages is not equal to having three hundred employees each earn ten cents a day for you.

Recently a man gave \$25,000,000 to a welfare endowment fund. Those millions were gathered from profits on the myriad purchases in his five and ten cent stores.

The advice to would-be Rockefellers and Fords is clear. However, we may not all have others working for us. This would be like living by taking in one another's washing. Most of us will always have to work for someone else. The thing is that we should get a fair share of what we help to build and earn.

SOME OF US will get no vacations in this hot weather. There are the sick kept to their beds, the disabled veterans in hospitals. There are tired fathers and mothers, their noses to the grindstone, and children of city streets who may get a day in the country or at the shore. They would revel in the harvest fields where the farmers have no respite from their busy season. Vacations in fall or winter for farmers depend upon good crops and good prices.

"Unless the farmer gets as good a deal as anyone else," writes a correspondent from Montana, "there'll be no farmer. You can have the country for golf courses and picnic grounds." Any one who has a grouch because a bad golf score is ruining his vacation may take cheer from this generous proposition. (Continued on page 80)

By Arthur Somers Roche

*Illustrations by
Grattan Condon*

CHAPTER IV

MY FIRST feeling, when I emerged from the fog that had descended upon my mind, was of complete and fiery chagrin. Pain was a secondary affair, completely subordinated to the instant revengeful rage that possessed me.

Had the man who had struck me down faced me now, I know that nothing short of his complete annihilation would have satisfied the blood craving that gnawed at my soul. And I'll be honest—the fact that the blow had been struck in the presence of Rose Blaney made the injury more grievous.

I'd been triumphant; her effort to outwit me had been nullified by my own quickness of thought and deed. And in the moment of success I'd been obliterated, momentarily. More, she'd given me her pity, had cried out a plea that I be spared . . . This added to my anger. To have been humiliated before her, and to have her, my victim, ask that the tables be not overturned upon me—it was too much.

I could visualize her smiling a bit contemptuously at my conceit, and a little sorry that the country yokel had been so harshly handled. I made up my mind then and there that I hated her, and always would hate her, and that some day I would repay her in humiliation for my defeat. Also, the gentleman who had struck me down would be presented with a bill . . .

All this I planned before I even lifted a shaky hand to my bruised head; and before my groping fingers touched a bandage bound above my ears I realized that I was not badly hurt, else my brain would not be quite so active.

The bandage was blood-soaked, and the blood had hardened. So, then, I'd been lying here some time. I glanced at my watch. It was nearly seven. Perhaps, then, I'd been here an hour. Sitting up, I stared about me.

I remembered distinctly having slewed my motor-boat around and run it up on the beach. I'd been standing on dry land when I had been struck down. But I'd been on the pebbles, a yard or two from the water's edge, no more. Now, however, I was in the shade of the pine forest that came to where the great boulders served as bulwark against the onslaught of the sea.

I'd been carried a matter of twenty yards or so. And I'd been bandaged and laid out, as comfortably as might be, upon a bed of pine needles. And a tarpaulin—from my own motor-boat, I thought—had been cast over me. Of course, I'd been abandoned while still unconscious, but nevertheless my assailant had done

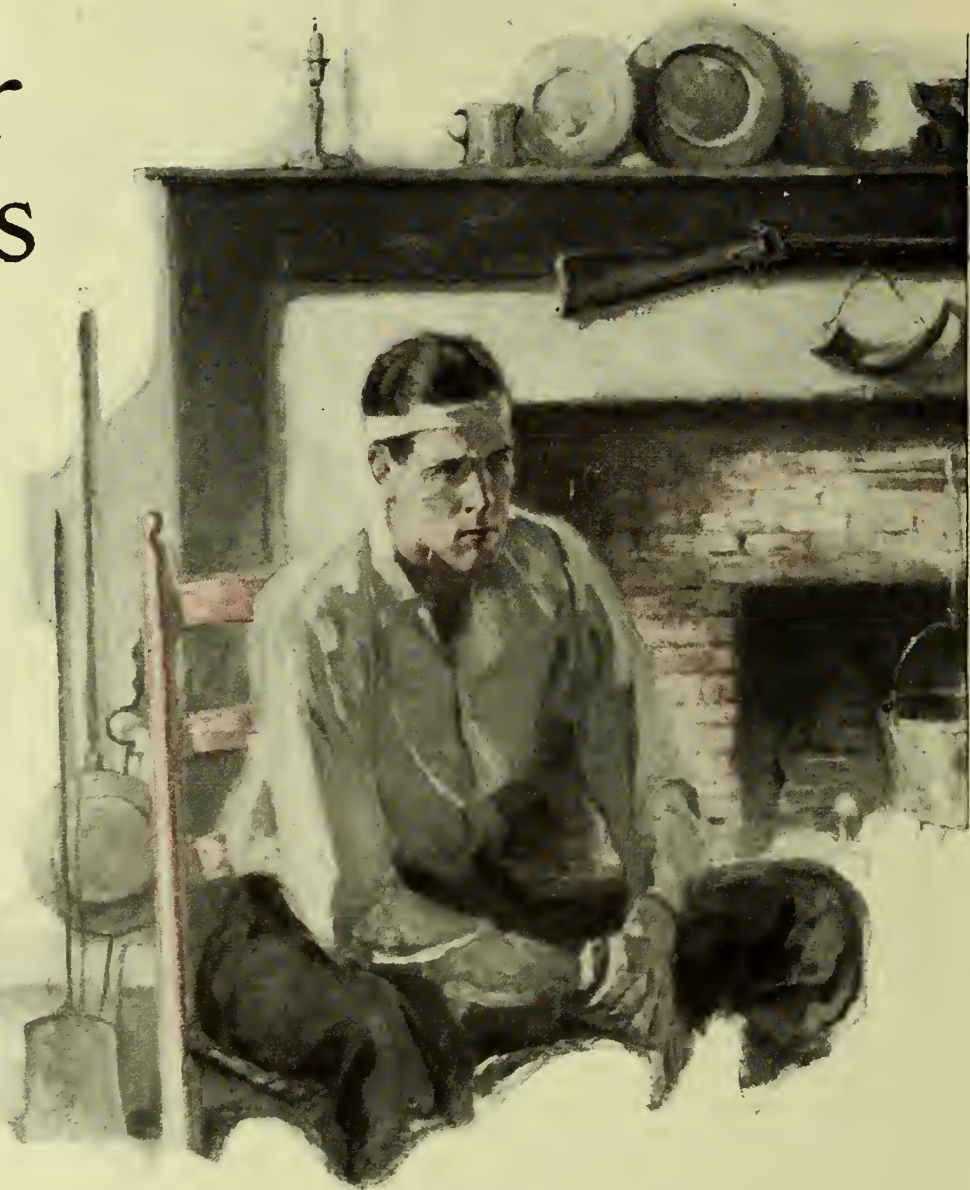
what best he could afford, or dare, to do. I wondered if the girl had been responsible for this pitying treatment of me, and grew more angry at the thought. I wanted neither pity nor gentleness from her.

Gingerly now I felt my broken head. But to disturb the bandage might start the blood flowing afresh, and this was not advisable. I could be sure that only the skin was broken, but I'd lost enough blood, judging from the sodden stiff condition of my jacket and shirt.

What sort of people were these? I asked myself the question in a mood that almost approached awe. A man and a woman struggling on the beach who lie about the causes of their struggle. A man struck while he slept, perhaps murdered. And now I had been brutally knocked down, hit from behind, the coward's blow . . .

And then I frowned as my eyes lighted upon my motor-boat, contention over which had led to my humiliation. There it was, nose high upon the beach, exactly as it had been when I argued with Rose Blaney. And it weighed little; the girl alone could have pushed it off the pebbly sand. Aided by the man—it must have been a man—who had struck me, floating the craft would have been the work of two seconds, hardly more.

Not for possession of the boat, then, had I been assaulted. And not because some chivalrous friend of Rose Blaney would protect her from me. Desperadoes such as these people had already shown themselves to be would necessarily be armed. The man who had sneaked up behind me could have levelled a revolver at me and won his will.





Martha nodded wisely. "Listen, Jack Dorrance," she said. "Think twice before you lose your heart to a woman who consorts with murderers—who may, for all you know, be a murderess herself"

DANGEROUS WAYS

Perhaps he had not wished to be seen. But this was far-fetched. Unless—I remembered now that Saragon had seemed vaguely familiar to me. Perhaps this other man might have seemed more familiar.

But this was loose reasoning based on flimsy premises. No, the man was simply a desperado, who struck because that was the simplest thing to do.

I grinned wryly as I came to this conclusion. What did it all matter, anyway? Why bother to find the reasons, when any reason would be like another? Rank, murderous brutality, no matter what excuse might be advanced—that was what lay behind the attack upon me.

But they'd left my boat here. I shrugged as I understood the reason for that. Rose Blaney had been alone on the island and had needed my boat. But the one who had struck me down had arrived here in some craft or other, and in that they had taken their departure. This reasoning, at least, was not childish. Although it didn't matter. If they were gone, that was enough. And certainly they were gone; with Rose Blaney wanted for one attack, it was absurd to assume that, another assault having been perpetrated, these people would remain near the scene of the second crime.

I climbed dizzily to my feet, hanging onto a pine for a moment until my head cleared. Exertion instantly made me realize that, broken bones or no, I'd still been hit a mighty wallop. The thing for me to do was to waste not another moment in idle speculation, but get home and have my hurts attended to.

It was not so easy as I'd assured myself to get my boat afloat. The tide had retreated considerably since I'd been knocked out, and I was weaker than I'd thought. But I achieved it, and finally, lying back in the stern, straightened the little boat out for Firport.

I had a natural reluctance toward making a show of myself, so I docked my boat at a rickety, disused pier fifty yards from my house. It was eight o'clock when I reached land, and the early movie performance had gathered in most of the natives, while the summer visitors were still at dinner. So, by this good fortune, I managed to gain my front door unobserved.

Martha Perkins, in the kitchen, heard me, and, though I tried to escape her observation, she was in the hall before I could start climbing the stairs.

"Land o' Goshen!" she ejaculated. "Who you been fightin' with, Jack Dorrance?"

So I sat down on the lower step and told her all that had happened. I knew that if I gave her all my confidence she'd violate none of it. Her thin lips pursed as I ended my recital.

"First," she said, "we'll fix your head."

She was as good, where bones were not broken, as any doctor, and I gave myself over to her ministrations with complete confidence. She took me into the kitchen, procured a basin of hot water, made me take off my jacket, and gently cut away the bandage.

"Hmph," she sniffed. "I'd think better of the lady if her hankies were less ornamental."

I stared at the bit of linen which had been pressed against my scalp.

"Don't be ridiculous, Martha," I told her. "That probably cost fifty cents."

She sniffed again. "Sheerest Irish, and the man thinks the like of it could be bought in Bangor. Not enough body to it to sop up a drop of blood. Lucky the man was generous-hearted and lent his, too."

She tossed another bit of linen on the floor; this piece was larger, but to my ignorant eyes seemed of practically the same material as the smaller one. I wondered, idly, where Martha, who had never been in a larger town than Bangor, whose clothing was always coarsely common-sensible, acquired her knowledge of Irish linens.

I can advance nothing which more amply proves how ignorant I'd become of the elementals of life. As if there breathes a woman, no matter what her station, who has not dreamed of fripperies, and in the dreaming made them real. The Sunday papers, the pattern magazines—the Oklahoma squaw, I make no doubt, is as well aware of the latest Paris fashion as the lady in Baltimore.

Then Martha made me lean over while she cut away the hair about the bruise, and I held my breath while she poured medicated alcohol upon the spot.

"Better some pain now than an infection day after tomorrow," she wisely stated.

So if I didn't grin, at least I bore it. And finally, the wound neatly bandaged, Martha made me sit down before a cold supper, improved by some biscuits she'd kept hot in the oven.

"And what are you going to do about it all?" she demanded as I lighted a pipe.

I had dreaded this question, for I knew Martha's New England conscience, and realized that what I planned to do would not consort with her ideas of my duty.

"Well, what can I do?" I countered, helplessly.

"See Sheriff Manigault and make the old booby take some action," she replied. "Also, you can telephone Bangor and let the chief of police up there know about what's going on. Further, you can round up the men of this community—Heaven knows they aren't all old dodos, like Manigault—and set out in search of this girl—lots you can do. But you'll do none of them."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"When did a Dorrance ask aid in a private fight of his own?" she laughed. "I remember your father—oh, it was long before you were born, John Dorrance. There was a quarrel over some fisheries. Men from Long Island drove him away from his lobster pots, beat him up, laughed at him. He went back next day with a shot-gun. He drove them all ashore, tied up all but one, whipped him, tied him up, released another, whipped him, tied him up—six of them felt his fists that day, and he faced death every minute. No, I know your strain. You'll not go to Manigault, nor to anyone else. Besides, the girl is too good-looking."

"Now, Martha Perkins, what on earth do you mean by that?" I demanded, exasperated.

She nodded wisely. "I can guess it by the things you've left unsaid," she told me. "But listen, Jack Dorrance—think twice before you lose your heart to a woman who consorts with murderers—who may, for all you know, be a murderess herself. Have a talk with this Saragon before you think too much of her."

Well, no breast is too withered to hold romantic yearnings, so I contented myself with matching Martha's own sniff, and then went upstairs to bed. I went instantly to sleep; I think that Martha, who, like so many countrywomen, used sedatives, had slipped bromide in the milk which she forced me to drink. I

noticed that it tasted oddly, but ascribed that to my general condition.

Anyway, I slept like a top, and it was fully nine o'clock when I awakened.

"I telephoned Westerman for you," Martha greeted me, as hastily shaved, I rushed downstairs.

"Much obliged," I said.

"You needed the rest. And anyway, I knew you'd not work today."

I colored faintly.

"No need to blush," she said. How could anyone ever hope to hide anything from the busy eyes of an old maid! "You've been a good son to your mother, Jack Dorrance. You've played an old man's part when you had a young heart inside you. But now—I knew you'd not work when you had a mystery to solve, when you have a blow to return. So I said you'd not be back for a week. At least a week, I told him. And I telephoned up river to Bucksport and got my cousin Len's son to agree to take your place in the store, so Westerman wouldn't be left short-handed."

"You did a great deal," I said dryly. "How do you do it, Martha—read a person's thoughts?"

"Not hard to read yours," she retorted. "And the handkerchief is all washed and dried and ironed, and is by your breakfast place."

"Oh, come, Martha, you mustn't be silly," I said, exasperated.

She laughed at me. "Silly? You've not looked at a girl since you came back from the war. Yet you're human, Jack Dorrance. Now here's a girl that's different from any girl you'd find around here, native or visitor. And you haven't told me what a raving tearing beauty she is."

"She's not," I said.

Martha laughed. "Yet, yesterday afternoon, old Dragel stumped by here, and I went to the front gate and gossiped with him, and he said she was beautiful. If Dragel thinks that, that sour old Dutchman, what would a young man like you think? And this girl is mixed up in mystery, in adventure—don't tell me. Jack Dorrance, that you aren't dying for a glimpse of her."

"I'd like to see her in handcuffs," I said grimly.

"So you'd be the hero to knock them off, eh?" jibed Martha.

She walked heavily from the room and left me to my coffee, bacon and eggs.

Also, she left me to my thoughts. Since arising I'd tried not to think, had devoted myself to my bath and shave and to dressing. Yet each time I'd looked in the mirror and seen Martha's bandage above my right ear I'd burned with resentment. No one had ever, before this, struck me and got away with it. And it was a trifle too late in life for me to learn new tricks.

And besides, though I hardly needed this urge, there was a public obligation to be considered. No citizen has a right to avoid his duty to the state. Here were murderous folk abroad in the land—or on the Bay—and it was my duty to see that they were suppressed.

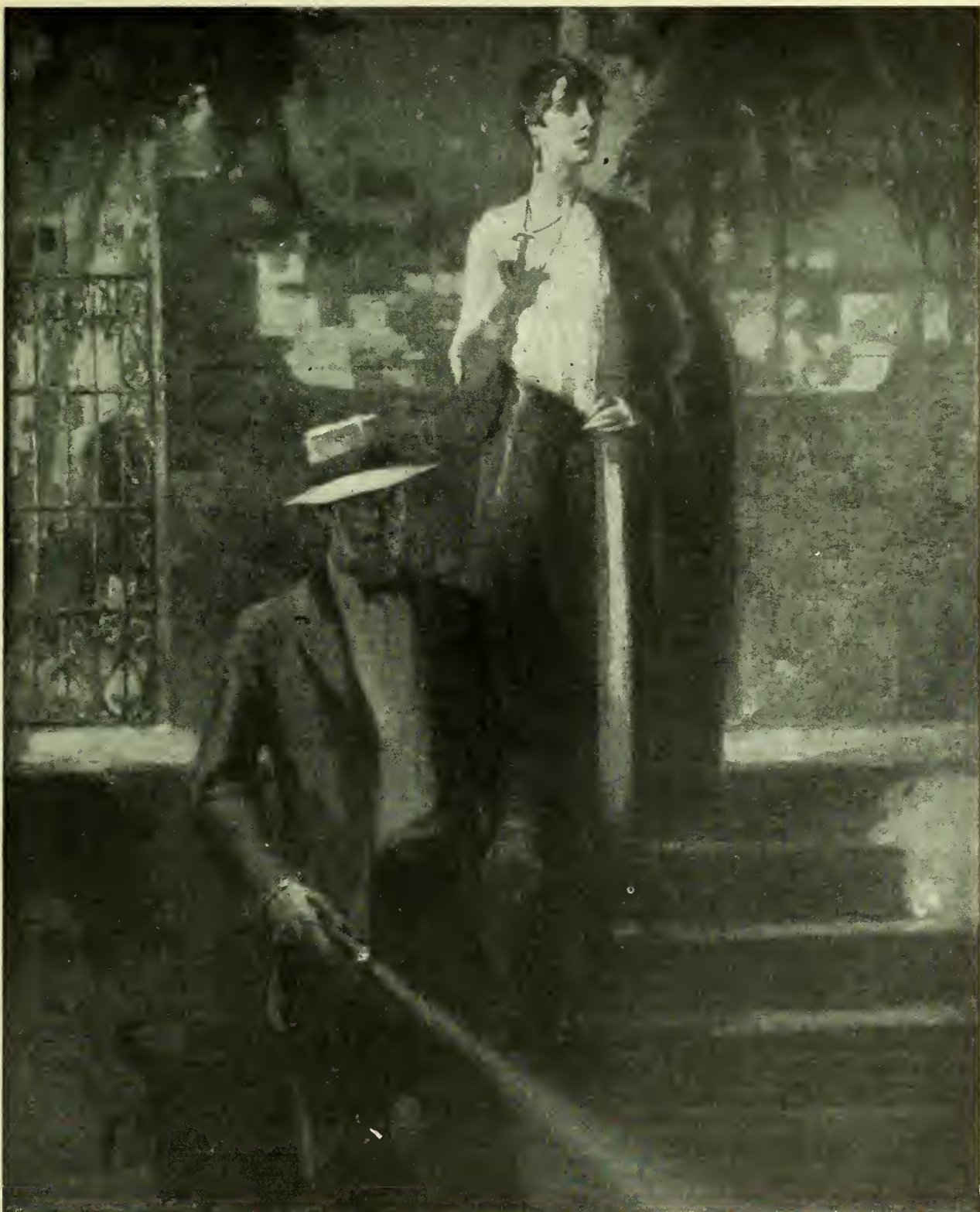
Besides—and this was the primary reason, after all, for my activities—a welcome break in monotony had come to me. It may seem strange that a man terms a broken head a welcome change, but I think there are among my readers those who will understand.

I needed not merely excitement; I required some sort of an incentive; and I had found both. How long they would last I could not imagine; I only knew that to plan revenge, to plan capture of my assailants, gave me interest in living.

After breakfast I pulled



Tom Relland, whom I'd met in France



The man drew a flashlight from his pocket, and twice a narrow beam of light streaked the water

on a cap, and found that it completely covered the trim bandage which Martha renewed for me. So I strolled over to the Firport house.

Dragel, Manigault, and a few village loafers were gathered on the front porch.

"What's the latest, Sheriff?" I asked.

Manigault shook his head portentously. "The man up in the hospital—Saragon—he's unconscious yet. Looks like he's going to die. And there ain't no trace of the murderess."

One of the loafers guffawed. "The Sher'ff thinks as how he oughta have painted signs leadin' him right to where the murderess is," he said. "If he don't have those he allows as how there's no trace."

A companion slapped his back appreciatively. The man was

gaining for himself quite a reputation as a wit by baiting the poor old Sheriff.

"Well, how would you go about capturing her?" I demanded.

Not a very brilliant defense of old Manigault, but sufficient. The loafer could offer no course of action, and so was silenced. I took old Manigault aside.

"What do the Bangor police suggest?" I asked him.

"They say to git up a posse," he quavered, "but doggone, Jack, where you gonna git a posse in this town, with everybody makin' good money tendin' to business—and besides, chasin' a gal don't seem so heroic to me."

I liked old Manigault better in that minute than ever before.

"Anyway, where'll I look?" went on the old man.

He had me there; he had anyone there. (Continued on page 87)

Use YOUR HEAD When You HIT

by
Gene Tunney



As Private Tunney, U. S. M. C., and as amateur polo player in Florida—what a whale of a difference just a few years make!

ONE of my most important fights does not show on my record, but it was an important one to me. Indirectly it had much to do with my becoming a boxer. At the time I was carrying on as a rookie in the Marine Corps at Parris Island, South Carolina, and my opponent was my top sergeant.

This old-timer, who had the difficult job of teaching the rookies how to drill, had won a reputation as a battler, whether rough-and-tumble or under Marquis of Queensberry rules. He stood close to six feet and weighed a hundred and eighty pounds.

In calling out commands he had a voice that carried all over the island. But he didn't always use his rough tones. Sometimes he would speak softly and gently as a mother to a baby. In the midst of a drill he would bring a squad to a halt and then ask one of the pupils:

"Private, which is your left foot?"

If the hapless rookie became confused and lifted his right foot the sergeant would shake his head reproachfully and say:

"No, no. That's the wrong answer. But you aren't so very far off—I'll give you one more guess."

After his little joke he would drop the soft speech and bellow at the top of his lungs in bawling out the unlucky recruit.

Often he would end up his denunciations by proclaiming:

"If you don't think I'm treating you right you can try to take it out of me."

He explained that any man in the company could



challenge him to personal combat. When he removed his blouse and shirt, he said, he shed his chevrons and his authority.

Many husky rookies took him up. Challenged and challenger, followed by the entire company, would meet in a quiet spot, strip to the waist, and fight it out. The sergeant whipped rookie after rookie, after which he shook hands with his victims. It was evident that he knew something about boxing.

As I watched these fights I kept thinking that any day I might have to swap punches with the top kick. I was then only a kid of nineteen, weighing about 158 pounds, still under six feet, slender, not fully grown. Yet the drill, the boxing and other exercises of the Marine Corps were already hardening me into a wiry, muscular youth.

I studied the sergeant's style. I discovered technical faults. For one thing, I thought he swung too much. I believed that I saw openings that the other rookies missed. I knew, though, that, if we met, his advantage in weight would make me hustle to beat him.

One day he picked me out for exclusive attention. After drill he gave me another lecture. Even though I knew he was making a Marine out of me, still I didn't like to be bawled out, though I took it in good spirit.

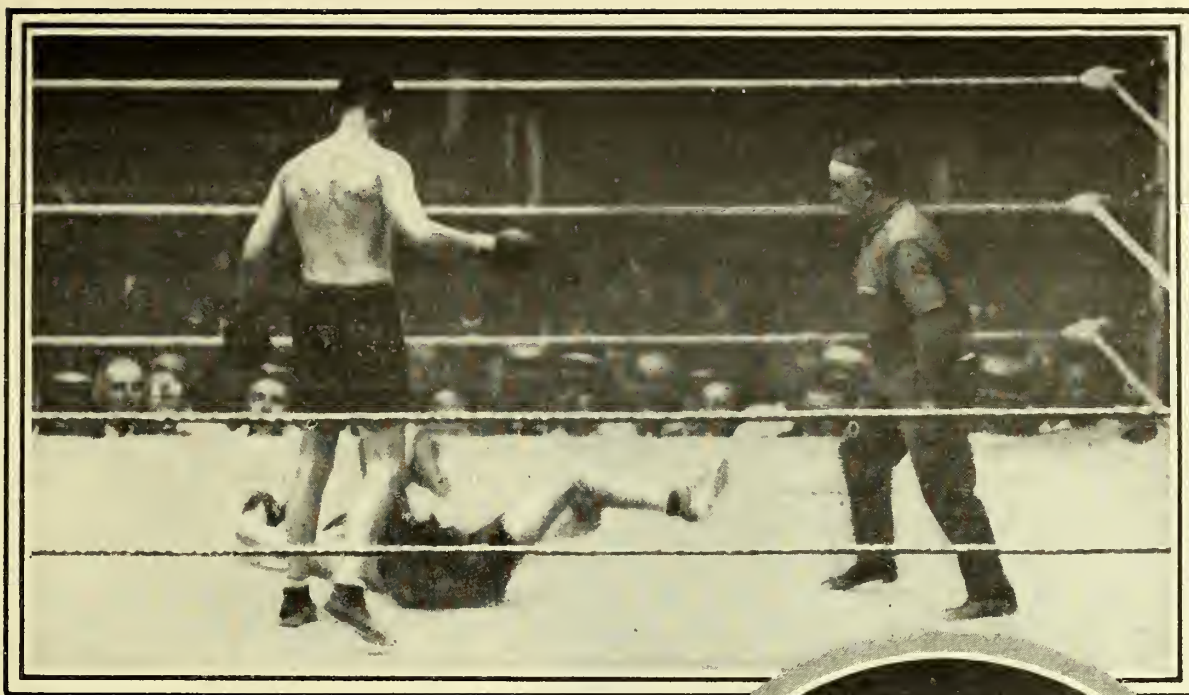
Then he called me an unprintable name. I knew that I had to challenge him or lose my self-respect. I don't give insults and I don't take insults.

"Sergeant, nobody can call me that in fun or in earnest," I said. "I'm ready to fight you any time you say."

The drill over, we retired to the place of combat. The company formed a ring around us. We stripped to the waist, appointed our seconds, agreed on a referee and went to it. I knew how he would fight. He swung too much. He tried to end it too soon. My training and good living as a Marine carried me through to a victory. I landed a right hook flush on his jaw, knocking him down and out. When he came to we shook hands and became friends.

Of course, that didn't mean that my victory changed things on the parade ground. He was still the sergeant, old and experienced, and I a rookie. He made a Marine out of me and, as I look back, I owe him much for the lessons of self-control and discipline that he instilled into me. I hold no animosity toward him.

My victory over him marked me as a boxer. Officers in America and later in France entered my name in various camp sparring bouts. I won all my matches and kept improving.



"Before I faced Carpentier I had studied his feints. He tried to draw me out. I forced him to do the leading. I won by a technical knockout in the fifteenth round"

During all those days I merely looked on boxing as a diversion. I had no intention of becoming a professional. I liked to spar just for the fun of it.

Then came a fight that marked a turning point in my career. I found myself matched to box Bob Martin, champion of the A.E.F., in a welfare bout in Paris. Martin had won many battles by knockouts. He had a big reputation. Before the bout I weighed 163 pounds, for I was still growing. Martin weighed 190.

I won the decision in four rounds. He didn't hurt me with his punches, and I became convinced that I could take punishment—that I didn't have a glass jaw or a weak body.

I thought it out some time before I made up my mind to become a professional boxer. What would I do? Return to the United States, go to college, study law, go into business, or enter the ring?

If I took up professional boxing where would the path lead to? Would I be only a third-rater? Would I become a champion of light-heavyweights? Would I grow big enough and skilled enough to become champion of the world?

My success in service boxing decided my choice of a ring career. I had won every bout. My opponents acted as tutors. I learned more in three minutes of actual fighting than I did in weeks of boxing during training.

Still, I learned many pointers from various camp boxing instructors, who helped to polish my style. Boxing was part of a Marine's training. I felt that, since I had conquered the best man in the A. E. F., I ought to do well if I turned professional when I returned to the United States.

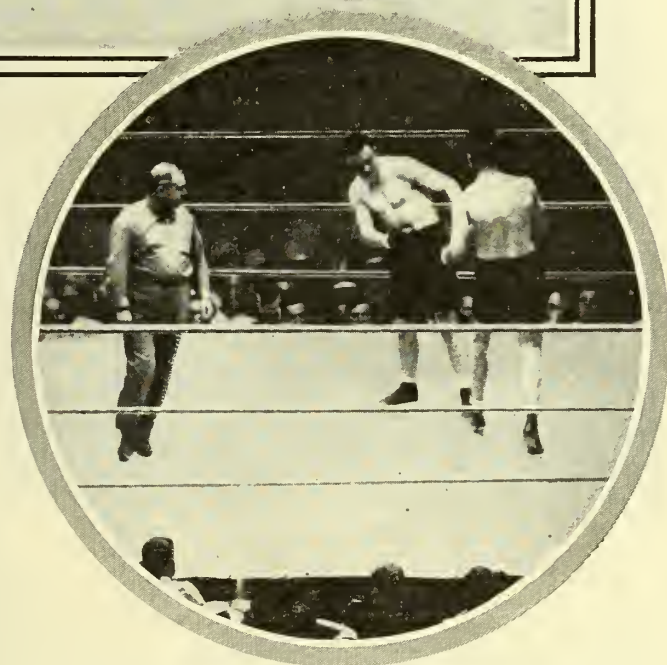
When I voted for a pugilistic career I made up my mind to enter it heart and soul, to work hard, to train, to build up, to learn everything I could about it. I told myself that I would give all my working hours and thoughts to boxing.

For the last eight years I have made a study of my profession just as a doctor or a lawyer makes a study of his. I have sought ways to build myself up to my maximum strength and ability. Hour after hour have I trained. If my sergeant from the rookie camp should ever drop into a gymnasium where I am training and see me doing the same thing over and over again he could give me the laugh.

"Well, Tunney," he might remark, "I see you've learned the lesson of discipline and drill."

He would be correct. I train for perfection in hitting and blocking just as a Marine drills to become proficient as a fighting man in war. In doing right shoulder arms the second-enlistment man and the rookie both go through the same motions, with this difference: The rookie does it awkwardly, the old-timer does it with rhythm and sureness.

So with boxing. A novice shoots out a straight left to an oppo-



"I consider my biggest achievement my victory over Tom Gibbons"

nent's jaw. A trained boxer can send in a similar jab perhaps only a tenth of a second quicker, but it is this fraction of time that makes the difference between a third-rater and a champion.

An example will show how I have worked. Early in my boxing career I fractured some bones in my right hand. A surgeon told me that I must either retire from the ring or toughen my hands.

After an operation my advisors mapped out a course of training to strengthen my fists. In the last six years I have practiced one exercise five hundred times daily—or, in six years, more than one million times.

This is the exercise: I open and close my fingers. In the beginning I used nothing in the palm of either hand, but later I introduced a rubber ball into each palm to gain resistance to my grip. I have split, cracked and deadened so many balls that I buy them by the gross.

I practice this exercise while walking along the city streets, travelling in trains, any place. It strengthens not only my hands, but the muscles in the forearm and upper arm. I have made my muscles flexible. In a bout I am constantly tensing and relaxing my muscles. When not hitting I conserve my energy by loosening my muscles. When I hit I tense my body and make every muscle help in the delivery of the blow.

I use a special brine preparation for my hands and face. From time immemorial ringmen have hardened the face and hands by exercise and liquid preparations, to lessen the possibility of the skin breaking. In the old days bare-knuckle fighters swore



"I made up my mind to work hard, to train, to build up, to learn everything I could about my chosen career"

by two such preparations—whiskey allowed to age in an old shoe for several months until some of the leather had dissolved, and a mixture of horse-radish and vinegar. I prefer to rely on modern medical science to aid me.

I think there is a place here for a few words on strategy in boxing.

High strategy in boxing is the art of feinting. A boxer feints when he menaces in one line and attacks in another, or delays an attack. In other words, he leads his opponent to expect one thing and then does something else.

Feints are common in sport and in warfare. In the World War General Pershing bluffed an offensive against the Germans. He did it on a large scale, even to setting up a fake headquarters to deceive the spies of the enemy.

Football has a feint in the triple threat, wherein an attacking team endeavors to fool the other side as to whether it will do one of three things, run, pass or kick. Football teams have formations from which any one of the three attacks can be started.

In boxing a contestant learns how to fool an opponent by feints, how not to allow an opponent to confuse him by misleading threats or gestures.

Jim Corbett was a master at feinting. Much of his success depended on his knowledge of this branch of ring strategy. Before he fought Sullivan at New Orleans, in 1892, Corbett said in an interview: "I have seen the way Mr. Sullivan goes after a man, beating down his guard, sending swinging blows after his ribs and head, keeping his left to feint with and his right to smash. The mistake a great many men have made is in thinking that he meant to use his left. I have made a careful study of his work. After a time I was surprised to see how few blows he really uses. He works on the same order nearly all the time, and if I am quick enough to evade him or clever enough to stop him in one round, I ought to be for fifty."

Corbett defeated Sullivan by outboxing him. He refused to let himself open to false moves. He didn't go to pieces when Sullivan feinted with his left hoping to land his right.

Corbett has given me hints on feinting. Hour after hour we have discussed the subject. Benny Leonard, retired lightweight champion, has also taught me considerable about the art.

I put my knowledge to the test when I boxed Georges Carpentier at the New York Polo Grounds in 1924. I knew I must be careful of his powerful right-hand punch to the jaw. With it he staggered Dempsey. With it he knocked out the English champions, Wells and Beckett, in one round each. With it he flattened a hundred opponents.

He feinted them into leaving openings for a jaw shot. He would do it by pretending to jab with his left. When they fell into his trap and gave him an uncovered jaw point the right did the rest.

Before him I had studied his feints, so that I knew what to expect. He tried to draw me out, but I declined the bait. I forced him to do the leading and I countered with effect. I won by a technical knockout in the fifteenth round.

I consider my biggest achievement my victory over Tom Gibbons, who went fifteen rounds with Jack Dempsey. I knocked Tom off his feet for the first time in a battle, and dropped him for the count of ten in the twelfth round.

Before that bout, which took place at the New York Polo Grounds in 1925, I made a study of Gibbons's style. I learned his technique by watching him in his important fights.

Gibbons prided himself on his boxing skill. He boasted that no man had ever outboxed him. He knocked

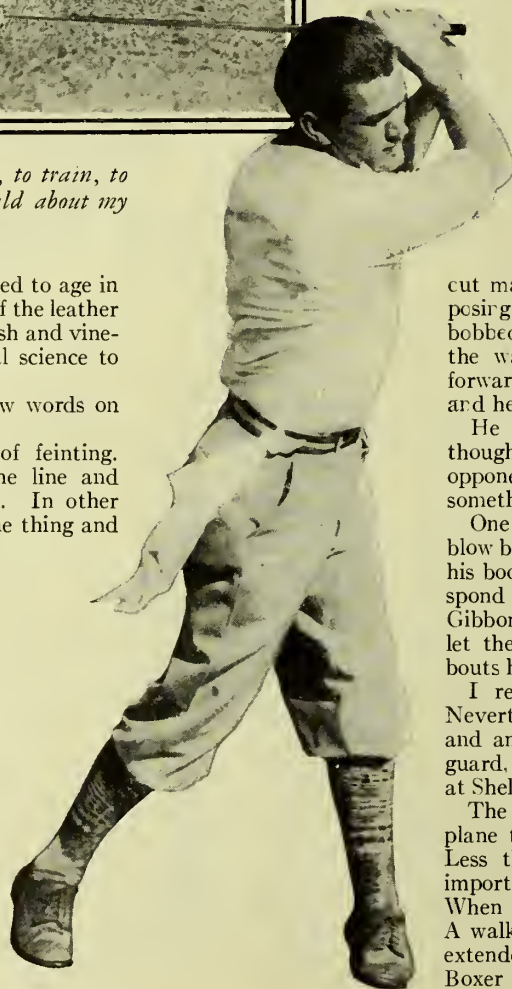
cut many larger men by luring them into exposing vulnerable parts of face and body. He bobbed his head and swayed his body from the waist as a feint. Sometimes he jerked forward and sometimes he swayed his body and head slightly, all to mislead an adversary.

He rested his weight on his left foot as though just about to send in a left jab. Many opponents became confused and would do something to block the threatened straight left.

One boxer might try to block the imaginary blow by raising his guard, and by so doing leave his body open for a real hit. Others would respond to the feint by anxiously lashing out. Gibbons would duck, sidestep or step back, let the blow miss, and then counter. Of 97 bouts he won 43 by knockouts.

I recognized him as a skilled workman. Nevertheless I planned a defense for his attacks and an offense that would break through his guard, where Dempsey couldn't break through at Shelby.

The ethics of the ring are on a much higher plane today than they were a few years ago. Less than twenty years back there was an important match in which this occurred: When the gong rang to start the bout, Boxer A walked from his corner with his right hand extended to shake hands with his opponent. Boxer B, instead of grasping the proffered



hand, smashed Boxer A between the eyes, sending him back on his heels. This blow decided the fight, not right then and there, for it didn't end until the eleventh round, but all during the bout B had the advantage gained by that first terrible wallop. Later A knocked his man out in a return fight. Thereafter, boxers shook hands before the gong rang for the start of a fight, instead of after the gong rang.

Here are two other much older stories. It is difficult to tell where they originated. They belong to the folklore of the ring.

A crafty boxer answered the gong and stepped to the middle of the ring to meet his opponent, a rather stupid party. The tricky one gazed down at the other's shoes and, to throw him off guard, said:

"Don't you tie your shoe laces when you fight? You'll be tripping up on them if you don't watch out."

The foolish one looked down. The crafty one swung a punch to the other's unprotected chin. The fight ended then and there.

The other yarn relates how one opponent took advantage of a ringman who had many lady friends. Beau Boxer was winning the fight, and his hard-pressed opponent had to do something about it.

"Say," he said, "who's that good-looking dame over there in the fifth row trying to catch your eyes?"

The gallant one turned his head to see who she was, but he never discovered her, for his opponent hit him hard on the chin, and he dropped.

Some may say that such tactics are all part of the game; that a man in the ring should be on the alert at all times; that it is foolish to speak of a chance blow.

When all is said and done, there is danger in hitting a boxer who has relaxed and doesn't expect a blow. You can try it on yourself by this experiment: Without thinking, just give yourself a slight poke in the stomach. You find the muscles relaxed and your body unprepared for a blow. You can readily understand that if you receive even a moderate blow when you aren't expecting it, it will hurt you.

Now prepare yourself for a blow in the stomach. Tighten up your muscles. Be ready to meet the thump. You see the difference. You are ready and can resist the effects.

Boxers train to build up resistance to the shock of blows. After a siege of training I hardly notice punches in a battle that would severely hurt me if I were out of condition.

Two carefully-trained boxers of equal size and skill, trained to sustain shocks, are able to absorb tremendous punishment. A fighter, however, who has relaxed and is caught off guard can be hurt severely by a blow.

Before I fight in important battles I generally manage to see my opponent box with someone else. By scouting him I learn the way he attacks and can figure out an offense and defense that may enable me to beat him.

I can best learn a trick in boxing by seeing someone else do it. So do many apprentice seamen learn to tie knots when someone shows them how to do it. Yet if they had to read how to tie a sheepshank knot they would be troubled.

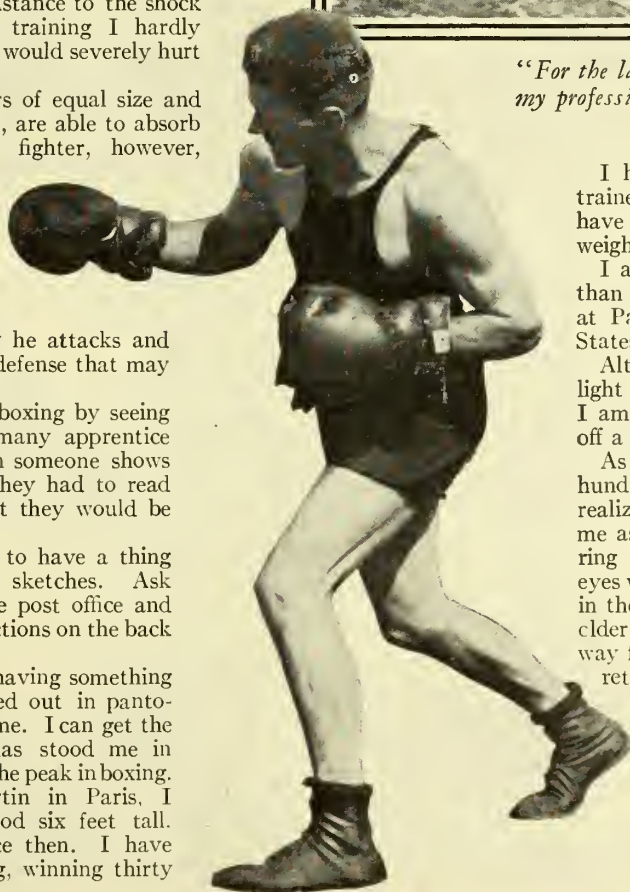
Some persons, though, like to have a thing explained by diagrams and sketches. Ask some artists how to reach the post office and they will very likely draw directions on the back of an old envelope.

If I had to choose between having something explained and something acted out in pantomime, I would select pantomime. I can get the idea better. This faculty has stood me in good stead in working toward the peak in boxing.

When I fought Bob Martin in Paris, I weighed 163 pounds and stood six feet tall. Eight years have passed since then. I have fought sixty times in the ring, winning thirty fights by knockouts.



"For the last eight years I have made a study of my profession just as a doctor or a lawyer makes a study of his"



I have improved my technique. I have trained hour after hour in the gymnasium. I have grown and developed until my fighting weight is now between 190 and 195 pounds.

I am from thirty to forty pounds heavier than I was in the days I was squads-easting at Parris Island as a rookie in the United States Marine Corps.

Although the record books still call me light heavyweight champion of America, I am a heavyweight. I would have to cut off a leg to make 175 pounds again.

As I write this, I weigh more than two hundred pounds in my street clothes. Few realize I am so big. Those who remember me as a slim youth of 163 pounds in a Paris ring after the Armistice can't believe their eyes when they see me now. I have broadened in the shoulders and chest. I am eight years older than I was in 1918, but I'm still a long way from being middle-aged or planning my retirement from the ring.

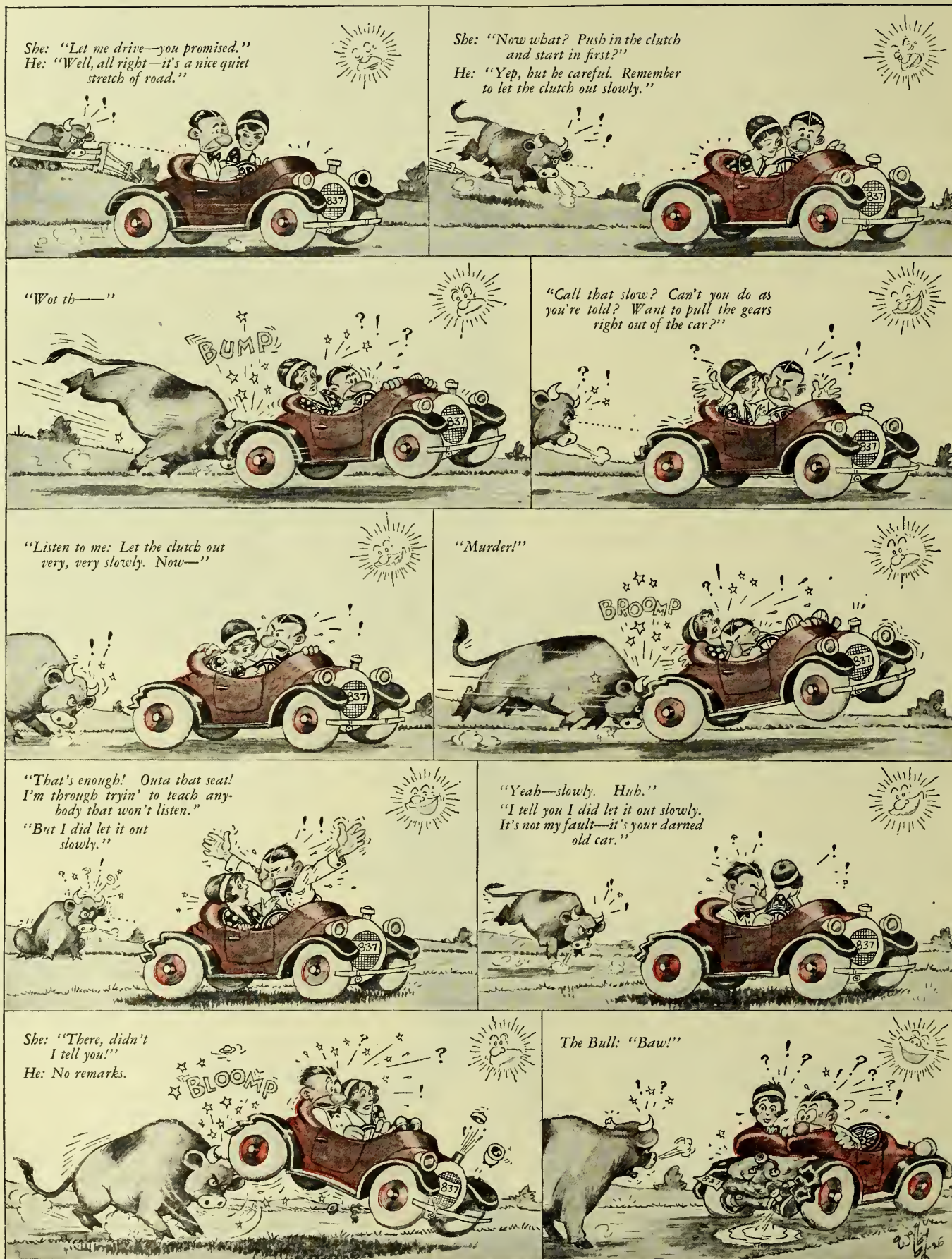
I am bigger than Jack Dempsey. I would outweigh him in a fight. I am bigger than Corbett was in his prime. When I had my torsils removed last year I gained ten pounds in weight.

I am ready today for a bout with Jack Dempsey for the championship. If we meet I shall beat him. Two years ago he could have beaten me.

THE SCARLET CAR

A Case of Circumstantial Evidence

By Wallgren



Bursts and Duds

"And did you have a honeymoon, Mandy?" asked her mistress of her colored laundress.

"We-e-ell," was the hesitating reply, "Rastus done he'ped me wid de washin's de fust two weeks."

Tom: "Peggy is a sweet little thing. Mighty easy on the eyes, too."

Jerry: "Yes, but darned hard on a fellow's cigars!"

The village bank had been forced to close its doors and Ike, although the town's champion ne'er-do-well, was loudest in his denunciations.

"Aw, what are you kicking about?" growled a comparatively large depositor. "You couldn't have had more than a couple of dollars in there."

"Well," retorted Ike, "if I'd known this was gonna happen I could of been overdrawn, couldn't I?"

The young couple had been living quite successfully on the budget system, but once in a while difficulties arose.

"What shall we do about this forty dollars we spent at the roadhouse last night?" asked the husband. "How shall we fix it on the books?"

"Oh, just put it under joint account, why don't you?" suggested the wife.

"Here, you!" bellowed the superintendent of the zoo. "Our ten thousand dollar South American sloth has gone!"

"Oh, he can't have gone!" expostulated the new keeper. "I put him in the cage with the boa constrictor."

"Young man," said the boss pompously and pointedly, "what we need in this business is brains—b-r-a-i-n-s—brains!"

"Well," agreed the youthful applicant for a job, "that does seem to be about what's lacking."

"Was that you doing all the yelling in there?" asked a friend of Temperton, as the latter emerged from the dentist's office.

"No," replied Temperton grimly, "only at first."

"Do you and your wife have similar views?"

"On second thought—yes."

"Sir, I would like to marry your daughter."

"What's your occupation?"

"Radio announcer."

"Take her. You're the first man who ever said good night and meant it."

A small boy presented himself before a merchant. "You advertised for an office boy?" he asked.

"Sorry, son," said the kindly proprietor, "but we hired one this morning."

"All right," replied the lad, in no way disturbed, "I'll come again tomorrow."

Little Wil'ie was going to a party.

"Now, Willie," his mother cautioned, "if you are offered a second piece of cake you must refuse, as it would not be polite to take two."

When the child returned she asked if he had obeyed her instructions.

"Oh, yes," he replied proudly. "When they offered it to me I said, 'Take that damn stuff away,' just the same as father does."

A slightly hilarious gentleman had mistakenly thrown his arms about a totally strange woman. He hastened to apologize.

"'Scuse me, ma'am," he gasped. "I thought you were m' wife."

"You're a fine husband for any woman to have, you sot!" screamed the lady in a rage.

"There, y' see!" ejaculated the gentleman triumphantly. "Y' talk jus' like her, too!"

The bull had chased the Naylor's away from their picnic. When they were safely over the fence, Mrs. Naylor, removing her hat from her left ear, exclaimed angrily:

"John, just for that I am going to have roast beef for dinner every day for a month."

"Hear they got a new dentist here," remarked Pete, the cowpuncher, on a visit to Bad Man's Gulch. "How do you get along with him?"

"Well," drawled Matt, the miner, "he turned the air drill into me, but I escaped before the darned fool could tamp in the dynamite."

"I want a copy of the magazine called Posterity," said the lady at the news stand.

"No such animal, mum," assured the dealer.

"Yes, there is too! My gentleman friend is a writing fellow and when I asked him if he wrote deteckertiff stuff he said, no, he writes for Posterity, and I want to see one of his things."

"Are kings and queens always good, father?" asked the romantic daughter, looking up from her history book.

"They are not!" snorted her practical parent. "Nine times out of ten you'll find three trays out against them."



"I want Main 572, and if you'll just hurry it up, my dear, here's an extra nickel for yourself"



1776

The Greatest FIGHTING

By J.G. Harbord

much like the pits that were dug for the tanks in the World War, and tried every conceivable means to stop the onslaught. Then a Roman general formed his army in lines instead of in solid mass. The elephants charged down between these lines of men as if they were avenues and galloped out of the war. Carthage was reduced to ashes.

The invention of gunpowder brought the usual "no more wars" prophecy. Gunpowder, so it was said, would bring everlasting peace because it had made war too horrible to exist. But eventually, the doughboys simply spread out and took to cover. The same prediction was made for each new invention that has hurled a larger or more powerful shell, but the infantry has simply spread in depth and front. In the World War much bombarding went for nothing because the doughboys dug little foxholes. Unless the shell registered a direct hit in this foxhole the soldier escaped uninjured.

THOSE who served as doughboys during the World War must sometimes wonder if they were the last of their kind to appear on the battlefield. The word doughboy, it may be necessary to explain to a minimum of readers, is the time-honored American label of the foot soldier—the man who carries a rifle over his shoulder and a pack on his back. A casual reading of the newspapers and magazines would easily lead one to believe that the next war—if there is one—will be waged entirely by mechanical means, and that the infantry—the foot soldiery—will be excess baggage and useless.

The doubtful doughboy can do no better than recall the days just preceding the World War. Many extravagant claims were made. Submarines would win the war. Airplanes would win the war. Ships would win the war. Everything and everybody was going to win the World War except the doughboy.

There is no doubt that all these factors were valuable contributions to the winning of the war, but in the public squares of the Allied world today the doughboy is the one immortalized in bronze and in marble. He has at last come into his own. The chances are that the Unknown Soldiers of France, Britain, Italy and America carried rifles and fought on foot.

In all ages man has, during peace, turned his mind to the invention of mechanical means for winning wars. Some of these inventions have served most practical purposes, but none of them has replaced the infantry. They have all either served the doughboy or disappeared.



1918



1812



1846

Many will recall the day when our newspapers carried great headlines on the first gas attack by the Germans. Armies were to be wiped out by this new means of warfare, but the Tommies of England and the poilus of France simply wet their handkerchiefs and held them over their noses. Then came a gasmask. The infantry had conquered another invention that was to destroy it.

These few examples give some idea of the great mental effort and cost to which nations have gone to find mechanical means to overcome man. They also illustrate the very simple methods by which the soldiers survived.

Soldiers, formed in lines, defeated Hannibal's elephants. Soldiers, by moving a few yards apart and taking advantage of cover, advanced against gunpowder. A little foxhole in the ground was an effective defense against artillery fire, even when the cannons were hub to hub. A wet handkerchief overcame gas.

We may fairly safely assume that such will be the case in the future and that the doughboy will still remain the main body of the army. The airplane is proving this as fast as it develops. The inventive genius that perfects the large, ponderous bomber,

Considering the time, place and methods of fighting, among the most horrible engines of war ever devised were Hannibal's elephants, with which the Carthaginians hoped to conquer the Romans. There is no doubt that these elephants struck terror into the hearts of the Romans when they made their first appearance on an Italian battlefield. The Romans dug pits, very

MACHINE

Illustrations by V.E.Pyles

capable of carrying several tons of explosive, at the same time develops the mobile high-speed combat and pursuit plane. These fighting planes can destroy bombers because of their speed and agility.

In the winter of 1922, four years after the World War, the War Department made an exhaustive study of the influence of modern scientific developments upon the technique of warfare. As a result of this investigation the War Department General Staff agreed upon these two conclusions:

(1) That man remains the fundamental instrument in battle, and as such cannot be replaced by any imaginable instrument short of one more perfect than the human body, including the mind.

(2) That man in the bulk—meaning the greater portion of armed forces—fights with greatest freedom of action and with greatest efficiency when on foot, not on horse back, in a tank, in



1898

I mention these names for fear somebody might say it was a packed jury. All members of the General Staff were war-trained officers, and knew from experience the importance of infantry.

This same opinion is seconded by the Navy. The Eberle Board, so called because it was headed by Admiral Eberle, and consisting of seven admirals and the commandant of the Marine Corps, stated in its report as late as February 20, 1925:

"It follows that normally the ultimate force to be used in national defense is the Army, and the only arm of the Army that can ultimately bring about a decision favorable to national defense is the infantry. Therefore, all other arms of the Army have for their object to help the infantry to attain the decision and all peace and war operations of the Navy look ultimately to transporting, protecting and supplying the Army (the infantry and its supporting arms) up to and through its decisive campaigns."

Neither the Army nor the Navy have placed the doughboy among the antiques, and both believe that he will be as prominent a figure in future wars as in those of the past, and that modern scientific developments will not replace him but merely assist him as in the past. This does not mean that either the War or Navy Departments are blind to the value of scientific development. They may be relied upon to make full use of this if need be.

But both the Army and the Navy appreciate the fact that, necessity being the mother of invention every new engine of offense is likely to be met by some equally ingenious weapon of defense, tending to nullify the former's effectiveness.

All of us can congratulate ourselves that neither the Army nor the Navy is being led off upon a tangent by recent developments, and that their responsible officers are thinking clearly through to the fundamentals. This is especially encouraging when there is so much loose thinking and loose reasoning on the subject of National Defense.



1861—North



1861—South

an airplane, in a fixed fortification, etc.; that to achieve decisive action he is best armed with the rifle and bayonet, that man is rendered least vulnerable when merely clothed against the weather and armored by his own agility, with steel helmet.

These conclusions were not those of infantrymen but of a body representative of all the branches of the American Army. There are fewer infantry officers on the General Staff in proportion to the total number of infantry than from any other arm. This is necessary in order that all arms shall be represented.

At the time of the above mentioned report, General Pershing was Chief of Staff and I was Deputy Chief of Staff. Both General Pershing and myself had been cavalry officers. General Lassiter from the artillery was Assistant Chief of Staff, G-3, in charge of operations and training. He was directly in charge of the study of the influence of modern scientific developments on the technique of warfare. General Connor from the engineers was Assistant Chief of Staff, G-4, in charge of supply; General Heintzelman, a former cavalry officer, was Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2, in charge of the military intelligence division, and General McRae, from the infantry, Assistant Chief of Staff, G-1, in charge of the personnel division.



1926

FRIENDS

By Philip



only one case which came up in Chicago in the first year following the establishment of the Illinois Department's legal aid system. Proof of the honesty and the disinterested character of the service rendered in that first year is the fact that nine murder cases, in which service men were parties, were referred to the Department Judge Advocate, Ferre C. Watkins, and in none did the facts lead to Legion intervention. And in his report to the last department convention, Mr. Watkins recommended:

"It is my firm belief that the Department of Illinois should continue its well-defined policy, whereby The American Legion will be careful to take no part in the defense of men charged with crime except where a thorough investigation reveals that justice has been subverted or an innocent man will be wronged."

It was the evidence of a time clock which convinced Mr. Watkins and his associates of the Judge Advocate's department that the tall man charged with attempted murder was a victim of mistaken identity. There had been a hold-up. The manager of a chain grocery had been shot through the stomach by an unusually tall bandit. The shooting occurred during an epidemic of crime and public sentiment was demanding arrests, convictions and extreme penalties.

The tall service man worked regularly at the warehouse of a big wholesale merchandise company. It happened that he had once applied for a job at the grocery which had been held up. This was the principal fact that caused suspicion to be directed toward him. And when the police took him to the grocery, one of the grocery employees said he was certain the tall man had done the shooting.

But the time clock at the warehouse where the tall man worked showed that he had checked in for work at four minutes after eight. The store at which the hold-up occurred at approximately the same time was five miles distant from the warehouse. Fellow workmen at the warehouse testified they had seen him arrive at work. All the evidence the Legion could obtain indicated the service man was truly the victim of mistaken identity, and the man's whole history made it seem that he could not possibly have been the bandit.

So strong, however, was the influence of the seemingly positive identification that two trials were held before the man was freed. But when he finally walked from the court-room, his innocence had been so clearly established that he immediately went back to his job at the warehouse.

Scores of cases less dramatic than that of the tall service man cleared of the charge of attempted murder may be cited to indicate the scope of the Legion Judge Advocate's system in Illinois. That system is unique among the departments of the Legion, although many other departments have taken steps to follow the plan which has been working successfully in Illinois for more than a year and a half.

Each County Judge Advocate in Illinois is looked upon as the confidant, the counsel and the big brother of service men and their dependents in need of legal assistance. Almost every County Judge Advocate can cite cases which have given him deep personal satisfaction at the privilege of serving the ends of true justice.

There is the case of the service-man mail-carrier in a suburb of Chicago who was arrested for stealing two dollars from a letter. Uncle Sam is known for the unrelenting punishment he demands for such offenses. The mail-carrier made no denial of his guilt. It seemed certain he would be sentenced to a term in a Federal penitentiary. But a heart-broken father and mother appealed to the Service Officer of a Legion post and the Service

HE WAS six feet and six inches tall. He was without money or friends. He had been positively identified as a gunman in an attempted murder. "That's the man—I'd know him in a million," swore one witness.

That man was a Chicago World War veteran.

Guilty he was by the usual tests of identification.

Yet he was innocent by the time clock. And innocent he was, in fact.

The American Legion in Chicago helped prove that he was innocent and saved him from a term of fourteen years in the penitentiary which he would have had to serve under a verdict by a jury.

Innocent, he was saved from going to the penitentiary because the Illinois Department of The American Legion maintains in each post and in each county an extraordinary legal system which is giving help to service men who, because of lack of money or friends, are unable to obtain the legal assistance they require in time of trouble under the law.

That system is not designed to condone crime, to prevent service men guilty of criminal or other offenses from paying the penalties established by law. It is a system which simply guarantees that a needy service man who becomes involved in legal difficulties, whether as defendant or plaintiff, shall have the best disinterested legal advice and service in the interests of justice. It is a system founded on practice that the legal representatives of the Legion do not become lawyers for defendants. In all cases, the relation of lawyer and client exists between the Legion lawyer and the Legion. It permits Legion lawyers to appear in criminal cases, where the ends of justice require their appearance, as "friends of the court."

The Legion lawyer is able to learn all the facts in each case and to decide whether it is one in which the Legion may properly give its assistance. He may then, with complete independence, talk in court or talk to the judge or the state's attorney. Yet, at the same time, he may observe and respect a confidential relationship with a defendant.

The case of the tall man accused of attempted murder was

by C.C.Beall

at COURT

Von Blon

Officer asked Allan T. Gilbert, the District Judge Advocate, to investigate the case. The first fact revealed was that during the war the mail-carrier had been wounded three times in action, once so badly that he had been expected to die. The next fact revealed was that, as a result of his war service, he had been a mental wreck for almost three years after the war. He had been a patient in a neuro-psychiatric hospital and for long periods he had suffered lapses of consciousness. With these facts, the Judge Advocate appeared before a Federal judge. A guardian was appointed. The service man's name was cleared of crime. Instead of going to prison, he spent Christmas at home with his family.

There is also the case which developed in a small city of southern Illinois in which it seemed that political influence had corrupted the processes of law to save from punishment a policeman who, with some provocation, had struck and killed with his clubbed revolver the younger brother of a service man. The relatives of the boy killed were recent immigrants. In their native land of Bulgaria a stern code of law prevailed. They could not understand why the policeman was not arrested and tried for the killing. Resentment at the failure of the law to function smouldered among the Bulgarians of the little city, tending to break down utterly respect for the law and the professed principles of American justice.

By an unusual circumstance, Illinois Legion authorities first learned of this case through a letter written by Edward Lindell, at that time Department Commander of Minnesota. Mr. Lindell reported that relatives of the slain boy living in Minnesota were convinced that justice was a mockery in America and were spreading broadcast the news of the killing in Illinois to prove their contention.

It seemed to Mr. Lindell that the processes of law should be invoked to determine the guilt or innocence of the policeman. This view was immediately shared by the Legion's lawyers in Illinois. The Judge Advocate for southern Illinois took the case up in the courts of the county in which the tragedy occurred. An indictment was returned against the policeman and he was tried. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The family of the boy killed was entirely satisfied that the law had acted, and not only in the little town where the tragedy occurred but also in Minnesota confidence in an American institution was restored.

In Monticello, Illinois, a widow, the mother of seven small children, appealed to Robert P. Shonkwiler, Judge Advocate for Piatt County, for help in gaining the adjusted compensation to which she was entitled through the death of her husband. Her husband, in financial straits, had, contrary to the provisions of the Adjusted Compensation Law, given his certificate as security for a loan. Mr. Shonkwiler succeeded in regaining the certificate for the stricken family. He also was able to obtain from the Government the sum of \$1,943 as settlement on a \$2,000 government insurance policy which the husband had permitted to lapse. This case is typical of hundreds of cases which the Legion lawyers of counties and posts handle in the course of a year, in addition to the more dramatic cases growing out of criminal offenses.

Because Alexander J. Strom of Belvidere, Illinois, administered with conscientious thoroughness the office of Judge Advocate of Winnebago County, an aged mother in Sweden will be saved from want, despite the fact that her only son, upon whom she is dependent, is a patient in an American hospital, his mind shattered as the result of his experiences in battle.

A boy, mentally dazed, was found wandering on the streets of



*"That's the man
—I'd know him in
a million." The
grocery employee
was certain the tall
man had done the
shooting*

Belvidere. A jury decreed that he should be placed in a hospital for the insane. In his incoherent utterances he gave a few clues to his World War service, and Mr. Strom undertook to learn his military history and to find the parents he felt must, somewhere, be wondering what had become of their son.

The search was long and complicated. At the outset, time was lost on a wrong trail—another service man of the same name. But finally an uncle was located, the name of the mother was learned, and the essential facts about military service needed to establish a claim with the Veterans Bureau were slowly accumulated. In this process Mr. Strom discovered that the unfortunate veteran had Liberty Bonds and some money in an unknown bank in Wyoming, left for safekeeping at the time he entered the service. He also discovered that the veteran had wages due him from a railroad for which he had worked in Wyoming. Mr. Strom sent form letters to all banks in Wyoming and all railroads operating through the State. The Liberty Bonds and money were obtained from a bank in Lovell, Wyoming. The railroad company which had employed him sent a check for the wages due. The veteran's uncle, conservator of the man's estate, has carefully collected compensation from the Veterans Bureau. Should the hospital patient recover his mental capacity, he will find himself in possession of a sum which will safeguard his future, and meanwhile his mother in Sweden is comforted by the knowledge that her son's interests are being protected by The American Legion.

The Guardianship Division of the Veterans Bureau has received invaluable assistance from the legal officers of the Legion. In many cases it has been discovered that guardians were improperly handling the affairs of mentally incompetent service men in and out of hospitals. In questionable cases, attorneys for the Legion have conducted investigations. Inefficient guardians have been impressed with the need of properly accounting for the funds in their possession. Dishonest guardians have been removed in many instances and have been forced to restore funds improperly spent.

Many of the cases handled by the officials of the Judge Advocate's Department are outside the usual processes of law. The wife of John Smith, a service man in a New England hamlet, bought a worthless coat from a Chicago mail-order house for \$15. No lawyer would have undertaken to (Continued on page 70)

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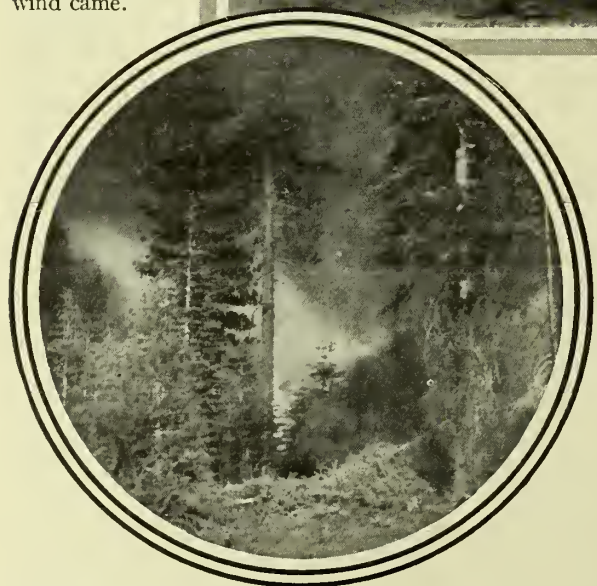
NEXT to its big feat of helping save its town from a forest fire, Thomas Tucker Post of Susanville, California, takes pride in its every-day ability to provide for itself and visiting Legionnaires some of the best fishing in the United States.

They still talk in Susanville of the day Legionnaires placed themselves in the front line of fire-fighters while a tidal wave of flame three miles wide was rolling through the forest directly toward the town. The work of Legionnaires and other citizens on that occasion might not have been effective if the wind hadn't changed slightly. The county hospital was directly in line with the advance of the fire and Legionnaires helped remove all the patients. It was when every hope of saving the building seemed gone that the shift in wind came.



These six California Legionnaires came back from an outing on Lake Almanor, the water playground of Thomas Tucker Post of Susanville, with seventy-five pounds of trout—more than twelve pounds per man.

Not long ago when a forest fire three miles wide swept down on the town, the local Legionnaires were in the front line of fire-fighters. The post is a leader in many community betterment projects



Thomas Tucker Post does its fishing on Lake Almanor. On one single trip, organized during a visit of department officials, six Legionnaires caught seventy-five pounds of the lake's finest trout.

"But fighting forest fires and fishing aren't our main activities," writes Post Historian C. H. Vincent. "We organized three Boy Scout troops, took the lead in getting name-plates for all street corners, helped promote a \$150,000 hotel which was badly needed by the town, and turned over to the school authorities a post building lot that was needed for school expansion. Besides, we hold weekly luncheons to which everybody interested in community affairs is invited."

"**W**E WERE about out of ideas for entertainment combining community service with profit to our post when we hit upon a new enterprise which proved so successful that we gladly pass along our experience for the benefit of other posts." Thus Roy F. Dusenbury, Service Officer of Kankakee (Illinois) Post, introduces a report of the spring style revue conducted by his post's drum and bugle corps.

"We held our style revue in the state armory and we decorated

the armory with spring foliage and flowers. A sixty-foot runway, ending in a platform twenty feet square, was built for the showing of the models, and we worked out all the lighting effects which the genius of our electrical staff could suggest.

"The first night we had a military wedding. Seats had been provided for 3,200 persons. The armory was filled fifteen minutes after the doors were opened, and 5,000 persons had to stay outside because we didn't have room for them. The police department, fire department and a National Guard outfit had a hard time handling the

crowd outside that wanted to get a glimpse of the ceremony.

"Over 150 garments were displayed on the beautiful girls who acted as models. The showing of clothing for infants and school children was an especially good feature of the revue, and professional models from Chicago showed the latest fashions in men's clothing.

"The wedding was conducted so admirably that even those who had been prejudiced against this form of public ceremony had to admit that it was inspiring. The bridegroom wore the uniform of the drum corps. A complete retinue attended the bride, ring-bearers, flower girls, train bearers and bridesmaids. A sabre bower was formed by members of the drum corps. A ten-layer wedding cake, each layer donated by a different baker, was exhibited. It weighed 175 pounds, was four feet high and was valued at \$175. Wedding presents were donated to the bride and bridegroom by merchants. They were valued at more than \$1,000 and included the complete equipment for a living room, even to a radio set. After the ceremony the bride cut the cake with her husband's sabre and everybody in the armory marched in a chow line to get a piece of the cake.

"On the second night of the show a feature was the exhibition of the latest styles in bathing costumes by bathing girls from

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a Chicago amusement center. Altogether more than 8,000 residents of Kankakee attended the show in the three nights it was given, paying the admission charge of fifty cents. The profit from the show has solved the problem, a hard one in other years, of raising money to pay the expenses of the drum and bugle corps to the Legion's National Convention. The attendance at the show, however, is not the only recent evidence we have had of the outfit's popularity in our city. When the corps came back from Omaha, where it won third prize in the national competition at the Legion's convention, a Kankakee newspaper started a dollar fund for the corps, and 1,350 persons contributed one dollar each to help maintain the corps. Please tell the rest of the Legion to watch for us at Philadelphia and in Paris."

While we are talking about drum and bugle corps, we'll pass on a suggestion which comes from L. W. Hamm of Fargo, North Dakota. "There are a lot of good Legion drum corps around the country and there would be a lot more if it were possible to obtain suitable music," Mr. Hamm writes. "Most of the outfits are playing stuff which their directors composed or borrowed. Some are playing nothing much of anything because they can't get the music. I have written to all the drum manufacturers and publishers and to several directors. They all tell me there is nothing published. Of course, there is a little rudimentary stuff, but there is no really good martial drum music. Bugle stuff is not so hard to get, for the Army has developed some marches, and good bugle parts can be stolen from Sousa's and other band music. Here is my idea. Why not have the Legion obtain contributions from the various drum corps around the country and publish them in book or pamphlet form and give us all a chance at the works?"

There, all you other directors of drum and bugle corps—what do you think of Mr. Hamm's idea? Why not write to him? There is time enough before the Philadelphia national convention to work out some sort of plan for a co-operative effort and perhaps the funds could be found some way to publish the music as Mr. Hamm suggests.

IF ANY Legion outfit has a better right to feel doggy about its new home than Cobb-Williams Post of Hibbing, Minnesota, we hope it will write, wire or telephone immediately. Cobb-Williams Post is now living in a \$500,000 war memorial recreational building, and Harold D. Smith, for the post, sends along some highly interesting facts which are designed to make a few thousand less-fortunate posts green-eyed.

After telling about the Legion's magnificent quarters on the first and second floor of the new building, Mr. Smith adds:

"There are eight curling rinks in the building. At both ends of the rinks are bleachers for spectators, inclosed in plate glass and heated. The rooms of the curling club are just off the rinks. Handy to the curlers are arranged dressing rooms and shower baths."

Hibbing, as Mr. Smith's facts will lead you to believe, is quite near the Canadian border, and everybody knows that curling is a great sport in the country which Mr. Kipling got fighting mad by calling it "Our Lady of the Snows." Most of us below the Henry Ford line have never seen curling, but photographs show that it is played with brooms and something that slides over the ice and looks like a cuspidor. It is like six-day bicycle races—you don't know how good a sport it is until you have seen it. But Mr. Smith goes on:

"Over the curling rink, on the second floor, is the largest skating rink in the United States. The actual skating area covers more than 20,000 square feet, and the bleachers will easily handle 3,000 spectators."

And that isn't all about Cobb-Williams Post's new home. Mr. Smith describes the huge auditorium in the building, which

can be used for any type of entertainment, the seats being removable for dancing. "The building was not built for any one particular class of people," says Mr. Smith. "It is a center for the whole community. Eventually baseball diamonds, tennis courts and playground equipment will surround the building."



Social note: Mrs. Ward J. Hinton of the Auxiliary Unit to Lakewood Post of Cleveland, Ohio, and daughter Marie Louise are planning to spend part of next year in France, Mrs. Hinton's birthplace. Legionnaire Hinton is also going to the Paris convention

LEGIONNAIRE WARD J. HINTON of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mrs. Hinton can't hop in the family automobile when vacation time rolls round to take their five-year-old daughter, Marie Louise, to the home of Mrs. Hinton's parents. They can't even make the trip by train, for the Atlantic Ocean is an obstacle. Marie Louise's grandfather and grandmother live in France, at Cateret, near Le Havre. The Hintons don't have a chance to see grand-père and grand-mère often, but you may bet they are going to see them in 1927 when the Legion goes to France for its National Convention in Paris.

"We are going to attend the convention in Paris and then spend a month or two with my wife's parents," writes Mr. Hinton.

The Atlantic ocean has been quite a factor in the family affairs of the Hintons. Mr. Hinton met Mademoiselle Melle Marie Legrin in Le Havre in 1918 while he

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was serving with M. T. C. Train No. 402. Theoretically, Mr. Hinton was helping keep the A. E. F.'s automobiles moving, but actually he and the others in his company did most to win the war by unloading ships and handling freight on the Le Havre piers.

Mr. Hinton came back to the United States in 1919, was discharged at Camp Lee, Virginia, and immediately sailed back to France, where he was married to Mademoiselle Legrin. Mr. and Mrs. Hinton spent six months in Cleveland after their marriage. But an Ohio winter came along and Mrs. Hinton couldn't get accustomed to the climate. So Mr. and Mrs. Hinton went back to France for a three-year stay. Marie Louise was born at the home of Mrs. Hinton's parents. Mr. Hinton worked in a foreign exchange bank in both Le Havre and Paris and was a member of Paris Post of The American Legion. Mrs. Hinton took part in the activities of Paris Post's unit of The American Legion Auxiliary.

Now Mr. Hinton belongs to Lakewood Post of Cleveland, and Mrs. Hinton is a member of the post's Auxiliary unit. And they can tell you exactly the number of days before the sailing of the liner which will carry the Ohio delegation to France in 1927.

IF WALLA WALLA (Washington) Post had won its membership contest with Wenatchee Post, Jeff Olsen wouldn't have gone to jail. But Walla Walla Post lost, and Jeff Olsen, who happened to be its commander, as a result got to know how the gladiatorial victims tossed to the lions to make a Roman holiday must have felt.

Immediately after the Washington Department of the Legion announced that Wenatchee Post had enrolled 286 members to 181 signed up in Walla Walla, a delegation of Wenatchee Legionnaires went to Walla Walla and claimed Commander Olsen as a hostage, in accordance with the terms of the contest.

That night a big parade was held in Wenatchee. Its central feature was a bear cage—a vehicle which looked as if it had been borrowed from a circus. Inside the cage, revealed by the glare of torches carried by the victorious Wenatchee Legionnaires, was Commander Olsen, wearing the striped uniform of a convict.

As the parade ended a kangaroo court was held. Commander Olsen was charged with delinquency to his comrades and post. He entered a plea of not guilty, but the jury in two minutes decided against him and he was sentenced to twenty-four hours in jail. After his counsel had announced an appeal would be made to the World Court the sentence was reduced to twenty-three hours and fifty minutes. Later the sentence was reduced to one minute—long enough to permit

a photograph to be taken of Mr. Olsen inside looking out.

"PLEASE tell the rest of the Legion to be looking for our boys at Philadelphia," requests Berry F. Halden of Howard Cessna Post of Albia, Iowa. Mr. Halden adds: "By boys I mean the sixty youngsters, ranging in age from seven to sixteen, who belong to our post's boys' band. Everybody who was at Omaha last October will remember them, but next October at Philadelphia there will be more kids, they'll have brand new uniforms and they will be playing a bit louder and a few new pieces."

Surely everybody who watched the parade at Omaha remembers that band. After the thousands of Iowa Legionnaires in close ranks, bearing tall corn stalks and looking like a river of flowing corn, had tramped by the reviewing stand where President Coolidge had his post, the Boys' Band from Albia swung into view—thirty boys blowing, tooting, pounding drums, playing Iowa's famous corn song. Many of them were scarcely taller than that biggest drum that proclaimed they were from Albia.

Behind that brave appearance is an inspiring story, as Mr. Halden tells it. He says: "It was late in August when we got the idea of recruiting the boys' band and taking it with us to Omaha. We found we needed one thousand dollars to do it. The King Theater in Albia put on a benefit show which yielded \$100. The American Legion Auxiliary, the Lion's Club, the Rotary Club and the Knights of Columbus all made big contributions, but when the convention was only several weeks away we found we lacked several hundred dollars.

"Then we held our regular post meeting and twenty-two members who attended kicked in \$220. There were seventy-seven members in the post, and in the next few days every man had made an additional contribution, and we had more than enough money.

"The boys hadn't had much practice up to this time. Hard-boiled ex-bucks helped teach them the one-two-three-four stuff while the music instructors were completing their part of the work. But the boys did their stuff well at Omaha. Watch for them at Philadelphia."



Crime note: Jeff Olsen, Commander of Walla Walla (Washington) Post, was sentenced to spend one minute in jail when his outfit lost a membership contest with Wenatchee Post

WHEN Allied Post of Ford City, Pennsylvania, finished its plans for running its own baseball team as a member of the Allegheny-Kiski Valley League, it happened to think that while it had provided amusement for most of its town's grown-ups it hadn't done much for the children. So it got busy and organized a marble tournament in which one hundred boys took

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part. The winners of the tournament were given baseball equipment as prizes.

This wasn't enough to do for the youngsters, however, so the post voted that all children under fourteen should be admitted free to the forty-two games during the baseball season and arranged to give them seats in a reserved section of the bleachers under the supervision of a Legionnaire.

"Our baseball program is only one evidence that we are doing something to make life pleasant in our town," comments Legionnaire J. D. Anderson. "Another evidence is our better-lawns contest which we hold each year. We divide the city into four sections and offer a prize for the home owner in each district who produces the best effect with flowers and shrubs and small trees in improving his property."

"THEY are not talking of clean-up week any more in our town," writes William A. Diemer of Boots-Dickson Post of Palmyra, Missouri. "They talk now of clean-up day. And when they speak of clean-up day, they mention Boots-Dickson Post. And the reason is this:

"Four years ago a woman of Palmyra was awarded \$7,000 as damages in a suit against the city of Palmyra for injuries received in a fall on a defective sidewalk. Last year a court issued an order compelling the city officials to levy the highest constitutional tax so that the judgment might be paid. Late in March this year the mayor of Palmyra announced that the city could not conduct its annual clean-up week because, as a result of the diversion of city funds to meet the court judgment, no money could be spent on it.

"Boots-Dickson Post held a meeting a few days after the mayor had made his announcement. It voted to conduct the town's annual house-cleaning, post members to take the places of the workers usually hired by the street-cleaning department, and it called upon owners of trucks to supply them for the campaign.

"The post decided that it could do in two days what had been done in a solid week in previous years. So it announced its plans through the newspapers. 'Have

your trash and rubbish piled up waiting for the Legion clean-up detail no later than the evening of May 3rd,' it requested in published notices.

"Then the post demonstrated its speed. On the morning set for the start of the work, most of the Palmyra Legionnaires, headed by Dr. C. H. Kaylor,

Post Commander, showed up in overalls and climbed aboard the big motor trucks which had been placed at their disposal. The town had been divided into districts and a truck and working party were assigned to each district.

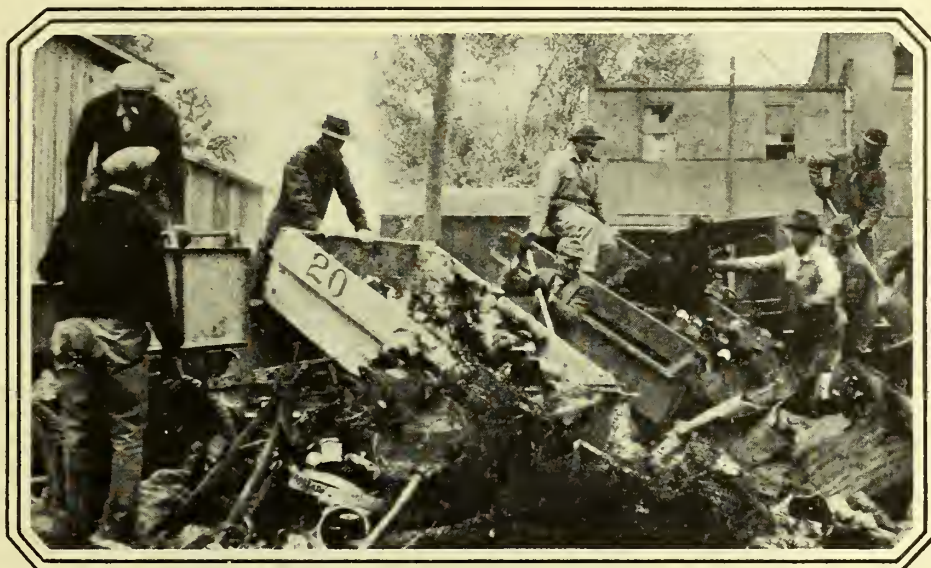
"There wasn't a single gold-bricker on the job. The workers represented all sorts of occupations—one party, for example, included a banker, a dentist, an undertaker, two ga-

rage owners, a lawyer, a radio merchant, two restaurant owners, a barber, a newspaper reporter, a dry-cleaner and the county farm agent. But nobody was afraid of getting flabby muscles stiff. Up one alley and down another, in and out of one street after another the trucks roared. The piles of rubbish were whisked out of sight with the speed of the movies. One hundred and fifty trucks, piled high with debris, were driven to the dumping grounds and unloaded. By noon the entire job was done. It hadn't cost the city a cent. If it had been paid for at usual rates it would have cost taxpayers \$300.

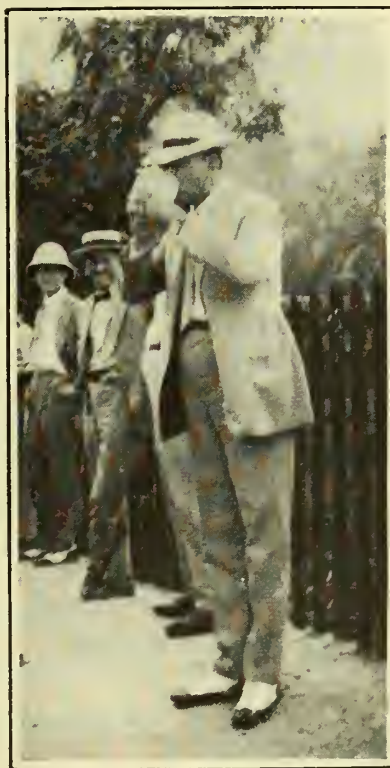
"Naturally, we appreciated the votes of thanks given us by the city council and the Business Men's Club, but our best reward was given in the thanks of householders as they saw the accumulated debris disappearing from their back yards.

"Incidentally, Boots-Dickson Post has a one-hundred percent membership—every World War veteran in Palmyra belongs to it."

THE Connecticut Department has adopted a program of co-operation with the Boy Scouts which will not be complete until every Legion post in the State has adopted a Boy Scout troop. Legionnaire Marshall O. Cook of New Britain, whose life work has been among boys and Boy Scouts, is directing the program. New troops will be formed in



Clean-up Day in Palmyra, Missouri, is in charge of Boots-Dickson Post. One hundred and fifty Legion-manned trucks are pressed into service to escort Old Man Rubbish out of town



Legionnaire Frank H. Nichols of Victory Post, Los Angeles, hides behind a coconut in Java on a tour around the world

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all communities not already possessing them, as a part of the effort.

RICHARD D. BURT POST of Helmetta, New Jersey, is out to prove to the rest of the Legion that co-operation that begins in the home shouldn't end there. It has adopted the plan of holding its own meetings jointly with the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of Legionnaires belonging to the post's Auxiliary unit, according to Legionnaire John G. Valek.

STILL looking for a new idea? Here is one from Elmer A. Webb, Adjutant of Hugh J. Kearns Post of Plattsmouth, Nebraska. "We adopted the plan of giving Legion ceremonial badges as prizes in the parade contest of our First District Convention held in Plattsmouth," says Mr. Webb. "The parade committee awarded a set of six official ceremonial officers' badges, obtained from the Emblem Division of National Headquarters, to the post presenting the most striking appearance in the parade. The idea might be enlarged upon to supply the solution of the prize problem for other Legion events. The Emblem Division's catalogue shows all sorts of things besides badges—watches, rings and such like—which can be given as prizes."

"WE HAVE started The American Legion Junior Baseball League on its way in our city," bulletins Dr. E. Charbonneau, chairman of the Baseball Committee of Superior (Wisconsin) Post. "We have divided the city into six districts and playing of the elimination games began on May 26th. Each district will be represented by a team on the regular schedule, the winning team to represent Superior Post in the state contest for The

American Legion Junior Championship games to be played during the Department Convention at La Crosse. The teams representing other posts in Wisconsin will have to play good ball if they keep our winning team from representing Wisconsin in the national games at Philadelphia during the Legion's National Convention in October. Superior Post will buy uniforms for the team that goes to the tournament at La Crosse. The Superior Hardware Company of our city has offered a silver cup to the winners of the city championship."



Past Department Commander E. E. Spafford greets M. Paderewski before the latter's New York concert

ADD to the long list of globe-trotting Legionnaires the name of Frank H. Nichols, of Victory Post in Los Angeles, California, who is back home again after a 38,000-mile trip which took him considerably longer than the eighty days which Jules Verne once chronicled. Mr. Nichols says he found Australia the country most like the United States and the Australians most like Americans. He is going to tell all about Australia and the other countries he visited in a tour he will make of California Legion posts this summer and autumn at his own expense to show lantern slides of his trip. Mr. Nichols was chairman of the California Veterans Welfare Board, and when he resigned to start on his trip around the world he was succeeded as chairman by John R. Quinn, Past National Commander of The American Legion.



Teeing off in the marbles contest put on by Allied Post of Ford City, Pennsylvania, for the greater glory of a noble pastime and to give the kids a good time

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI is now sixty-six years old and as this is written he is back in Europe, ready to give to his country once more in her hours of political storm and strife the same unselfish devotion and service he gave to her in the hours of her rebirth.

The American Legion's sincere regard and respect for Paderewski and its confidence in him, is born of a great service he rendered to the Legion. The foremost (Continued on 72)

THEN AND NOW

Unofficial A. E. F. Pictures —
One Thousand Dead Are Still To Be Located —
Service Songs and Poems: What Was Your Favorite? —

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC Section of the Signal Corps, detailed to get official pictures of troops, transports, billet areas, training areas and actual scenes of battle, had more competition than it knew. Notwithstanding the strict General Order forbidding cameras except those in official hands, thousands of snapshots were taken aboard transports, in training areas in France and even at the front by unofficial photographers. We have published a number of these unofficial photographs from time to time and we want more of them. All pictures submitted will be carefully preserved and returned to their owners after they have served our purpose. Group photographs and snapshots of individuals, which do not have some particular story attached to them, are not of general interest. What we want are pictures of unusual occurrences, pictures with action in them, pictures in which there is some particular appeal. Let the unofficial photographers of the A. E. F. and of the home camps do a front and center.

Not all of the pictures surreptitiously taken overseas returned to this country with their owners. Facilities for developing and printing films were not of the best, particularly for banned pictures, and many an exposed film was carried around in a pack until after the Armistice awaiting an opportunity to be developed. Some of these films, stored in barracks bags left behind the lines, and in surplus kits which were "salvaged," were lost. Comrade Loren C. Chase of Perry, Iowa, writes to tell us of a film which he found in an old khaki uniform in the Gondrecourt Training Area in France. The blouse of the uniform in which he found the film had an army button on it, bearing either Company L, 11th Infantry, or Company E, 114th Infantry. Chase had two of these but-



Main Street in partially rehabilitated Montzeville, France, today presents a peaceful appearance as shown above. In September, 1918, this street was on the only road leading up to the front in the Fourth Division sector. Its appearance at that busy and critical time is shown below. Note the group of German prisoners on the way back from the front



er will see it. A letter to the Company Clerk will produce the collection.

The Then and Now department, however, wants to render a more important service than that of restoring old photographs to their rightful owners, pleasant as that task is. There are other things that this department engages in. By the way,

tions among his souvenirs and he has forgotten which one was on the blouse. The film, which was developed after Chase returned home, brought forth four prints, one of which appears on page 58. The other three show: First, a soldier doing bunk fatigue; second, a soldier in undershirt and minus puttees, presumably scrubbing the puttees, and third, a soldier adorned with a campaign hat

hanging khaki uniforms on a line. Each of the subjects appears to be a different individual. Comrade Chase and the Company Clerk hope that the photographer will be able to recognize these pictures in order that they may be returned to their owner.

We have another collection of snapshot prints which were sent to the Company Clerk by Mrs. George A. Williston of Fall River, Massachusetts, with a request that we help to find the owner. Mrs. Williston tells us that her father, Robert W. McCreary, who was overseas in Y. M. C. A. service during the war, found these prints at Blois, France, during the latter part of the war. The subject in each of these pictures seems to be the same soldier, and from the background of arid plains, cactus plants and palm trees we are pretty well convinced that the pictures were taken in one of the camps in Texas or along the border before the outfit went overseas. We reproduce on page 59 one of the pictures in this collection, a soldier doing parade rest against a sleepy-eyed burro, hoping that the own-

stations were not all issued during the period of the World War. Let us quote the following citation from the late Major General W. H. Hart, Quartermaster General, in which department of the Army is the Cemeterial Division: "It is desired to express grateful appreciation of the splendid assistance and co-operation which The American Legion Weekly is giving the Quartermaster Corps in its investigation and research work relative to unlocated overseas dead." to which may be added this statement from Major L. W. Redington, who is directly supervising this highly important work: "This office assures you that information obtained through your magazine has been very helpful in a number of cases."

The foregoing commendations directed to the magazine rightfully belong and are hereby transferred to those many readers who have responded to requests for detailed information regarding the death and burial of comrades during the war. To these commendations are added the heartfelt thanks of parents, wives and other relatives of deceased buddies who through the interest and co-operation of Legionnaires have received first-hand information regarding the last hours of comrades who did not return from the war. This work can continue only through such co-operation, and we know that it will continue.

Notwithstanding the continuous and careful work of the American Graves Registration Service in Europe since the Armistice, the bodies of almost one thousand American soldiers have not yet been located or identified. Major Redington of the Quartermaster General's Office requests information which will lead to the location of the bodies of Private John Troxell and Fred Glomb, both of Company K, 102d Infantry. These soldiers are supposed to have been killed at the same time on October 25, 1918, and by the same shell that killed Corporal Kochiss and Privates Lindsey, Strong, Sweeney, Frazier and Branch, whose bodies were recently recovered, through information furnished by Legionnaires, from a trench on the western edge of the Bois d'Ormont about five yards in front of a German machine-gun post, the original burial place. The bodies of Troxell and Glomb could not be located near the other six. It is suggested that former Sergeant Bryant L. Burke of Company K, 102d Infantry, who has already furnished some information, and former Sergeant William T. McKernan of the same company may be able to supply the needed data. Will they kindly write the Company Clerk?

101ST INFANTRY, COMPANY B: Investigation is also being conducted to locate the grave of Second Lieutenant Ralph W. Lane, Company B, 101st Infantry. Lieu-

tenant Lane was reported killed on October 24 or 25, 1918, and buried 300 yards northeast of Molleville Farm. Chaplain Lyman Rollins reported that he was buried under an apple tree nearest the path on the right going down from Molleville farmhouse by the soldiers who buried John W. Moses, Edward Curley and three unknown men. The bodies of Moses and Curley have been recovered. George E. Irving, former Captain of Company B, 101st Infantry, states that Lieutenant Lane was buried by a member of his company who was himself killed a few days later. Battalion headquarters at that time was located at Molleville Farm in a shelter like a dugout, except that it was above ground. Just a matter of feet behind the shelter was a cemetery, probably of war origin. He reports also that Moses, Curley and the three unknown

men were not buried at the time Lieutenant Lane was buried and probably not in the same place, as the lieutenant was buried on the 24th or 25th of October and

the other men not before the 28th. Who can supply the needed information?

127TH INFANTRY, COMPANY M: Information is requested which will lead to the location of the grave of the late Corporal Edward W. Benson, Company M, 127th Infantry, who was killed in action August 4, 1918. Joseph A. Chayie, a former comrade, reported: "We were lying side by side in front of Fismes when he was hit in the head with a machine-gun bullet. He died instantly." The 127th Infantry relieved the 128th Infantry on the night of August 4th before Fismes and on August 7th was in turn relieved by the 112th Infantry. Another comrade reports that Louis Seif, Paul Burbey, Roscoe Gray, John Kalbes, John Krouse, Nels Pederson, Clarence Peters, Angelo Santerelli, Joseph Sheffler, Henry Zimmerman, Lawrence Rawdon and Sylvester Esterbrook were all killed at the same time as Corporal Benson on August 4th and that they were buried together. The remains of the men last named were all found at the original burial place and removed to the Fismes Cemetery. With them was found the lower portion of an unknown body.

It is doubtful if this is the body of Corporal Benson, as he was killed by a machine-gun bullet in the head. An unknown body has also been found in an isolated grave in a garden at Fismette, behind the trenches, rear of stone wall, in a United States uniform, the head being covered with a helmet and with the initials "E. B." on the ammunition belt. The two upper front teeth had been extracted and apparently the soldier had been killed by fragments of a shell, from the condition of the skull. The dental conditions do not



Does anyone recognize these American soldiers who were taken prisoner by the enemy presumably along the old St. Mihiel front? The picture was found in Boullionville, France, by Legionnaire Charles W. Bartlett, Kansas City, Missouri, ex-captain, Headquarters, 89th Division



One of five snapshots found by Loren C. Chase of Perry, Iowa, in an old khaki blouse in Gondrecourt, France. Who are these doughboys doing a sitting parade rest?

coincide with Corporal Benson's enlistment record. Comrades have advised that Benson did have initials on his belt, not specifying the kind of belt, but opinion differs as to whether they were stamped in ink or were of brass.

The foregoing are only a few of the cases in which investigations are being conducted, and in which the help of Legionnaires is being sought. Additional cases will be listed from time to time. Not all requests for information are being received, however, from the Quartermaster General's Office. There are a great number of relatives of buddies who failed to return from the war who are still waiting for more information regarding the fate of their sons or husbands or brothers than the brief telegram from the War Department announcing: "John S. Smith, private, Company A, 321st Infantry, killed in action October 3, 1918." H. F. Boland, adjutant of Charles W. Sutter Post of Shelton, Connecticut, asks for information in behalf of relatives regarding the death and burial place of Peter T. Gibbons, who was reported killed in action October 1, 1918, while serving as a private with Company G, 28th Infantry, First Division. The Quartermaster General's Office advises in response to our inquiry that this is another case of an unlocated grave. As the 28th Infantry of the First Division was in action in the commune of Exermont on October 1st, it is believed that this soldier was killed in that vicinity.

The American Legion Auxiliary is highly interested in this important work. A letter from Mrs. Marjorie G. Roberts, secretary of the Auxiliary Unit to Harry Lees Post, Kinsman, Ohio, requests the help of Legion men in obtaining facts regarding the fate of Charles D. Bacon, Company I, 23d Infantry. She reports that the parents of this comrade received a telegram on December 12, 1918, stating that he had been wounded on October 6, 1918. A second telegram dated January 6, 1919, reported his death on October 9, 1918. On April 24, 1919, a third telegram was delivered stating that Charles D. Bacon had been killed in action on October 6, 1918, and not wounded as at first reported. The parents wrote to the former chaplain of the 23rd Infantry, who replied that Charles Bacon had been wounded October 6, 1918, at Blanc Mont, six kilometers north of Somme Py, and had been evacuated to a hospital. The conflicting telegrams have left an impression on this comrade's parents that he may not be dead.

We are counting on the interest and co-operation of former comrades of the dead buddies whose names are listed above to supply the information requested or to tell of other comrades who may be able to furnish it.

WAR breeds poets. Remember the columns of verse in the overseas *Stars and Stripes* contributed by soldiers and sailors

and Marines? And remember the beaucoup crop of service songs and particularly service parodies that saw the light during the period of the big guerre? It's natural, of course, to hear these songs at Legion meetings and conventions, but more and more since the increased interest of the Legion in the publicity value of radio do you hear some ex-fighter warbling "Hinky, Dinky, Parlez Vous" (expurgated verses) or "It's A Long, Long Trail" when you tune in the old receiving set.

The Company Clerk has been kept busy sending out copies of a compilation of service songs and Hinky Dinky verses and parodies obtained from back issues of the Weekly for the use of posts which are taking the air. Requests are being received regularly from buddies who want the lyrics of certain service songs or the words of poems of which they remember the title or a line or two. Let us see if we can dig up from our memories or from our war archives the lyrics requested by these buddies.

William C. Drosick of New York City wants the words of a song called "The Bloomin' Sargint Mijor" which he says was written by a member of the New York 27th Division while in Belgium. He advises further that at that time he was attached to the Canadians and the song was adopted by the Canadian outfit. We would like to have the lyrics, and, if possible, the name of the author.

"I'd like to get the words of a song sung by men at Camp Coetquidan, France," writes Comrade Albert A. McKenna of Dorchester, Massachusetts, "The first lines are 'Over the top at Château Thierry, over the top, we made them run'."

And there's a request for another British war ditty from William McCarty, formerly of Company K, Fourth Infantry, Third Division, now living in Greenwich, Connecticut: "I wonder if any of the gang remembers the words of the Limey song 'Swim like a swan, Sam; you know how the swan swam.' It had a very catchy air."

Legionnaire Harry W. Bemis, who served with the 264th Aero Squadron, A. E. F., now of Marlboro, New Hampshire, gives a lead on another British service song which sounds promising. He writes:

"In Then and Now several months ago I noticed a song that I heard sung by our English comrades while I was at Hunslow Heath Flying Field [It was Oh, Oh, Oh, It's a Lovely War.—C. C.] and it calls to my mind another one whose chorus starts, 'When this cruel war is over', and ends, 'But my fame was in the guard room and my medals made of tin.' It was sung quite generally by the Tommies in the rest areas, and surely is remembered by many thousands of Yanks.

We want more war songs, so if you remember the words of your favorite ditty, send them in and we will bulletin them for the benefit of all.

THE COMPANY CLERK.



Here is another snapshot looking for its owner. This picture with a number of others was found in Blois, France, by Robert W. McCreary of New York



Ex-Leatherneck J. M. Gault, Great Falls, Montana, snapped these men of the 86th Company, Seventh Regiment, U. S. M. C., at Camp La Union, Oriente, Cuba, during 1918. American service men and kids—a natural combination

A Burnt Child

(Continued from page 11)

I've seen for years—all white and gold and blue, like Lake Como on a spring day. Am I becoming poetic? Perhaps. But she is like that—exquisite—and a real woman, too—witty, intelligent, everything a man could wish. The very sort of friend I've been looking for—not a bit flirtatious and flighty, like most of the girls you meet. She lives on Park Avenue, near Eighty-sixth, and her name is Graham—Lillian Graham. Rather a pretty name, don't you think?

We've had a wonderful time, the past week. She's the best swimmer here, among the girls, I mean, and dances like a bit of thistledown. We were attracted to each other at once, and have rather amused the Smileys by our devotion. "The Inseparables," they call us.

On account of the heat up in town I have decided to stay a week longer. Remarkable, isn't it, what a difference a charming woman can make? Before she came I hated the place, and now I feel that I could stay on indefinitely. And it isn't just having met a girl, either. I must have met any number, and not felt as I do now, but Lillian—Miss Graham—is different. We like the same things, speak the same language as it were. I hope to see a lot of her in town this winter.

I suppose you will smile when you read this, but don't get the idea I'm losing my head. There isn't the slightest reason why a man shouldn't find a woman interesting and attractive without being obliged to ask her to marry him. I don't wonder she prefers me to some of the specimens of the rising generation I've met down here. Their attitude toward women is astounding. "Treat 'em rough," one eighteen-year-old cub said to Colonel Wainwright and myself the other day. "They like it." Then he slapped a charming young girl on the back, offered her a drink from his flask, and proceeded to tell one of the rawest stories I've ever heard in my life. The colonel—you remember the old gentleman, don't you?—shrugged his shoulders and turned to me with a frown. "In my time," he said, "I have been known to treat a Broadway street-walker like a lady, but I haven't yet learned how to treat a lady like a Broadway street-walker—I hope I never shall." I quite agreed with him.

I'll write again when I get back to town.

Ever yours,

VAN

New York, September 15, 19—.

DEAR Brooke:

I congratulate you on your success in London. It must have been a great satisfaction to you to receive such flattering notices from the English critics. I've sent the clippings over to

seen her. We had a sort of misunderstanding just before I left, and I haven't felt like calling her up.

It may have been my fault—I don't know—you can judge for yourself. We took a long walk up the beach the night before I came away. There was a wonderful moon, and we sat down for a while and looked at it. Her fingers were digging in the sand. So were mine. Naturally they met. There were two things I might have done—either stopped, or gone ahead. I went ahead. Before I realized it her head was on my shoulder and I was kissing her. The usual thing, I suppose, on a beach, in the moonlight, but it may not

have been so usual to her, for she didn't kiss as though she was in the habit of doing it—seemed rather awkward about it, in fact. I was puzzled, and yet, you can't always tell about a woman. Even simplicity may be just a pose. Well, as I say, I kissed her, and then I suddenly realized that she was crying, very softly, and whispering something about how happy I had made her—how wonderful it was that I should care. I give you my word, Brooke, I didn't know, then, and I don't know now, whether that girl was in earnest or not, but I did some mighty quick thinking. A burnt child, you know. As it was, with the moon and everything, I had a narrow escape, but I pulled myself together and told her how much I'd wanted a woman like herself as a friend—which was quite true—and how glad I was to have found her.

She got up at once, and said she was chilly and would I take her home—one of the hottest nights of the season, too. We walked back in silence. I didn't see her in the morning, although I called.

Mrs. Smiley said she had a headache. So I left, feeling as though in some way I'd acted like a rotter, and yet not understanding just how.

I suppose I shouldn't have kissed her, but after all, women nowadays don't attach much importance to a kiss—certainly don't expect a proposal with each one. Of course I don't blame the girl. She was quite right to try to get a husband if she wanted one. All



Not a bit flirtatious and flighty, like most of the girls you meet

Austen with the suggestion that he make some mention of your work in the Sunday magazine.

I haven't been feeling well since I got back to town. Can't sleep—no appetite—nervous and out of sorts generally. The doctor gave me a tonic, but it doesn't seem to do me any good. I believe I have a touch of malaria.

You ask about the girl I met at Easthampton—Miss Graham. I haven't

women do their best to trap men—not consciously, perhaps—it's a question of instinct with them, as fundamental as the instinct that causes a spider to trap a fly. She had spent every moment for over two weeks trying to fascinate me—by what she said, the way she dressed, by every smile and movement and gesture—trying to get me to the point of desiring her so much that I'd ask her to marry me—and she very nearly succeeded. When I didn't I suppose it hurt her pride.

I'm sorry, too. She was a charming girl, and I don't blame her in the least—in fact, I feel rather flattered, but I wasn't looking for a wife, but for a friend, and you'll admit you can't make a friend of a woman like that.

The apartment is perfect—everything about me to make a man comfortable, including a very efficient Jap. What more could anyone want? Of course the Jap isn't a person you can talk to, but—there's the club. I stopped in last night for the first time in weeks and heard all the gossip. Andy Freeman has another youngster—a boy—proud as Punch over it, too—and poor Tom Scoville got caught in the market and has lost all his money. You might write him a note. And they say that Edith is going to marry again. Douglas Atkinson, of all people. I wonder what she can see in him. There's no accounting for tastes, is there?

It's no affair of mine whom she marries, of course, but I'd be sorry to see her make another mistake. In fact, I don't understand why she should want to marry at all. She has a comfortable income, plenty of friends—everything a woman could want. But I suppose it's a sort of habit one gets into—the habit of being married, of having someone about to talk things over with—someone who cares—really cares—whether you're sick, or well, or happy, or miserable—a comrade in the battle of life. I'm afraid I might sit here for a century and no one would really give a rap what happened to me, unless it were the Jap, and he'd only be worried about getting his salary. That's what it is to be a bachelor.

Possibly the fellow who said that it isn't good for a man to live alone had some right on his side. Take my case. I'm nervous, out of sorts, ill. I wish I had somebody—some tender, sympathetic, interesting woman to cheer me up. I mean one who sincerely cared whether I was ill or not—I could get a hundred who would pretend, who would chatter their heads off for an evening and then go away and laugh at me and my troubles. So I prefer to grouch alone.

Don't be peevish on account of what I said about that girl at Cannes. How was I to know whether she was a countess or a cocotte? You didn't say. From the tone of your letter anyone might suppose you were thinking of acquiring the marriage habit yourself. Don't—you have enough bad ones already.

Yours,

VAN

New York, November 4, 19—.

DEAR Brooke:

I haven't written of late because I've been too busy for the past six weeks making a fool of myself—over a woman, of course. I got so tired of moping about alone that I looked up a girl I'd met, just to cheer me up, you know, and—well—it's not an amusing story, not even a novel one, so I won't go into details, but I'm not a bit better off than I was before. Worse, in fact, having spent a great deal more money than I like to think about. For a time I really believed she cared, as much as a woman of that sort is capable of caring, but she didn't, of course. There was a quarrel about something or other she wanted me to buy for her—an automobile, I believe—it doesn't matter—and I found that her affection was solely of the cash-register variety—that she was, in fact, as hard as nails. Well, as I've always known in my heart, marriage is a thing you can't successfully imitate. Arrangements that attempt it are like ropes made of sand, or bricks without straw. So I'm once more keeping house alone with Togo and reflecting on the folly of my ways.

I'm sending you a gift for Christmas that I hope you'll like, and with it my very best wishes for the coming year.

Yours,

VAN

New York, December 26, 19—.

DEAR Brooke:

Many thanks, old fellow, for the cigarette case. It is a beauty, and you know how I shall prize it, coming from you. It was almost the only present I got, too. But not quite. There was something else that rather touched me, because it was so unexpected—a little Christmas card from that girl I met down at Easthampton—Graham, her name was. I wrote you about her, you remember. Rather decent of her to



think of me, wasn't it, after what happened? I've never seen her since that night.

The card came by special delivery yesterday—Christmas—morning. I was in bed when it arrived, having spent a rather hectic evening at the club. Dined there, with Top Lawrence and the rest of the old guard. All the married men were home, trimming Christmas trees

for the kids, I guess. After dinner we sat around and told each other what a farce Christmas is—everybody spending a lot of money they can't afford to give presents to a lot of people they don't care anything about. I guess you remember many similar evenings in the past.

Then Andrews brought out some of that famous Scotch of his, and we drank each other's health, and by midnight we were all rather weepy and sentimental, saying how sorry we were that we didn't have any kids to trim Christmas trees for. Then Maxwell made a speech, protesting that we ought to do something to make *somebody* happy, and I asked the waiter if he was married—Tippets, it was—that little watery-eyed fellow you always liked so much. And when Tippets said he *was* married, and had six children, we made up a purse for him—twenty-five dollars apiece, which made just that much for each child, and sent him home happy as a king. Queer, isn't it, how the Christmas spirit gets you?

Yesterday I dined in solitary state at the Plaza. Top Lawrence had some sort of a party on, but I refused to join him—didn't feel in the humor for it. Top is a wonder with the ladies, in spite of his age. I spent the evening at home. For a time I thought of calling up Miss Graham, but decided not to. Christmas is a home day, and I concluded she would be too busy to care about hearing from me. But I liked the card.

You will be interested to know that Edith and Douglas Atkinson have announced their engagement and are to be married in March. I let Edith have the house, so before long there will be somebody else sitting at the head of my table, just as I used to do. It makes me feel rather queer. But if Edith is happy, God bless her. She is a splendid woman, and deserves to be.

Thanks again for your corking gift.

Ever yours,

VAN.

New York, January 22, 19—.

DEAR Brooke:

This is just a brief note to acknowledge yours of the 8th. I'm delighted that you liked the things I sent. Tom Scoville wants me to thank you for your message, and Franzen says they will be glad to arrange an exhibition of your pictures early in April.

By the way, you may be interested to know that I've seen Miss Graham. Met her on the Avenue the other afternoon. She was stunning—wonderful furs and all that. I stopped and thanked her for her Christmas card, and we had a little chat. When I asked her if I might call she wasn't over-enthusiastic—suggested that I might telephone to her some time. I may do it. A fellow shouldn't permit himself to become a mummy, after all, and that's about what I've been for the past two months.

Scott and the others at the club want to be remem- (Continued on page 62)

A Burnt Child

(Continued from page 61)

bered to you, and are delighted to hear that you are coming back so soon.

Yours,

VAN

New York, February 2, 19—.

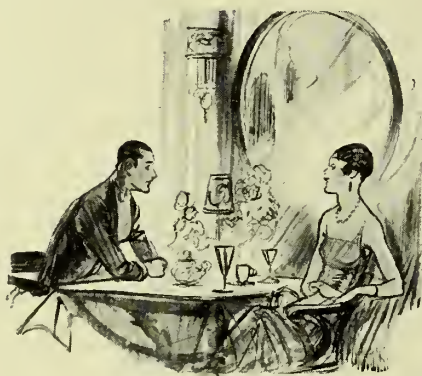
DEAR Brooke:

I know I should have answered your letter before, but I've been busy, and well—worried. This Graham girl has been on my mind ever since I met her last month. Not that I'm in love with her, you understand, but she interests me, and I don't understand her.

I called her up, and went to see her, too, just after my last letter. She was pleasant enough, but a trifle distant. None of the old feeling of comradeship we'd had down at the shore. We sat and talked about nothing in particular for an hour or two, and all the while I kept thinking of the time I kissed her, and wondering whether she was thinking of it too. I suppose she was, although she certainly didn't show it. She was marvelously attractive, in a gray green gown with silver things on it—even better looking than I had thought her last summer—but she didn't seem at all interested in me. And she didn't ask me to call again, either. Somehow I got the impression she's in love, although it's no affair of mine, I suppose, if she is. But I can't help being curious.

I called again a few nights ago, in spite of the fact that she hadn't asked me. There is something about that girl I like—always have liked. Who do you suppose was there? Top Lawrence, of all people in the world. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Of course I knew he was an old friend of the Smileys, but he'd never said anything to me about knowing Mrs. Smiley's sister. From the way they acted I couldn't help feeling that he knew her a great deal better than I do. I left early. The next day, when I met him at the club, I tried to poke a little fun at him, but he seemed quite serious. "Wonderful girl, Miss Graham," he said. "Just the sort to make a fellow a splendid wife. I'm getting fed up with this bachelor existence. Nothing to it." Knowing Top as you do, I am sure you will understand my feelings. Rather ridiculous, don't you think, for a confirmed old bachelor like Top to be talking about marrying a girl of twenty-two? But there's no fool like an old fool.

I've taken her about a little lately—to the theatre once or twice, and we've played some golf, but her manner was not encouraging. There's no doubt whatever that she's in love. I asked Mrs. Smiley who it was, but she wouldn't tell me, although I could see from her manner that I was right. I'm beginning to believe it is Top Lawrence,



absurd as it may seem. Her face lights up whenever he comes in sight. Of course he has lots of money, but it does seem a crime for a girl like that to throw herself away on a man old enough to be her father. I suppose you'll be asking what difference it makes to me, and of course there really

isn't any reason why I should worry about it, but—ch—well—I really do like her a lot, and naturally feel an interest in her and her future. Any man would.

So you are sailing on the 18th of March. I'll be at the dock to meet you. What is the mystery about the countess whose portrait you've been painting—the one you wrote about from Cannes? Are you keeping something from me?

Yours,

VAN

New York, February 28, 19—.

DEAR Brooke:

This is the last letter you will receive from me before you sail. It sure will be good to see you. I'm not feeling very well—that old nervousness has come back again. I thought of going to Bermuda for a while, to rest up, but couldn't make it. Miss Graham is there—has been since the 15th. So is Top Lawrence. I expect to hear their engagement when they get back the first of the week. Of course, Brooke, I may be a confirmed bachelor and all that, just as you are, but after what I've been through the past year I'm ready to admit that Top is a mighty lucky dog. If you think that is going back on my



convictions you can make the most of it. And you'd understand better if you knew Miss Graham. She's not like other women—she can talk about something besides her clothes and the weather. I miss her a good deal.

No more tonight. I'll finish this tomorrow, in time for the next steamer.

Monday.

Brooke—I've a queer thing to tell you. This afternoon I met Top Lawrence at the club—hadn't been able to meet the boat—and asked him if he was open for congratulations. He shook his head, didn't seem inclined to talk at first, but finally he came out with it—said he'd proposed to Lillian and she'd refused him. Told him there was someone else—some man she'd been in love with for months. It seems this man gave her a bunch of violets, once, and she's been wearing one of them ever since in a little locket about her neck. She showed him the locket but wouldn't tell him who the man was. And the queer thing about it is this—I gave Lillian a box of violets *the very first day I met her!* Could she possibly have led Top on, told him about the violets, thinking he would tell me? Astonishing creatures, women, aren't they? Of course I may be all wrong—anybody might have given her violets—they're her favorite flower, but I'm going up tonight and see.

Tuesday.

Your letter this morning has knocked me silly! You, the eternal bachelor—who was going to keep his freedom in spite of all the women in the world—married! I can't believe it. And to a real countess, with a real château! You've given me the surprise of my life.

And now I'm going to give you one. It was one of my violets that Lillian has been wearing in that locket—I found that out last night, *after I had asked her to be my wife and she had accepted me!* Congratulate me—we're to be married Easter week, and there won't be any chief mourner.

Seriously, my dear fellow, I'm the happiest man in the world. I admit I was all wrong about the charm of bachelor life. This time the wife, as well as the habit, will be permanent. Good-bye, old chap, and God bless you both.

Joyously yours,

VAN

Sidelines of Duty

(Continued from page 19)

eating its head off in the barn. You better ride around in that for a while. I'll send it out for you, but don't keep the driver. I can't spare him."

"Great stuff. That fits in fine. I'm mighty short on transportation. See you at eight o'clock. Bring two or three of your pals with you. You won't need any interpreters. After the introductions, the festivities will consist largely of vintage likker and sign language."

So far, fair enough. Leaving Base Headquarters and a puzzled sentry who fumbled with a present arms until he had surveyed the Loot's uniform as far as the black and gold hat cord without discovering other insignia of rank, the lumber craver headed for a crumbling palace on the edge of town, at which fairly inaccessible point the French forestry officers did their heavy thinking.

Nearing the theatre of his next play, the Loot removed his overcoat so that the concealed Sam Browne belt might be displayed, and then he traded head-gear with the driver of the car. "Wear this Stetson of mine and lend me your cap while I'm on this indoor sport," he requested. He fished around in his cigarette pocket and hauled out a little silver bar, which he pinned to the overseas cap. "There—that makes me an officer on the outside. Rank brings home the bacon with these birds, and right now bacon is what I crave."

In the anteroom opening upon Colonel Moulon's official domain the Loot, with the overseas cap parked carefully against his hip, spoke briefly to an orderly. "My compliments to the Colonel, and tell him General Smith desires a moment's conversation with him."

"Of a certainty, my general."

Colonel Moulon stood at rigid attention while "General Smith" entered the room. It was an occasion.

Deep bows. Broken English. Broken French.

"It is not that I am General Smith," the Loot explained. "Representing him merely. The General desires the high honor of the Colonel's attendance at a little dinner to-night, during which, aside from official matters, some of the rarer vintages of your noble country will be discussed. This invitation is utterly confidential—secret service, you might say."

Mystery. The Colonel hesitated.

"I might add, my dear General Moulon, that the suggestion for this invitation emanates from a source too high to

be disclosed. I can merely suggest the advisability of your honoring the American Expeditionary Forces with your presence at the banquet. American cigarettes and pipe tobacco, Havana cigars—a perfectly upholstered Cadillac limousine meets all trains."

"Meets all trains?" The Colonel did not understand fully.

"My mistake," the Loot corrected, and then in better French, "an American automobile such as the ones used by our heaviest generals will call for you at eight o'clock. Yes? Is it not?"

It was. At this moment the Loot took the liberty of offering the Colonel an American cigarette, and with its acceptance another preliminary contact had been accomplished.

In their elaborate ceremony of farewell the Colonel bowed so deeply that his long and luxuriant whiskers suffered a permanent wave, a permanent kink against the manly chest wherein a heart beat high for Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, free wines, likkers, and cigars.

At the banquet, which was off to a splashing launch, fumbling around with explanations covering the absence of the mythical General Smith, the Loot demonstrated that an imperfect knowledge of French is the diplomat's best accomplishment. Presently all doubts were drowned on the incoming tide, and thereafter a good time was had by all. Along around midnight the Loot scribbled a dozen words

on a blank leaf of his notebook, and passed it over to Colonel Moulon. "In the meantime, my general," he suggested, "if you will remove either the right or the left arm from about the waist of the adorable Fifi or the equally adorable Mimi long enough to sign this order to the commanding officer of

your noble foresters, I shall be thrice charmed. I want some lumber and that is an order for it."

"Of a certainty." After the informal document had been examined the Colonel complimented the Loot on his total ignorance of academic French, and signed his name. This done, the Colonel quoted an approximate application of a

newly-acquired philosophy. "Wat in those hell are the few millions of wooden trees among fast friends?"

The Loot smiled his O. K. to the sentiment. "As you say, my general, fast is right. Ain't it the truth!"

The moment seemed ripe for the second play. The Loot called across the disordered table to the Motor Transport Major. "Bill, the prince here has just

handed me all the lumber in this part of France, along with his personal doubts as to the ability of imported American talent to handle the traffic. He's got a couple of million feet of it fifty miles below here, but he don't think we Yankees have trucks enough to deliver the goods."

For a second the holy bonds of international friendship clanked like manacles while the Motor Transport Major pawed the earth and bellered at the Loot's red flag. "The devil he don't! My gang can move more lumber in a week than all the bucksaw loggers in France can cut from now on!"

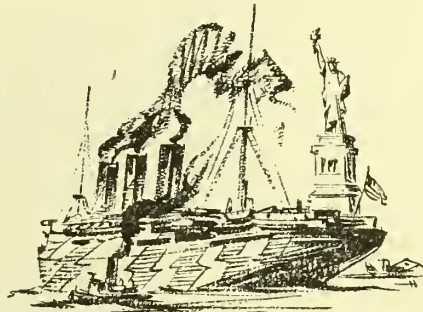
A splash of oil on the troubled waters. "Fair enough—that's what I told him. If I had any moral support I'd bet him a case of Clicquot against a pleasant look that you could throw a hundred trucks into the timber country by tomorrow noon."

"Go to it—bet your head off! I'll back you!" The Major forced a quick calculation through the mental fog which encompassed him. "You got all the moral support you need—I'll have a hundred an' five, mebber a hundred an' ten good ol' gas elephants headed down the line by noon."

The Loot smiled his three cheers. "Boy, that oration makes me homesick. Scribble out the order for those trucks and let me have it right now. Then into the high and on with the dance!"

Within four minutes the Loot was in possession of an iron-clad order giving him control of half the A. E. F. motor transportation in the Base.

At the hour of sunrise, when the tumult and the shouting had died, and after the home delivery of the Colonel and the Major and two or three additional spur-bearing casualties had been accomplished, the Loot headed for the Motor Transport parking field outside of the city. Here, after various affable conversations which engaged him for half an hour, he saw the last of an emergency fleet of five-ton trucks heading into the timber country. "If I get away with two round trips I'm lucky—but half a (Continued on page 64)



Sidelines of Duty

(Continued from page 63)

million feet will get me over the high spot," he reflected. Then, wearied by the night's enterprises, he returned to the scene of the night's festivities. An old woman and a pair of yawning youths were clearing up the débris. He surveyed the scene for a moment and headed for the little grilled office, wherein a tired girl was turning over the night's accounts to another tired girl. He smiled upon the pair. "The bill for my little party?" he inquired.

The statement was handed to him. Total, 1240 francs. "And with friendship tax, right and proper, say an even 1500." He smiled grimly and wrote a check for the latter amount.

While his checkbook was still open he wrote a brief note across the face of another blank check:

"Dear Slim: Start a crap game and dig some money out of your surroundings. Busted."

He borrowed an envelope from one of the heavy-eyed cashiers and sealed the note therein. He gave the message to the driver of his borrowed Cadillac. "Rush this note down to Slim and then get back to the warehouse job as quick as you can."

The driver offered a little advice. "Loot, I better haul you out to Camp first. You look mighty tired."

"Get that letter down to Slim. I'll deadhead to Camp on a Q. M. truck. On your way!"

"Yessir."

Needing sleep forty ways, but not realizing it, the Loot landed back at the site of the warehouse job at ten o'clock. Awaiting him he found the commanding officers of two newly-imported American infantry regiments. The senior colonel, speaking for both organizations, revealed in the tone of his voice his conviction that the Loot's failure to have a room and bath ready for each of the two thousand new arrivals was in the nature of a personal insult.

The Loot smiled. "I expect some lumber in here about two o'clock, Colonel. We'll have your barracks ready for you by sundown. Meanwhile, I hope that you and your officers will make yourselves at home in our quarters. You're probably tired out with what you've been through in the last few days, and this is a good rest camp."

Kind words can never die. While the fat colonel was puffing around under the Loot's gasoline-drum shower and warming internally from the effects of three or four hearty slugs of his host's abandoned whisky, the Loot and a flying squadron of the Gang were busy on the site of the barracks which were to be ready for occupancy by sundown. Survey stakes, light dabs of grading here and there for mud sills, and then early in the afternoon the first truckloads of lumber.

"I can't see no use of puttin' floors in these huts, Loot," the sergeant in charge

of the housing job objected. "It's a dead loss of time and floor joists and flooring. Let 'em walk on the ground like we did."

"Nix, Blackie. Tenting tonight on the cold, cold ground and spittin' on it and all that stuff is a wide-open invitation to Old Man Flu. You birds were hard-boiled enough to get by with it, but these stall-fed babies run forty percent indoor sports, and they're due to get wood floors or else to flop with the flu. Slim is moving the lumber. Keep these tenderfeet off the ground, and go to it!"

When Taps sounded at ten o'clock, the two new regiments were under cover. At midnight it occurred to one of the colonels commanding to remark the expediency with which the barracks had been built. The Loot listened, and then, to himself: "Only a sample of what the Gang can get away with when they hit the ball."

III

LEANING heavily on the absent Slim's ability to clean up all the lumber in the mountain timber district, the Loot utilized the bulk of the incoming supplies in the construction of a vast camp to house whatever labor might be detailed for the main warehouse project, and within the week barracks had been built for six thousand men. For the time being the infantry



troops were construction men, and in spite of their general unfamiliarity with their temporary task, under the direction of various artisans in the Gang the camp area produced a forced crop of habitations well ahead of maximum demand.

On the fourth day after the tide of lumber had begun to flow its general character changed from slivers and scantlings to larger stuff. The last truckloads of that day included a fair proportion of dimension stuff for warehouse floors, side framing, and rafters. Sergeant Black and his corps of assistants, burdened with direct responsibility

for a record-breaking warehouse construction program, exulted at each new truckload of this important material. "If they let that ring-tailed, ramblin' Slim alone down there for another ten days he'll grab us all the warehouse stuff we need."

"Slim will make three more passes than the next man," the Loot agreed, "but Blackie, he's got to give up the dice sometime. Did you see how wet that last stuff was? He's logging high, wide, and lonesome and cutting everything in sight. He can't last more than another three days at the outside. I'll bet the wires are humming with countermanded orders and protests and official blockades from the French forestry people right this minute."

"I'll bet a month's wages with deductions, leaving a net two dollars, that the first thing he did was to sling his pliers through them same wires you mention. One order is all that baby ever craves, an' you gave him that."

Two days later, when enough dimension stuff had been received for barely six warehouses, the flow of incoming material stopped short. By noon of the next day all of it was strung out along the project, contributed in progressive waves to the structures of twelve or fourteen buildings, none of which was, to a casual observer, more than twenty percent complete.

On his return, reporting to the Loot, Slim described his raid upon the forests in one brief sentence. "Leaving out the fruit trees I cleaned up everything in the country bigger than a Brussels sprout."

"You done noble—but we're still shy of three-fourths of what we need for the first thirty warehouses."

"What's the dope on the stuff from the outlyin' precincts?"

"There ain't no dope. The buck is being passed around G. H. Q. fast enough to make your head swim, and the only thing they've sent me to work with is an animated menagerie of labor—Anamites, German prisoners, infantry, and a couple of black-face labor battalions. In spite of promises from G. H. Q. there's nary a toothpick in the line of material."

There was silence between the two for a space of ten seconds, and then: "How many available men have you got in Camp, Loot—I mean construction men, not counting dog-robbers and K. P.'s and these indoor corral bosses that the Army is so crummy with?"

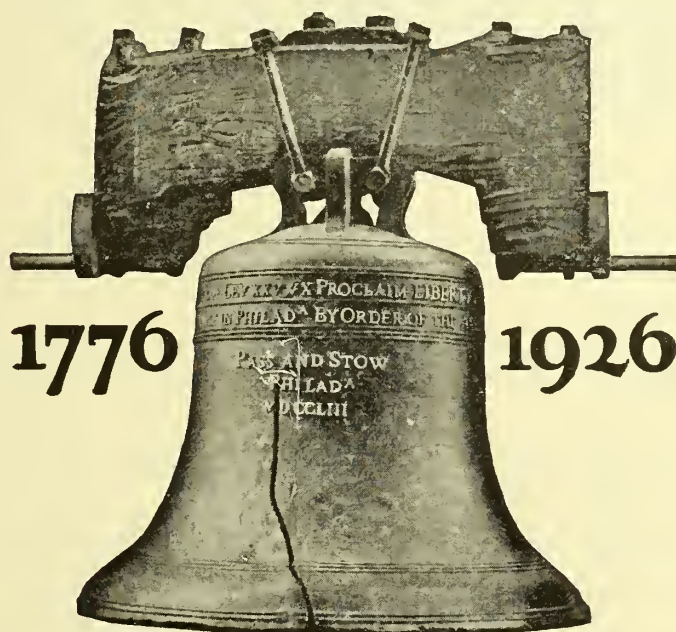
"Six thousand men in Camp—about four thousand available for tracks, warehouses, and our other outdoor sports."

Slim made a quick calculation and checked it with some of their previous estimates. "That means three warehouses a day if we had material."

"Mebbe four," the Loot amended. "I've decided (Continued on page 66)"

The Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition

Celebrating
150 Years of American Independence



Philadelphia June 1 to December 1, 1926

TWENTY-SIX foreign nations are participating in the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition now being held at Philadelphia, and it is estimated that the attendance during the six months' period in which the Exposition is being held will approach 36,000,000. Many thousand American Legionnaires will be in Philadelphia from October 11th to 15th attending their National Convention. Philadelphia cordially invites these makers of history to view the record of the nation's growth in the one hundred and fifty years of its existence as portrayed at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition.

Sidelines of Duty

(Continued from page 64)

to scrap most of our gold-plated plans that called for floor systems. What lurid crime is now setting on top of your mind and blazing out of your eyes?"

"The same as the one that makes you look like a reformed counterfeiter—the Uplift lumber."

The Loot looked away from Slim, and his eyes narrowed. He thought for a little while of a number of things, and wound up with a renewal of his obligation to the Hundred Million. At the moment he had never been more keenly conscious of the burning ambitions, the furious surge of restrained energies which imbued every last man of the Gang.

Across the spur track fronting the little office shack lay temptation—two million feet of the Uplift outfit's dimension lumber. The Loot remembered the absolute tone, the finality, of the order from Base Headquarters forbidding the use of this material for warehouse construction. The text of the restraining order was clear in his mind, and the penalty for its violation was self-evident. He discarded the loose connecting links between cause and effect and half-aloud, to his companion, he stated the problem. "Somebody at G. H. Q. knew the situation—and passed the buck. The Uplifters' stuff is layin' here, in our mitt. We need it to protect the grub for a million men . . . I'll find out tonight where the other shipments were held up."

The Loot had postponed a decision! Slim's eyes widened at this strange departure from his associate's characteristic course. "That's the bunk!" he broke out, and his disgust showed in his exclamation. "I believe the army stuff has got you."

"Mebbe it has." The Loot smiled thinly. "Mebbe I'm getting old—but Slimmie, I don't want to start a whizzer with a short stake. I'm going down town, and before I come back I'll get the dope on where at our timber and our groceries are. That reminds me—how much money you got!"

"I started the cube contest the night I got your note. I cleaned up big for a while," Slim began, "and then I meets a curly wolf that knew my own measle marbles by their spots the minute he owned 'em." A tone of chagrin marked his admission. "I was librarian for a bank book when I meets him, and then he cleans me to a clacker."

"Never mind. I'll hang up next month's pay voucher with the cashier down at the branch bank. He's started a sideline of pawnbroking under cover for us officers and gentlemen."

"You goin' to Chapelle alone or with somebody?"

"I figured I'd take you and feed you a hearty supper at Gruber's."

"Check! I figured you would too—I ain't et me any fancy rations for so long my teeth click. When do we go?"

"Right now—before it's too late for me to get into the back door of the bank."

At the branch bank at Chapelle the Loot planted a pay voucher, and with the convenient funds thus obtained he set forth on a tour of discovery. Leaving the bank, the pair were hailed at the street door by one of a trio of naval



officers. "Lieutenant, can you tell me if this bank will cash our personal checks?"

The Loot made a quick survey of the speaker and took a chance. The local season of popularity for personal checks had long ago expired, but in spite of this, "I think so. I'm one of their oldest borrowers, and I'll be glad to introduce you."

"Mighty kind of you—I'm Lieutenant Walton. Meet these other two sailors, Lieutenant Lee and Lieutenant Merrill. Each of us has a home on the bounding billow, but these native port pirates have scorned our personal bank books."

The Loot introduced Slim, and then, to Lieutenant Walton, "Come along with me and I'll see if I can fix it up for you."

The fixer led the way to the bank manager's office and, following the introductions, "Lieutenant Walton is a friend of mine," he said. "These gentlemen want some money, and when their checks come back let me know about it and I'll give you some more of my own pay vouchers."

The altruistic Shylock of the branch bank, seeking the safer kinds of navy patronage, was quick to accommodate the cash-craving trio. When the Loot saw that the transaction was to be accomplished he turned to go, and then, following a quick inspiration, he addressed Lieutenant Walton. "Slim and I were sounding off the fancy ration call when we met you. Why don't you and the pals join us? Sacred duty to the visiting firemen and whatnot."

"Suits me a million," Lieutenant Walton returned. "Patriotism impels me to stay in the hands of my friends

and thus avoid the perils of a great city. Where away, Loot?"

It had taken the Navy four minutes to score a bull's-eye on the Loot's name-plate.

"The old Slim had the interior of his neck all arranged for a flood of Gruber's gratifying beer. Far be it from me to sidetrack any worthy ambitions."

"Fair enough. I like the lay. Shove off."

Riding three blocks to Gruber's Restaurant, the Army and the Navy got together. In front of the restaurant the Loot invited the driver of the Dodge to accompany him. "Come on in, Chuck—let's see what the eats look like." The six men entered the restaurant. Somewhere along the line of march from Chuck's car to the entrance Slim's thirst for cooling drinks had been washed away by the chill drizzle of rain which was falling. When the six had been greeted by Alexander, a veteran of Verdun who had bought his right to days of ease, Slim switched his order to hot rum.

"And lots of it, Alexan'," he specified.

"Bokoo!"

"Encore with both arms!"

"Rum show for everybody."

Promising with his answering smile enough hot rum to float the Army and Navy, Alexander absented himself for all of sixty seconds and returned with the order. Then, still smiling, he bent close to the Loot for further instructions regarding the dinner. The Loot covered the specifications with a blanket order. "All of Lieutenant Slim's favorite creations, and don't forget Chuck's two dozen oysters. A dozen apiece will hold the rest of us." Looking about him, "Painless," he observed. "Quick and easy. Leave it all to the old gunman of Verdun and you'll get the best food in Chapelle."

All of which was close to the facts.

The Loot, relying on Alexander's propensities for mingling time-wasting trifles with more solid viands, had claimed for himself enough of the navy men's time to enable him to accomplish the project whose inception dated from the group's departure from the branch bank. At ten o'clock, when the party had acquired considerable steerage-way, and after the Loot had revealed considerable of his past, present, and future to Lieutenant Walton, and after he had listened to a similar recital of personalities whose confidential nature seemed to create a quick bond of common objectives, the Loot played his ace. "The main thing that's driving me gray-headed, Walt, is when the hell that fleet of sugar and flour ships will get here. Base Headquarters don't know anything, and G. H. Q. is a complete clam."

Lieutenant Walton looked fixedly at his new port-mate for the space of ten seconds, and then, "Loot, they can hang me for this," (Continued on page 68)



How would you like to be back there again . . . *in Civvies?*

If you are figuring on going to France with the American Legion, you want the information which the coupon at the foot of this page will bring you. Even if you have not definitely decided that you can go, now is the time to make your request for the "Official Applications" which will be required by members of your party. All who expect to take the Paris Convention trip are urged to fill in this coupon with typewriter, or print it with ink, and mail at once.

FRANCE CONVENTION COMMITTEE

403 Mutual Building : Richmond, Va.

Request for Official Application, Information, Etc.

FRANCE CONVENTION COMMITTEE,
403 MUTUAL BUILDING, RICHMOND, VA.

As soon as ready for distribution, please see that I am supplied with "OFFICIAL APPLICATIONS" for persons, comprising Legionnaires; Auxiliaries; Fathers of Legionnaires or of Deceased Veterans; Children of Legionnaires or of Deceased Veterans. (Mark with an X your desires as follows):

- ☐ Send complete information about Approved Extension Tours and Side Trips.
- ☐ We desire about weeks abroad *after* Convention Week.
- ☐ We desire about weeks abroad *before* Convention Week.

In addition to railway expense in America, meals in France, incidentals and spending money, we are figuring on spending

approximately the following amounts, *per person*, on the following items:

- (1) Round trip Steamship (prices from \$145.80 to \$375) \$.....
- (2) Housing in Paris (seven days), (prices from \$7 to \$45)..... \$.....
- (3) One-Day Battlefield Trips (prices from \$5 to \$15)..... \$.....
- (4) Extension Tours or Side Trips..... \$.....

We understand that Official Applications must be sent to the France Convention Officer of our State (Reservation Books open November 15, 1926) and that while our desires as expressed on Official Applications will be regarded as far as reasonably possible, nevertheless it may be necessary to assign accommodations of different character and price, according to what is available at the time.

Legion Post No.....

Auxiliary Unit No.....

Department of

.....
(First Name)

.....
(Last Name)

.....
No. and Street or R. F. D.

.....
City or Town

Sidelines of Duty

(Continued from page 66)

he began in a tone too low for the rest of the party to hear. "Our squadron goes out at flood tomorrow. All the real dope we get comes from Admiral London. He's the only sailor on this side of the Atlantic who knows what's going on. I'm commanding the destroyer squadron and I ought to get the dope long before Paris or G. H. Q. gets it." He lowered his voice to a whisper. "If you get a three-figure wireless from me, subtract three from the first figure and thirty from the last two. That will be the month and the day when your transports are due at the mouth of the Salvère."

"I get you—three and thirty." Then, with a gesture of his head, the Loot summoned Alexander. "We will have some champagne now, Alexander, to drink the dolorous ceremony of farewell. We are going to the theatre while the night is young."

Within the hour, after their new companions had been properly introduced to Fifi and Madeline and Cigarette at the Apollo Theatre, the Loot and Slim had begun the return journey to their camp. It was not yet midnight and Slim demurred at the early departure from the arena of mirth and laughter. "I believe layin' off of the likker has ruined you, Loot. You never even tasted that last champagne that Alexander brought you."

"I went through the motions, Slimmie. I was celebrating right at that minute . . . That Navy gang seems to be made up of regular guys."

"One of those birds is regular," Slim agreed. "When you and Walton started your confidential powwow I figured you wanted to be let alone, and so I hauled out a pair of gallopers and started an opposition ruckus at my end of the table. The skinny guy picked 'em up and tells 'em, 'Hit heavy, ar'vils!' He

fired three guns and them two hundred francs you let me hold looked like a jay-bird's tail feathers hit by lightnin'."

The Loot laughed. "Clean again?"

"Worse than clean. I owe Alexander a debt of honor consisting of twenty francs that I borrowed from him to build up with. The little guy faded me and I reaped snake eyes. I'll tell the cock-eyed world the Navy has the luck!"

"Cheer up. G'wan to sleep. Tomorrow's a new day."

Two days after the new day, the Loot got a wireless message consisting of three numerals: "543."

5-43. Subtracting three from the first numeral left two. Second month. February. Subtracting 30 from 43 left 13. On February 13th the sugar convoy was due at the mouth of the Salvère. "Providing Walton and his gang, God bless 'em, can take care of the damn subs." The Loot looked at a calendar against the wall. "Two Sundays. Two full weeks and three odd days," he summarized. "Seventeen days left in which to build warehouses for fifteen or twenty cargoes of the first essentials of war. Seventeen days, and not a chance in the world of enough construction material arriving to take care of half the job." The Loot looked out of the office window across the tracks to where the Uplift lumber lay. He called for a messenger. "Tell Slim I want to see him right away," he directed.

When Slim appeared the Loot sketched a quick outline of immediate operations. "Tonight is the big night," he began. "Get Blackie and his pushers lined up for the big heave. We'll turn out three thousand men an hour after mess tonight and raid the Uplift stuff."

Realizing the full import of the Loot's decision, Slim drew a deep breath. "By

the double-headed two-faced jigadier brindle, that's what I've been waiting for! Leave it to us! By midnight that Uplift lumber yard will look bald-headed! It's a hangin' job, Loot, but we've only got one neck apiece!"

"I know it is, but we'll take a chance. At midnight turn out the carpenter gangs with a thousand helpers. The big job, Slimmie, isn't to raid that Uplift stuff but to get it built up into warehouses so they can't grab it back. Get me?"

"I get you."

"Get some messengers hopping around to all the outfits with the necessary orders. Leave the prisoners stay in camp till daylight. Then work the grease out of 'em. Most of our newly-imported patriots will howl at the idea of night work and overtime, but when their busy little K. O. crew start looking for me I'll be AWOL. Strictly under your hat, I'm starting for Clairac tonight to try and get hold of some motive power. Sarah Jane and Napoleon and your other Belgian buffaloes can never handle the traffic when the rush begins. They've got a dozen of those new New American locomotives at Clairac, and if I have any luck I'll bring half of them back with me tomorrow. In the meantime, hit the ball. Tonight is our only safe chance for the big play—I've got a hunch we're about due for another visit from some of these brass-necked inspection parties from G. H. Q. You have to turn the trick before the kings get wise."

The Loot handed Slim a sealed envelope. "Here's a written order covering tonight's crime. It's got my name signed to it, so that no matter what breaks they can't hang more than one of us, and they can't hang that one more than once. Now go to it!"

(To be concluded)

Two Ounces of Prevention

(Continued from page 23)

Miss Whitesides, carefully expounding a thoroughly established medical law, will sometimes run against ancient superstitions which are hard to break down. Such ideas can only be eradicated by constant effort over a period of time. But a mother who has seen the nurse saving her child's life in an acute crisis is ready to give up her most cherished backwoods panacea. She will even yield to the nurse's plea that she send her children to bed early instead of letting them sleep late in the morning while she does her work. A mother thinks in terms of her children's welfare, after all, and once she gets hold of the point that the youngsters are going to thrive on a new and strange regimen, she will go into it

whole heartedly and adhere to it with loving faithfulness.

Practically all of the mothers who come to the clinic are young—many of them are holding their first babies in their arms. Perhaps they are shy and a little suspicious as they come in the door of the clinic. But most of them are prepared to trust her, for they have heard stories of the marvelous things that this lady in gray has done for the children of other people nearby.

"Your baby is underweight," said Miss Whitesides to a mother who came from the mountains of Tennessee. "How much milk are you giving him?"

"Oo—milk!" the mother shrugged. "He cain't stan' milk. He just neve' has cared about it."

"Oh, but he must learn," Miss Whitesides said. "All little babies need milk."

The mother laughed incredulously. "Jus' you try to give that baby some milk," she suggested with a touch of sarcasm.

Miss Whitesides was very patient. It was necessary to make this woman understand how important it was to have her baby drink a quart of milk each day.

"Does he like boiled custard?" she asked.

"Reckon he does when I have time to make it for him."

"It's very easy to make and it has an egg in it besides, you know. You can get him to take milk that way."

The woman's pretty dark brows slanted up in amazement. "Ah thought you meant to make him *drink* the milk," she said.

"That is the best way, perhaps," said Miss Whitesides. "But you must coax him to take it in some other way if he won't drink it. Does he eat cereal?"

"Oh, yessum." The woman's tone had subtly modified. There was a tinge of respect in it now. "An' he does drink a little milk on that," she added eagerly.

"Isn't that fine," said Miss Whitesides. "Perhaps you can increase the amount of milk he drinks with his cereal each day, too."

Thus she goes on with infinite delicacy making diet suggestions. She realizes that the mothers do not have to follow out a thing that she tells them. But somehow as the weeks pass they come in again and again. The weight charts tell the story. "Johnny still can't stan' milk" perhaps, but he loves the cream soup which he is given for luncheon and eagerly passes up his plate for a second helping. Next week he is going to be taken down to Asheville by Miss Whitesides to have his tonsils examined at the free clinic.

Not all of Miss Whitesides' work is confined to the little log cabin in which the clinics are held, or to the weekly visits with her charges to the clinics held by Asheville physicians. The days not devoted to these scheduled duties are spent in making visits to the homes of children who are ill and who cannot be brought to her modest headquarters, or in lightening the load of mothers with three or four youngsters by calling for them and taking them to the clinic building in the car provided by the Legion and the Auxiliary. These home visits also are often found necessary to interest mothers who have recently joined the community in the work of the clinic.

The little community of wooden houses in the forest on the mountainsides is a unique one. Ever-changing in individuals, its characteristics remain the same. Here for a short time come the wives of the tubercular victims of the war, accompanied by their children. Perhaps when they come they are ignorant of the fact that these children require special care, that though they may seem to be ordinarily healthy, their early childhood is the only period in which they can be fitted for a battle which may come later. It is to Miss Alice Gray's credit that she put her finger exactly on the point where these thousands of children may be safeguarded. Mothers come, and mothers go, but when they leave they take with them a knowledge which arms them against the future. They have learned what their children should eat, and *when*. They know that plenty of sleep is of enormous importance. And when they go back home, they are no longer afraid to take their children to clinics in their own neighborhood. And so the work of the Child Welfare Department of the Legion in North Carolina is more than justified.



He *could be* so attractive

What was it that kept him socially submerged?

TALL—slender—good features. An interesting talker—an excellent dancer. Yet somehow he seldom held the interest of any girl for long. Somehow he received only a few invitations, while his friends went everywhere.

He was fairly popular with men—but girls would look him over carefully and then just as carefully overlook him.

A great many young men are inclined to have a grimy-looking skin, spotted with blackheads and dull in appearance. Few realize that this hinders their success in life. Pompeian Massage Cream helps you overcome this handicap by giving you a clear, ruddy complexion.

Clears the Skin. Pompeian Massage Cream thoroughly cleanses the pores. It helps clear up blackheads and pimples by stimulating healthy circulation, and by keeping the skin clean and the pores open.

Easy to Use. After shaving or washing, rub it in gently. Continue rubbing and it rolls out, bringing with it all the dirt and skin impurities. Result—a clean, healthy skin with clear, glowing color.



Use Pompeian Massage Cream regularly at home—then you'll get the full benefit. At all druggists.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

1/3 of 60c jar for 10c



For 10c we send a special trial tube containing one-third of contents of a regular 60c jar. Contains sufficient Pompeian Massage Cream to test thoroughly its wonderful benefits. Positively only one trial tube to a family on this exceptional offer.

THE POMPEIAN CO., Cleveland, O., Dept. C-5

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime (10c) for liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name

Street
Address

City.....State.....

Friends at Court

(Continued from page 51)

make collection. But fifteen dollars meant a lot to John Smith—and the worthless coat was a family tragedy. A Legion lawyer obtained a refund in thirty days.

A Chicago veteran earning twenty-five dollars a week fell under the spell of a high pressure automobile salesman. Before he came out of it he had made a down payment of thirty dollars and had signed an agreement to pay twenty-five dollars each month on a car costing fifteen hundred dollars. The salesman had represented he would "have to buy now to get delivery." The contract was a financial tragedy. A Legion lawyer did what he could. The company returned the thirty dollars deposit.

The Illinois legal aid system was authorized by Howard P. Savage immediately after he assumed office as Department Commander in the autumn of 1924. Mr. Savage, an official of the elevated railways company in Chicago, realized when he took his Legion office that the relation of the Legion to service men in legal difficulties had become a problem. Posts in some instances had acted unwisely in rushing to the defense of men accused of crimes, without considering whether the facts involved justified Legion action. In other cases, service men accused of crimes had been tried and sentenced to prison terms without being properly represented in court. Many of these men were veterans suffering from unrecognized mental and nervous diseases, incapable of making distinctions between right and wrong, unable when accused to obtain for themselves the legal rights and safeguards guaranteed to every citizen under our system of jurisprudence. Large numbers of men convicted should have been placed in a hospital instead of a penitentiary.

In addition to the cases of service men involved in crimes, there had developed a larger number of cases in which service men were being denied justice under the State's adjusted compensation law and the Federal laws enacted for the benefit of disabled men. Mr. Savage foresaw the need of establishing some centralized Legion agency which should protect the interests of these men as well as those who were central figures in criminal cases.

Before the establishment of its present legal aid system, the Illinois Department, like most other departments in the Legion, had been served by a Department Judge Advocate. This official usually performed routine duties, advising department officials and posts on questions of eligibility to membership and other provisions of the Legion's fundamental law. When Mr. Savage appointed Mr. Watkins as Department Judge Advocate, he suggested to him that the duties of the office be

enlarged to make available to every needy service man Legion legal assistance.

The Illinois Department, like many other departments, maintained a service department, primarily charged with the duty of assisting disabled men to obtain speedy adjustment of their claims pending with the Veterans Bureau. The Chicago office of the Service Department had already begun to extend its functions to include legal assistance to service men in cases outside the Veterans Bureau. W. R. Matheny, a Chicago attorney, had been retained as counsel for the Service Department, and in conjunction with other Legion attorneys he had given help to many scores of service men in legal difficulties.

Mr. Matheny, as the result of his experience, was admirably qualified to help put into operation the new system. In fact, he conceived the true possibilities of the system which was finally put into effect. He drew up a plan of organization under which a Legion lawyer was appointed County Judge Advocate in almost all of the 102 counties in Illinois. In some counties where early difficulty was encountered in getting the right man to serve, Legion lawyers of adjoining counties were named to have jurisdiction.

In addition to the County Judge Advocate, advocates were named by almost every post in the State. Three Assistant Department Judge Advocates were also named, each to have jurisdiction over a division of the State. They were Scott W. Lucas of Havana, who

pledged in the Preamble to the Legion's Constitution.

The system established a year and a half ago has won complete favor of the bar associations of the State. No word of criticism has ever been brought against the Legion's legal representatives, a record rather remarkable considering the fact that the Legion has interested itself in cases in practically every county in the State.

Harold R. Schradzki, of Peoria, is the present Judge Advocate, but the majority of the County Judge Advocates have continued to serve and the system is being conducted along the lines originally adopted.

This year the Judge Advocate has appointed four Assistant Judge Advocates who on certain occasions sit with him as a court to pass on questions affecting the entire department. In commenting on the system now in use, Mr. Schradzki states:

"It has been my steadfast policy that the Judge Advocate's Department shall not interfere in the matter of representing service men in civil matters other than those affecting their status as service men, in the matter of compensation claims and the like. And before any Judge Advocate under my jurisdiction takes part in any criminal proceedings on behalf of a service man, a thorough investigation must be made and a report sent to the Department Judge Advocate, so that the Legion may have no part in criminal cases where there is no meritorious defense or extenuating circumstances."

An important result of the system is the fact that the public in Illinois has been given a proper perspective in the problem of the service man accused of crime. Indiscriminate sympathy for the offender who incidentally happened to have worn the uniform has been replaced by an understanding of the Legion's policy of judging each case on its merits.

Unthinking persons in Illinois, as in other States, had once been inclined to subscribe to the soldier-criminal myth—the myth that war service somehow had corrupted the moral fibre of a considerable percentage of the men who wore the uniform, that men trained to use deadly weapons in battle had acquired a habit of using them which they were utilizing in banditry. Loose writing of newspaper headlines, the featuring of the war service of every man involved in crimes, had helped give the public the wrong impression that service men composed an unduly large percentage of those accused of crime.

The cases in which the Legion has interested itself have served to clear up these misunderstandings. The average fair-minded man now realizes that the percentage of service men offenders under the law is certainly no greater com-



was elected Department Commander for 1925-26 to succeed Mr. Savage; Judge W. Joe Hill of Benton, and Mr. Matheny. In Cook County, including the metropolitan area of Chicago, seven District Judge Advocates were appointed.

When the system was complete it was composed of more than two hundred Illinois lawyers, all members of the Legion, all serving voluntarily and without compensation, all guided by the highest ethical conception of their duties as lawyers as well as that obligation of "devotion to mutual helpfulness"

pared to the total number of men who wore the uniform than is the total number of non-service-men offenders to the ranks of citizens who did not serve.

The facts established in Illinois confirm other investigations as to the ratio of service men offenders to non-service offenders. They confirm the findings of the superintendent of two New York reformatories, himself a World War veteran, who reported that one-sixth of the inmates of the two reformatories in the year immediately following the war were men who had served in the Army at home or in France. He cited, however, the fact that approximately one-fifth of the country's able-bodied men had been enrolled in service during the war, so that the percentage of service men in prison was lower than the percentage of stay-at-homes. Furthermore, he proved that of the imprisoned veterans one-half had been arrested and convicted at least once before they entered the service, and he asserted that most of these men would have been rejected for enlistment if intelligence tests had been properly conducted during the early days of the war.

The reformatory records also showed that of the sizable number of service men confined in the reformatories, not a single one had been imprisoned for shooting anyone, and only one in eight had been sentenced for robbery or carrying concealed weapons.

The policy of non-interference in criminal cases where all the facts prove a service man undeserving of any special Legion help has created public confidence in the Legion's legal service in Illinois. The Legion's intervention to save a mentally deranged veteran from prison and to obtain for him hospital care which will protect society against future misdeeds for which he could not be held accountable has likewise impressed citizens favorably. In the four principal institutions for the insane in Illinois, two of them conducted by the Veterans Bureau and two by the State, 1,400 insane service men of the World War are being cared for, and the unrecognized mentally ill and the borderline cases outside hospitals are so numerous that after many arrests the Legion has been justified in requesting that the judgment of neuro-psychiatrists be obtained before the long and involved processes of punishment have been invoked.

The records show that in case after case service men in Illinois have obtained legal help when all other agencies had failed them. What the individual could not do the strong right arm of the Legion has done for him. It has revealed the truth, prevented miscarriage of justice and beaten back oppression. In helping the widow get her insurance money, in assisting a crippled laborer to get compensation for his injuries, in lifting the shadow of misfortune from care-stricken homes, the Legion continues to give the full measure of unselfish service. The record in Illinois is one to inspire every Legionnaire who sees his organization upon the threshold of greater service to come.

The BULL'S EYE

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Editor WILL ROGERS

Who Won the War?

England and France, smoking ready made Cigarettes fought two and a half years and couldn't make the first down on Germany. Germany smoking old tow lines off of Ships, Sawdust, Cabbage leaves, Horse Blankets, and second hand Gun Powder couldn't make the grade. But when Americans arrived with no equipment and no training, but plenty "Bull" Durham, and nerve to burn it with, in Two weeks the French were trading Legion of Honor Medals for a sack of "Bull." One sack was worth two quarts of Iron Crosses. Englishmen have even been known to sacrifice their afternoon tea for a puff of "Bull" Durham. Even after the war an American Private, occupying the Ruhr, went into a German Restaurant and asked for a glass of Milk. He couldn't make the Waiter understand so he drew the picture of a Cow, and a Milk



Pail. The Waiter immediately returned with a bucket of Beer and a Sack of "Bull" Durham Tobacco. That Private was a better Artist than he thought he was.

Will Rogers

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KEEPING STEP

(Continued from page 56)

citizen of another land, he made the occasion of his presence in the United States an opportunity to make a notable contribution for the benefit of disabled American service men of the World War and the orphaned and needy children of veterans. In the midst of a triumphal concert tour, Paderewski interrupted his own efforts to regain the personal fortune he had given in the war to give four concerts for the benefit of The American Legion Endowment Fund. On December 31, 1925, his manager handed the Legion a check for \$28,600. And Paderewski is still comparatively a poor man. The last two years of striking success, marking his reappearance on the concert stage, have not restored to him the fortune—more than \$3,000,000—he had spent to help Poland in the war and after it.

In May, The American Legion had arranged to give an impressive testimonial dinner in New York City to honor Paderewski. On the day set for it Poland was in turmoil, and the master pianist, tired by his own physical exertions and wrought by anxiety for his native land, was ill in bed. In his bed-chamber, National Commander John R. McQuigg pinned upon his breast the Distinguished Service Medal of The American Legion and informed him that it was given in recognition of his services as "artist, patriot and humanitarian." An inscription on the medal recorded that it was given "with the high admiration and esteem of The American Legion."

Paderewski was moved to tears by the gift, and the National Commander and the small group of Legionnaires who accompanied him were also stirred by deep emotions.

Not long afterward Paderewski cancelled all arrangements for concerts and sailed for Europe. His departure marked the ending of one of the most unusual episodes in the history of music.

At the outbreak of the World War Paderewski closed the lid over the keyboard of his piano and he did not play for five years. The world of music had thought him lost forever. All through the war he worked for the eventual re-establishment of Poland as a nation. Five hundred thousand Poles died in the war. Paderewski built hospitals and bought food, medicines and clothing for the patients. He supported hundreds of widows and orphans from his private purse. Then came the Armistice. He had been made premier of the new land. He went to Paris as the champion of his people. He was one of the greatest figures of the peace conference.

It was said that Paderewski was several hundred thousand dollars in debt when the war ended. Manager and musicians shook their heads and said: "He can never come back to the concert stage." One American manager, George Engles, thought differently. He asked Paderewski to come to the United States for a concert tour. Music critics thought the proposal foolhardy. Insurance companies refused to cover the projected tour or set prohibitively high premium rates. But Paderewski came. He staged a comeback that is unparalleled in the annals of music. People stampeded box offices in every city where he was to appear. On this tour, Paderewski set a world's record in the amount received by a single artist at one performance. In San Francisco the audience, at regular box office prices, paid \$26,000 to hear him play for two hours.

THE Legion's Distinguished Service Medal has been bestowed upon nine persons. In addition to M. Paderewski those who received it are Marshal Foch



Eben Putnam of Massachusetts, ex-gold miner, genealogist, and National Historian of The American Legion

of France, Admiral Beatty of Great Britain, General Baron Jacques of Belgium, General Diaz of Italy, Charles Bertrand of France, founder-President of FIDAC, General John J. Pershing, Admiral R. E. Coontz of the United States Navy, and General Joseph Haller of Poland. The medal was first bestowed on the distinguished visitors of the Allied forces who were present at the Legion's National Convention in Kansas City in 1921. It was given to General Pershing at the New Orleans Convention in 1922, and to Admiral Coontz and General Haller at the San Francisco Convention in 1923.

IN 1920 it was decided that to make things more complete and satisfactory The American Legion should have a National Historian. The late and loved Fritz Galbraith was National Commander then. He appointed his old friend Eben Putnam, woodchopper and scholar, of Wellesley Farms, Massachusetts. Mr. Putnam had had some experience in the history line. He had been historian of his local post and of the Massachusetts Department. Furthermore he had been a student and writer of history all his days. For six years he has been the Legion's national archivist, and the files and folders of data which have sprouted and grown under his patient and expert custodianship comprise a remarkable record for the man a hundred years from now who will come nosing and prying around for sidelights on American life of the ancient era which began about 1919. Mr. Putnam had done enough browsing of that sort himself to know what the browser wants to find, and that is what he is storing by.

It is the object of these paragraphs to give Mr. Putnam a shot of his own medicine, paint his tonsils and mark him duty.

The first fact we stumble onto is that Eben Putnam was born in Salem, Massachusetts. Salem is one of the oldest towns in the United States and one of the oldest fashioned. It is older than Mr. Putnam, but not much older fashioned. Still, the Putnams have sort of grown up with Salem. John Putnam came over and settled there in 1640. He was the first of the line. Eben Putnam belongs to the ninth generation, and his grandchildren to the eleventh generation of Putnams in America. He does not have to go far outside of the history of his own family to have the history of New England at his command.

But New England history is not all the American history Eben Putnam

knows. He knows the West of the glamorous days which are gone as well as do most native Californians of this era. He was riding on a train in the Dakotas when the locomotive ran into a herd of buffalo and was stalled. He was only two or three years old then, but he was older the time a steamboat on the Missouri River hit a sand bar in Montana in 1885, and delayed him so that when he got back to Boston, school had already started and Eben grew up, as he explains it, practically without an education. He had been accepted by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but when he showed up late with Missouri River mud still on his shoes they would not take him in. So Eben became a clerk in a broker's office, passed on to the management of a printing and publishing house, became the business manager of the International Monthly (a very highbrow periodical), and later went in business for himself.

Mr. Putnam has knocked about the world freely, both on land and sea. He was in Ireland when the Spanish War broke out, and saw, lying off Queens-town Harbor, part of the Spanish fleet which threw our Atlantic coast into hysterics. Later he had some amusing experiences in France. The British were pro-American while the French were pro-Spanish, and consequently, says Mr. Putnam, French officials were excessively polite to all Americans. For several years he was a gold miner in California. Asked how he made out he showed this biographer a picture of a questionable looking character who needed a shave, pushing an ore car. He called attention to the fact that the ore car was empty. "That's me," he said. There is scarcely a State in the Union that this hard-shelled Yankee does not know almost as well as if he had lived there all his life.

When the war came in 1917 Mr. Putnam had been preparing himself in advance at the unofficial training camps at Plattsburg. He was all set to go into the engineers. He had spent years on engineering projects, but the first thing they asked was to see Mr. Putnam's college diploma. He did not bother to tell them the story about the steamboat hitting the sand bar. When the infantry, the cavalry and the artillery turned him down on account of age he was pretty blue. But he got in the Q. M., and that cheered him up. He was ordered to report to the Depot Quartermaster at Boston. That officer welcomed him with a beaming countenance.

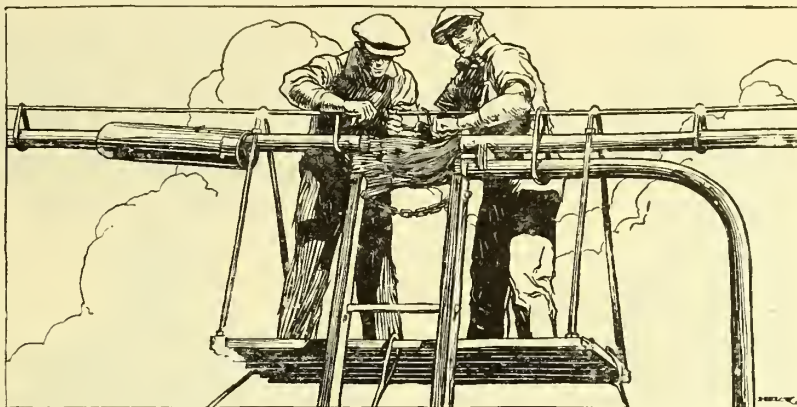
"Captain Putnam, you have saved our lives," said he. "Now just what branch of the textile manufacturing business are you an authority on?"

"I was never in a textile mill in my life, sir," said Captain Putnam.

The Depot Q. M. collapsed on his desk. "I asked Washington for a textile expert and they send me a man who knows *nothing*—*NOTHING*."

Captain Putnam went to France and his fiftieth birthday overtook him at the great de- (Continued on page 74)

Joining the wires in a great trunk nerve between New York and Chicago



The Nerves of a Nation

THE magnitude of our present system of telephone communication was beyond the thoughts of men fifty years ago. While at that time Bell, the inventor, had a prophetic vision of places and houses and factories connected by telephone, even he could not have foreseen the American city of skyscrapers with more telephones in one building than are to be found in many a foreign country.

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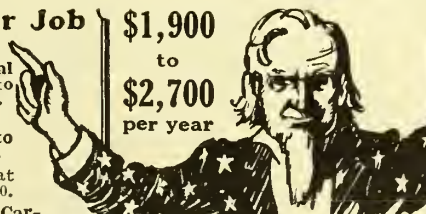
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KEEPING STEP

(Continued from page 73)

pot at Gièvres. He says he is glad that an ancestor of his pre-empted the nickname of "Old Put" during the Revolution.

All through his years of travel and activity in varied fields Mr. Putnam has been a student of history and genealogy. His house with thirteen gables at Wellesley Farms, thirteen miles from Boston, is a treasure chest of such material. Incidentally Mr. Putnam is the son of a famous man—the late Frederick W. Putnam, an eminent anthropologist, and the recipient of innumerable honors from scientific bodies in all parts of the world.

"Heredity, you know," said Mr. Putnam, "is an interesting study. For years I have been collecting data regarding the transmission of physical and mental traits from near and remote ancestors. Ability often skips one generation to appear in the next. You were just kind enough to speak of my father. I wish you would look up my two boys. They are still young fellows, but one is the head of a large public utility corporation and the other of a banking house."

IF you are passing through Cheyenne on a Friday, hop off and have lunch with us," is the word Post Adjutant L. E. Horton of Francis E. Self Post of Cheyenne, Wyoming, asks be broadcast. "Out of a membership of 250 we often have 150 at our Friday luncheons, and ours is the largest luncheon club in Cheyenne where Rotary, Kiwanis and the Lions also flourish. This is a division point of the Union Pacific and our luncheons are held in the Union Pacific Café. Traveling Legionnaires from all parts of the country have been our guests. This spring the club contributed \$1,800 to send the Cheyenne High School basketball team, winners of the Wyoming state championship, to Chicago to compete in the national championship games held under the auspices of the University of Chicago."

PERHAPS you are one of the thousands of Legionnaires who hope to go to Paris with The American Legion in 1927 but have to rely on the good will of the big chief of the company for which you work for an extension of your regular vacation period. Then here's good news for you. The biggest chief of all, no less a personage than your Uncle Sam, has already said that any of the tens of thousands of World War veterans working for him may have a special sixty-day leave of absence

in the autumn of 1927. Congress passed Public Law No. 258 to give this privilege to World War veterans.

Uncle Sam isn't the only big boss who has already agreed to let service men working for him have a little extra vacation time in 1927. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has announced it will permit all service men employees to obtain leaves of absence in addition to their regular vacation period in 1927 so that they may go to Paris and back. The Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago has made a similar announcement, offering extended 1927 vacations on full pay to those service men wishing to make the pilgrimage with the Legion.

Among the organizations which have adopted resolutions approving the movement to grant four-weeks vacations to employees wishing to attend the 1927 Paris convention are the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Federation of Labor, the United Mine Workers of America, and the International Typographical Union.

Not every service man wishing to make the 1927 convention trip to France may be able to make the neces-



sary arrangements if he waits until next year to spring the proposal on his employers, and Bowman Elder, General Chairman of the Legion's France Convention Committee, is advising everyone who has to make his own arrangements conditional upon those of the company employing him to obtain an understanding this year if possible. Four weeks is considered the shortest period of time that can be figured on.

INCIDENTALLY, the France Convention Committee wants to keep in touch with every Legionnaire and Auxiliary member who plans to go to Paris for

the convention in 1927. Everyone who is reasonably sure of going should fill out the coupon of the France Convention Committee published on page 67 and mail it immediately. Even if you are not sure of going at this time, it will be wise for you to send in one of the coupons properly filled out, so that you may receive the bulletins and announcements which will be issued by the committee from time to time. Sending in the coupon carries no obligation on your part.

PENNSYLVANIA on July 1st was leading the United States in the number of essays entered in The American Legion contest for the best essay on the subject "Why I Want to Go to France with The American Legion in 1927." California was a close second and New York was third. More than three hundred manuscripts had been received at National Headquarters in Indianapolis, and each mail was bringing more. Every State in the Union was represented.

The contest opened June 1st and will close September 15th. Three prizes, of \$350, \$150 and \$100 respectively, are being offered. The judges are William Allen White, Richard Henry Little and Frederick Palmer. The prizes are contributed by the seven steamship companies that will carry the thirty thousand Legionnaires of the Second A. E. F. to France in September, 1927.

A line from one of the essays expresses the sentiment in a majority of them. It reads: "I want to take pictures of the graves of my company and send them to the nearest relatives."

IN LAST month's magazine we told something of the speedy ambulance which David C. Harrison Post of Smyrna, Delaware, is operating for the benefit of its own and adjoining communities. As proof that the spirit of Harrison Post is typical of the Legion spirit throughout Delaware, we now have figures showing that the Delaware Department on June 15th led all the other departments in comparative membership records. On that date, Delaware had enrolled 1,025 Legionnaires, as contrasted with its membership average of 492 for the preceding four years, a gain of 203.33 percent for this year over the average of the four years.

This showing gives to Delaware first place at the Philadelphia National Convention in October in housing accommodations, seating in the convention auditorium and position in the convention parade.

Florida, true to its own traditions,

gave Delaware a hard race for first place. It won second place with a percentage of 161.21. It had 11,717 members on June 15th, as contrasted with an average of 7,268 members for the four preceding years. Idaho won third place with a percentage of 150.70.

Twenty-three departments on June 15th had memberships exceeding their average memberships of the four preceding years. In addition to Delaware, Florida and Idaho they were, in order: France, Wyoming, West Virginia, Arizona, Colorado, Canada, Philippine Islands, Alabama, Georgia, Panama, Connecticut, Oregon, Oklahoma, Utah, Kansas, North Carolina, Tennessee, Nevada, Illinois and Maine.

Unquestionably the smaller departments had an advantage over the larger departments in the membership race ending June 15th, which determines the assignments in housing accommodations, seating in the convention auditorium and position in the parade at the National Convention. For example, Delaware's total of 1,025 members on June 15th was equalled or almost equalled by each of four posts in Florida. On June 19th Department Adjutant Howard Rowton of Florida reported that the Miami post had 1,172 members, Tampa 1,127, Jacksonville 1,001 and St. Petersburg 938. The four posts combined had a membership of 4,238. However, it must be remembered that Florida in turn possesses a distinct advantage over the giants among the departments—New York, Illinois and Pennsylvania.

Incidentally, Illinois has made an exceptional membership record this year. On June 15th it had 50,779 members, 1,332 more than its average membership for the preceding four years. Substantially ahead of New York on a percentage comparison, it managed to keep ahead of New York also on actual enrollment up to within a few weeks of June 15th. New York, however, on June 15th had 52,352 enrolled. Its average enrollment of the four preceding years was 62,616. Pennsylvania on June 15th had 48,151 members, or approximately 93 percent of its four-year average of 51,780. The race between New York, Illinois and Pennsylvania during the rest of the year will be worth watching.

IDAHO will go to the Philadelphia convention proud of its possession of the Henry D. Lindsley trophy, which it won in the national membership contest which ended at midnight of February 28th—a trophy which, incidentally, came mighty near being West Virginia's. But there are four other national trophies which will be won by departments which manage to keep on making membership gains despite summer vacations and hot weather. The 1926 ownership of the MacNider Trophy, the D'Oiler Trophy, the Emery Trophy and the North Carolina Trophy will be decided on the department membership figures of September 11th—a date which is thirty days be- (Continued on page 76)

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KEEPING STEP

(Continued from page 75)

fore the gavel falls at the opening session at Philadelphia.

The Lindsley Trophy is awarded annually to the department having by midnight of February 28th the highest percentage of its membership of the preceding year. The MacNider Trophy will be awarded to the department whose membership on September 11th bears the highest percentage to its membership on December 31, 1925.

The D'Olier Trophy will be awarded to the department which on September 11th has attained the highest percentage of membership of the eligible service men in its department.

The North Carolina Trophy is awarded to the department outside the limits of the continental United States that has on September 11th obtained the highest percentage of members as compared with its membership for December 31, 1925.

Plenty of rewards for the departments which have done the most to make this year the Legion's biggest and best membership year—which it is.

JUNE 21st was an epochal day in Legion history. On that day the Legion's membership for 1926 surpassed the entire membership which the organization had at the end of 1925. In less than the first six months of 1926 the Legion, therefore, enrolled as many members as it had enrolled in the entire twelve months of 1925. That fact was the fulfillment of hopes and prophecies. The Omaha National Convention last October set for National Commander John R. McQuigg as his foremost task the job of making a substantial membership increase this year. With the help of the majority of the departments, that result has already been achieved, and, as this is written, everything indicates that the organization will have by the time of the National Convention in Philadelphia, October 11th to 15th, a hundred thou-

sand or more members than it has today.

The Legion ended 1925 with six hundred and nine thousand members. For five years there had been a gradual decline in annual enrollment. The attaining of the previous year's membership this June, therefore, is significant, marking as it does the checking of the downward membership curve and the beginning of the prophesied upward curve.

MANY reasons have been given for the gradual loss of membership in preceding years. A survey recently conducted by the Department of Nebraska calls attention to one of the most important causes. In Nebraska, under the direction of Department Commander J. R. Kinder, letters of inquiry were sent to several thousand men whom records showed as members in 1925 who had not renewed their mem-

berships for 1926. It was learned that a surprising number of the stragglers were no longer living in the communities in which they had previously held membership in Legion posts. Moving into new communities, many of them had neglected to form contacts with posts in these communities. If every post adjutant were to supply each member moving from his town with the official membership transfer certificate, enabling him automatically to form new Legion affiliations in his new home, thousands of members would be saved annually.

What holds true in Nebraska is true in the rest of the country. The automobile has made it easy to change residence. Americans are becoming more and more migratory. The Legion, being composed of men comparatively young, includes a large percentage of the men in each community who are able, with least sacrifice, to go where opportunity calls.

"VERMONT is very proud of Randolph Post and wants to tell the rest of the Legion why," writes Kenneth H. Wheelock, Department Adjutant, prefacing an account of the mili-

tary ball give by Randolph Post. "Located in the Green Mountains in a village of only 1,500 persons, and having only 48 members, Randolph Post this season conducted a military ball which had so many unusual features that it is still being talked about," adds Mr. Wheelock. "The military ball was the climax of a series of dances. The post obtained the co-operation of the Army officials at Fort Ethan Allen, the students at the University of Vermont and Norwich University interested in military affairs, and two of the companies of the state militia. On the night of the ball five organizations were represented by squads, each man fully equipped and carefully policed. Governor Frank S. Billings and his military staff were among the



Legionnaire Gene Tunney, about to depart from New York for the Pacific Coast and the capital of Filmdom to be a motion-picture hero, shakes hands with Commander Clarence B. Smith, Jr., of William Bradford Turner Post, Garden City, New York, of which Tunney is a member. At the left is Past Commander Wilbur T. Wrightson of Turner Post

guests, who also included the department officials of the Legion.

"The ball opened with the advancement of the colors by members of Randolph Post and closed with retirement of the colors, although dancing started earlier and lasted later than these ceremonies. Spectators, however, got the biggest enjoyment out of the competitive drills, which were the features the post advertised throughout its section of the State. First, the five squads drilled in three sections. Then, in the drill-down, the forty men were placed in two rows facing each other, one row on each side of the hall, with the judges and the drillmaster in the center. The commands were given for a short period before the judges started making eliminations. When the eliminations started, the judges waved aside the contestants for the slightest slip. Soon most of the contestants had faded away, and at the finish but two were left—one man from the University of Vermont and the other from Norwich University. The latter won."

Isn't there an idea in Mr. Wheelock's account which will appeal to posts looking for new features to make post dances interesting?

A GOOD idea is worth hanging on to, is the opinion of Walter L. Fox Post of Dover, Delaware, which held this spring for the third time a Better Homes Show in which all the merchants of its town co-operated. "As in the two preceding years," reports Post Historian H. H. Hanson, "the show was held in the state armory. Merchants rented booths assigned and designated by the post, most of them ten feet square and renting for \$25 each. The show was advertised in the newspapers for three weeks and the admission charge of ten cents was only nominal, since most of those who attended presented tickets which were distributed free by the merchants.

"The exhibitors included builders and contractors, lumber and cement dealers, radio and music houses, hardware dealers, furniture dealers, independent lighting and refrigeration plants, grocers and bakers and those in many other lines of business.

"The post's Auxiliary unit each year has a booth at which it sells ice cream, home-made candy and other things. This year the unit made a profit of \$100. The post itself made \$500. It is using the money to furnish a room, to be known as the Walter L. Fox Post Room, in a new hospital in Dover."

ASK Harry T. Samson, Past Commander of Providence (Rhode Island) Post, about Happyland. When Mr. Samson became commander of his post in 1925, one of the principal problems he faced was the use to be made of the large ocean-front house and twenty acres of land at Quonset Point, down Narragansett Bay, which had been

given to the post in 1920. Because of the distance from the city and the abandonment of trolley service which had served the post's "country club," members had fallen out of the habit of using it. Commander Samson solved the problem. A large detail of Legionnaires journeyed to the club and began the work of improving the property. In a month's time the building had new plumbing equipment, a new water supply system, new bed linen, bedroom equipment, cribs, a new range, a new chimney, two or three new rooms, a new porch and large awnings to keep the sun out. They renamed it "Happyland" and opened it for the families of service men living in the crowded city, principally for the children of disabled men. It accommodated thirty-five or forty children and eight or nine mothers at a time.

George W. Watson, director of physical education in the public schools of Providence, was named director. A house mother, two play directors, two cooks, a nurse and a caretaker were selected. Most of the work of administration was done at the post's headquarters in Providence by Ethel L. Band, who has been the post's full-time welfare secretary since 1920. Public support of the project came swiftly. One company sent several employees to the camp to assist with the work and paid their wages while they were there. The president of a department store sent a check for \$500. Members of the post, who had contributed \$4,000 to The American Legion Endowment Fund only a few weeks before, contributed \$1,000 for the camp, and \$1,000 was also appropriated from the post's own funds. State aid was also obtained.

SHARPER than serpents' teeth are the letters which Dr. William H. Braddock, Adjutant of Roy Anderson Post of Yankton, South Dakota, keeps hurling at your chronicler, the umpire of post publicity, and we're going to get sore if any more of Dr. Braddock's verbal pop bottles clip our ears. All Dr. Braddock does between patients out in Yankton, apparently, is to keep his post growing—it doubled its 1925 membership earlier in the year—and devise new ways of denouncing us for not printing more news about what his outfit is doing.

To date, Dr. Braddock has insulted us as follows: (a) For not finding the space to tell the Legion how his outfit sailed its own boat down the Missouri River to the Omaha National Convention; (b) for inadequately telling how his outfit is trying, with Congressional aid, to abduct the good frigate *Constitution* ("Old Ironsides") from her present berth on the Atlantic Seaboard to give her a permanent home in Yankton Harbor; (c) for declining to get excited because Yankton is going to get the 1927 convention of the Department of South Dakota, for which it started a cam- (Continued on page 78)

Gene Tunney Says



You are to be congratulated for the wonderful benefits you are offering to the world. I have met a number of your students and each and everyone of them has the highest praise for your course. After investigating your system myself, I joined them.

If anyone is run down and wants to better himself physically and wants to develop his muscles and strength, he should not hesitate in becoming your pupil.

You have my best wishes always for everlasting success.

Yours truly,
(Signed)
Gene Tunney.

Liederman Says

Strong men are not born, they are made—he makes them, that is why he is called "the muscle builder." He will rebuild your body from head to foot. He will fill you full of pep so that you will have that springy step. You will bubble over with life. He guarantees to put one solid inch of muscle on your arm the first thirty days and two inches on your chest during the same period of time. Think what he will do for you in sixty days. This is not idle prattle, because Liederman is doing it every day. You want health, you want strength, you want popularity—here's your chance to get it and you can get it quick.

**Send For My New Book
MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT
64 Pages—It's FREE**

Without a single cent of cost, I will send Legion men who write, a copy of my big 64 page book on "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT." It contains over four dozen full page photographs of myself and some of my prize winning pupils whom I have trained. This book will prove an impetus and inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through and it is yours to keep after you get it without any strings or obligations. For your health sake, send today—write now before you turn this page—rush coupon.

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Dear Sir—Please send me absolutely FREE and without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

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KEEPING STEP

(Continued from page 77)

paign early this year (we'll bet she gets it if somebody doesn't duel Dr. Braddock to death); (d) for not warming up to his suggestion that the magazine publish a history of Yankton Post which is to be written by that eminent historian and Legionnaire and Roy H. Anderson Post member, Joseph Mills Hanson; (e) for various and sundry other reasons.

Dr. Braddock got that way by serving with the Black Watch, the hardest-boiled outfit on the Western Front, whose motto, he says, is "Nemo me impune lacessit," meaning "You can't punch me in the jaw and get away with it."

All mail from Yankton for the next few weeks after this is published will be carefully soaked in a water-bucket before being opened.

YOU don't have to be a prophet to know the reason why The American Legion Auxiliary some day will be larger than The American Legion. Thomas W. English, who won the Medal of Honor for bravery in the Philippines and served also in the World War, is a member of Johnstown (Pennsylvania) Post, and his son is also a member of the post. But Mr. English has added seven members to his post's Auxiliary unit—two daughters, four grand-daughters and one great grand-daughter.

IT was a hard job that was handed to the new commander of Windsor (Missouri) Post this year. He had to try to keep his post going at the pace set for it last year when its skipper was no hard-boiled ex-top sergeant but a former nurse in the A. E. F., Miss Edna Schiernberg. The first thing Miss Schiernberg did after she was elected was to lead her post in establishing a tourists' camp for Windsor, a project on which the post spent \$1,500. Miss Schiernberg didn't know a thing about tourists' camps when the project was first suggested, but she went to Kansas City, interviewed anybody and everybody who knew about them and came back home with a book full of notes. Miss Schiernberg also devised a formula all her own for making post meetings popular. After the usual unfinished business and new business and all that have been disposed of, she brings out a camp stove and cooks hamburgers for the boys, with coffee on the side. She isn't post commander now, but she is still the post's cook.

LEGIONNAIRE George L. Welcker of Knoxville (Tennessee) Post went down into Florida not so long ago and when he reached the town of Bradenton he found he wasn't a stranger in a strange land. "I found in this town, which calls itself 'the Friendly City,' Kirby-Stewart Post of The American Legion," relates Mr. Welcker. "I got the friendliest and most cordial welcome I have ever had. At the first meeting I attended I was asked to tell something about my home post in Tennessee, so I told what we had been doing up in Knoxville with our American Legion Luncheon Club, with its meetings on one noon in each week. The idea sounded good to Bradenton Post apparently, because it started a luncheon club of its own. Twenty-five Legionnaires attended the first luncheon. Four months later I went back to Bradenton on the day I knew the luncheon club was supposed to



meet. But when I went to the hotel where the first meeting had been held, the manager told me sadly the Legionnaires were no longer with him—his dining room had proved too small. He directed me to the largest winter hotel in Bradenton. Here I found a large dining room completely filled with Legionnaires, and I was told that one hundred or more men were at each meeting. I give these facts simply to let you know something of the spirit in the Legion down here, and what I found in Bradenton is evidenced in nearly the same degree throughout Florida.

ON June 15th J. P. Gomez, Deputy Collector of United States Customs at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, sat down at his typewriter in the hope that he might make a modest record.

In front of him was the *Saturday*

Evening Post for June 26th, which had just reached him. Living in the Virgin Islands, apparently, enables one to get his *Saturday Evening Post* a bit earlier than it comes to most of us in Wisconsin or Oklaiois. Mr. Gomez tapped the keys of his typewriter:

"I was happy whilst reading the *Saturday Evening Post*," he wrote, "to find your advertisement, and I now take pleasure in inclosing a money order for one year's subscription to The American Legion Monthly. I am proud to be the first subscriber for The American Legion Monthly in one of our far-off possessions."

Mr. Gomez may feel a bit prouder, for the circumstance that delivered to him his *Saturday Evening Post* nine days before it reached the people of the United States makes his record even better than he had hoped it would be. He has the honor of being the first non-Legionnaire subscriber in the world to The American Legion Monthly.

Mr. Gomez's letter, mailed on June 15th, reached the Monthly's publication offices in Indianapolis on June 22d, at a time when the issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* containing the first advertisement published announcing the new magazine had not come into the hands of its readers living in the States.

IN the first number of The American Legion Monthly we introduced through this sector of the magazine eleven Legionnaires who were included among contributors. Several of them are back again in this number, as a glance at the names on the contents page will indicate. Get set now for some new introductions . . . Percy Grainger, who wrote the appreciation of Paderewski, is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Fairfax Downey, author of "Marie Remembers," belongs to Second Division Post of New York City . . . Woodward Boyd joined a women's post in Chicago early in the Legion's history. Mrs. Boyd was serving in the Signal Corps of the Army just at the close of the war—in training to be a telephone operator in France. The closest she got to France during the war was Evanston, Illinois, but after the war she and her husband lived for a time on the really sunny Riviera . . . James G. Harbord is a member of Louis E. Davis Post of Bloomington, Illinois, his birthplace . . . Philip Von Blon belongs to Wyandot Post of Upper Sandusky, Ohio . . . Gene Tunney is a charter member of William Bradford Turner Post, Garden City, New York.

RIGHT GUIDE

Marie Remembers

(Continued from page 31)

When we reached the address, fifteen francs, figuring up to about fifty-five cents, paid off the taxi, in which we must have driven at least three miles. In an office we inquired for Madame Marie.

"What does she do?" an official demanded in French which exceeded the speed limit. "There are many girls who work here."

The French word for clerk was AWOL from my vocabulary, so I said, "She writes." Whereupon, and somewhat disconcertingly, he wanted to know if she wore spectacles, which word I was fortunate enough to remember when the official shot it at me.

"It's eight years since I've seen her," I declared, "and they may have wished a pair of 'em on her."

Forthwith Marie was summoned and arrived in person. Older, naturally. Matronly. But she took off the specs and the brown eyes still danced. She gave me a quick once over and through her head must have run the thought: "Older, naturally. Not in a uniform any more, of course. Probably would be too tight for him now. But none other than my godson of the war."

For a second or so I thought she was not going to recognize me. It struck me that it would be as if General Pershing, or whoever it was, upon proclaiming "Lafayette, we are here!" had heard a cold voice from the tomb remarking, "I didn't quite catch the name." But Marie registered and said "Oh!" in a tone of pleased surprise, and I felt I had not fought the war in vain.

We visited as long as office hours would stand the strain. My marraine had let her English slide. The consequent interpreting necessary between her and the wife was a severe strain on my French and it barely made the grade. Marie, it developed, had a baby. I spread the news to her that we now had two. After that my linguistic talent collapsed utterly. It is not wise to start two women talking about their children when the only way they can do it is through you.

We left after having promised to come and call on Marie in her home. She said she would write us when to come. She did, but we could not make the date she mentioned. Calling later on upon her and her husband we found them out, but I soon was blessed with the following missive when she was informed we had been there. It must be quoted, as is:

Mon cher Filleul

My mary [mari, i. e., husband] and me have regret to be absent yesterday when you are coming at our home with Madame.

You make it we great pleasure to accept coming at our home Thursday a 20 h $\frac{1}{2}$ drink coffee or you

not coming this day have the kindness write what day you coming but not the Sunday because coming visit my boy at the campaign.

Mon mari et moi vous présentons à vous et à Madame nos meilleurs amitiés et espérons vous voir prochainement.

Your sincerely

To that delightful example of English as she is writ, with its final Gallic paragraph in the nature of a sigh of relief, I made response. To quote part of that answer is the sporting thing to do:

Ma chère Marraine:

Votre lettre était reçu ce matin. Nous regrettons beaucoup que nous ne serons pas en ville, mais nous reviendrons. Peut-être Madame et moi pouvons vous faire un petite visite l'apresmidi samedi tard, mais ne restez-vous pas chez vous pour nous, parceque n'est pas bien sûr.

That was positively my primest effort in the best traditions of A. E. F. French, but something told me that to Marie it must have been much funnier than some of the jokes in *La Vie Parisienne*, if any.

But she did understand it, as I discovered when we called as advertised. We took a taxi there and I gave the address to the driver with a flourish. Disconcertingly he repeated it in English and admitted to having lived seven years in London. But those little things will happen and should not discourage conversation in the language of the natives.

We climbed six flights of stairs and Marie received us in the tiny single room that was her home, bedroom, dining room, parlor, kitchen and all. Her husband, kept late at work, did not arrive. She furnished tea and we furnished a box of chocolates, and a fine conversation was had by all, with a dictionary brought forward to clear up the knotty points and get us across snags. There was the weather, of course, and the war to be discussed. There were taxes and prohibition, and Marie said her people were happy in spite of the former and we said we were in spite of the latter. An entertaining and a talkative call it was, and well worth the severe wear and tear on my shoulders as a result of the necessary gestures.

WHEN the members of The American Legion go to Paris next year for their National Convention they will hear from high personages assurances of the friendship of France. Even if I can't be there, I will have heard them already from my godmother of the war.

How I Saved Half My Coal!

"I had a hot air furnace in our house before I got the Bulldog and our 7-room house was always cold. With the Bulldog it only takes half as much coal and we had weather below zero, and the house was nice and warm in the morning when we got up. We never have the draft on more than a half hour at a time and it has the place red hot.

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A Personal View

(Continued from page 37)

SOME THINGS A vacation is not. It is not taking your work and worries with you. A man may own a whole county

Have You Had Yours?

and an ocean liner and yet not be able to do that. Some things a vacation is. It is putting the daily grind behind you. It is sitting back in billets letting the others fight the war until it is your turn to go into battle again. It is happiness. Some men may have that for the price of a fishing rod.

YALE IS AN old and a great college. It has room for only one-third of the students who can pass its entrance examinations and want to enter. Men who were in Yale and whose fathers were, and men of wealth

Keeping Faith with Eli

and position, want their sons in Yale. Her students might be picked from those born with silver spoons. But such influences have been successfully resisted. One-third of Yale students, a recent statement shows, are working their way through, all or in part. This is one of the reasons why Yale is great as well as old. So Eli Yale, the founder, wanted it to be. So it is—about thirty percent—in many other great colleges. America is still the land of opportunity.

BECAUSE I QUOTED the fulminations of a college free thinkers' society making sport of God and religion—wasn't that what they wanted?

They Scoff at Religion

—a man in Ogdensburg, New York, writes in to say that instead of venting my scorn upon them and Sinclair Lewis, whom they so much admire, I would do well "to save the major portion for the whole bunch of religious cry-babies and weeping churchmen."

"Was the atheist soldier less qualified to face realities than his more orthodox comrade?" my correspondent asks. "Do you consider Franklin, Jefferson and Lincoln poor types of Americans? During my four years of service in the Regular Army, of which nearly two years were spent in France, I had occasion to come in contact with a great many freethinkers who were splendid soldiers and splendid Americans. The largest portion of these were officers who had faced 'realities.' They were, presumably, a more intellectual class than the rank and file."

Ours is a free country in which every man's religious views are between himself and his God or between himself and his intellect, as in my correspondent's case. Soldier that he was, holding fellowship and respect, it seems to me that he has missed something. But he

has had his say as a veteran. So the young collegians had their say without anyone persecuting them for chattering at God Almighty. They were not veterans. I find that Sinclair Lewis, the novelist, had no war record. And Lincoln an atheist? Lincoln who invoked the aid of the Heavenly Father to comfort the mothers of dead soldiers?

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE SENT his son to the Citizens' Training Camps last year and General Pershing sends his son this year. The Council of Churches is out against combat drill for college students; it thinks

The Real and Unreal

drill should be restricted to the parade ground. Comes a correspondent from Lynn, Massachusetts, in defense of Dr. Cadman's views against compulsory military training in colleges as one who had college training before the war and served in a Regular Army division in France. He opposes college drill because it is all parade-ground strutting—"across the parade ground at the head of a company under admiring eyes of co-eds. If the training consisted of a maximum of digging ditches in oozy ground and sleeping in them, twenty-mile hikes with full packs, machine-gun, hand-grenade and rifle practice, gas-mask drill and other accompaniments of real warfare, the courses would be more useful and less popular."

That is precisely the reality that I advocated as the best preparation for war and the best warning to keep out of war. It is the kind of curriculum which the students are getting in their summer camps of today if they were not before the war.

No MINCING OF words by this Legionnaire. He has earned the right to be heard. He commands a post in Georgia

Straight from the Shoulder

that has every ex-service man in the county on the rolls. So his idea would apply better elsewhere than in his own region. Probably he speaks out of realization of what hard work he had to make his record.

"Our experience," he says, "is that as soon as a Legionnaire secures governmental benefits his interest in the Legion lags. Our most active members have never received nor have they applied for governmental benefits."

He asks "if gratitude has become a lost virtue in view of the fact that most of the legislation passed by Congress has been fostered and supported by the Legion," and why it is "so hard to secure aid when it is wanted, but that a full attendance may be expected when the chow call sounds?"

Lest we forget—forgetfulness being a most common human failing. Think-

ing in terms of the way things are done in Washington, how much veteran legislation along practical constructive lines should we have had without the Legion and its power of organization? How much attention would the disabled have received? Would there have been adjusted compensation? The right method in Washington is to be firm and reasonable in your demands, and that has been the Legion method.

HAVE YOU EVER felt a sense of devotion in the presence of a stalwart old tree? Do you remember some old tree

A Mighty Old Veteran

that was a landmark of your childhood days and how you thrilled to find it still standing among all the changes on your return home or your pang to find that it was gone? A man bought a piece of land recently at Oyster Bay, Long Island, which included something that it took longer to build than all the cities of America. It was an oak four hundred years old—an oak that was old when

Virginia and New England were first settled. Theodore Roosevelt used to visit it and sit under its shade. It is a child compared to the California redwoods, but not compared to any human being.

IN THE EARLY days of Chicago the Board of Aldermen gave up the right of way along the lake front to a railroad

Guard the White Coal

for a song. That made the beautiful shore, which should have been made a people's playground and breathing spot, an unsightly barrier to the water. Those erring aldermen could not realize how the city would grow or how valuable the lake front would become. They lacked the imagination which some of us may lack today about the future of white coal. Guard our water power, or future generations may look back on our mistakes with the same feelings as Chicago, which is now paying hundreds of millions to recover and beautify what the aldermen gave away for a song.

Ready, Sir

(Continued from page 29)

been hit. But the Kentuckian was untouched and was merely demanding another shot.

The friends of the two men came together again. All hands, excepting Mr. Menefee, of the Graves party, urged that the contest should cease. Dr. Foltz, Graves's surgeon, particularly denounced the idea of continuing. Both contestants had proved their valor. Honor, he said, had been upheld. But Graves insisted on another shot unless Cilley would comply with his demand. Wise proposed to shorten the distance. At eighty yards they might shoot all day. The distance was shortened greatly—no record says how greatly, but the witnesses said the men stood "very nearly together."

At the word, Graves drew and fired quickly. Cilley wobbled and dropped his rifle. He clasped his hands to his abdomen and fell on his face.

"I am shot."

In three minutes he was dead.

The corpse of Mr. Cilley was lifted into one of the hacks. With four living men it rode back to town. Mr. Jones, the second, had one more duty to perform. He wrote to Mrs. Cilley, who was in Maine. It was the custom to spare women the anxiety of any knowledge of a duel until the issue had been decided.

A student of the duel will observe an unusual feature about this meeting. That is the range at which the first two shots were exchanged. Eighty yards



was extreme. That must have been the "unusual and objectionable" item in the terms concerning which Mr. Graves had complained. It will be observed that this complaint was justified. Nothing was settled until the distance was shortened. For two men who harbored no personal animosity to fight over a technical point of honor added a certain zest to the meeting, but this by no means was without precedent. Stephen Decatur, one of our greatest naval commanders, lost his life that way.

Duels—"meetings", to employ the decorous language of the Code—were a recognized adjunct to intercourse among gentlemen in the United States in 1838—and had been for a long time before, and continued to be for a long time afterward. Of course, a certain amount of deploring was done. Meetings always were to be "regretted," and seconds were bound by the Code to "exhaust every amicable means" of reconciling the principals, so that actually gentlemen never repaired to the field except when "necessary" to the maintenance of honor. In most States laws against duelling

appeared early—and before the practice died out all States had outlawed it. Legislation, however, did not stop duelling. To accept or send a challenge was punishable by disagreeable penalties. To slay a man in a duel was murder. But the history of hundreds of duels in America exhibits not one convic- (Continued on page 82)

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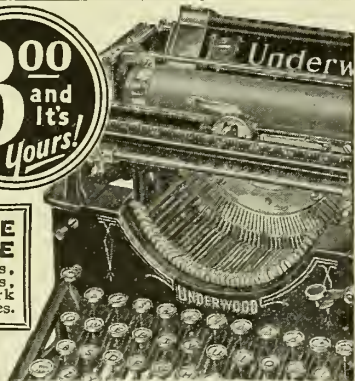
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Ready, Sir

(Continued from page 81)

tion for murder, and, I think, not to exceed four or five court actions of any kind. A number of duellists, however, like Aaron Burr, destroyed themselves by their "victories".

But these hazards notwithstanding, during the duelling era only a few outstanding personages, other than clergymen, were able publicly to combat the practice and refuse challenges without losing caste as cowards or cranks. The picturesque and many-sided Sam Houston, of Texas, strangely enough, was an influential anti-duellist. In his young days, when in Congress from Tennessee, he fought a duel with a prominent politician and seriously wounded him. Houston said that cured him. In the course of his stormy life he received several challenges. Some he declined with humor, some with irony, some with contempt. "I never fight down hill," was one of his responses. Yet no sane man ever questioned Sam Houston's personal courage or his readiness to face physical danger, sometimes on rather obscure occasions. But he was a rarity. Taken all in all, there were occasions when a gentleman had to fight.

Ten paces, which is twenty-five feet, was the usual distance for a meeting and pistols the usual weapons. Burr fought Alexander Hamilton at that distance. Andrew Jackson killed Charles Dickinson at twenty-four feet. Captains Barron and Decatur, of the Navy, stood eight paces apart, as a convenience to Barron, who was near-sighted. The old flintlocks used in these encounters were murderous weapons when they hit. Burr and Hamilton fought with pistols of regulation duelling size. They were of English manufacture, sixteen

inches long and fifty-two calibre. They would have given a modern marksman a lot of trouble, but everybody used firearms then. With these clumsy instruments the old timer was as good a shot at close range as the average man is nowadays with the most improved weapon.

On their way to settle their difficulties Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson were to pass over the same route to the meeting ground, near Adairville, Tennessee. Dickinson made it a point to go ahead. He entertained his seconds by placing an ace of spades against a tree and sending four shots through the black spot at twenty-four feet, cutting a piece of twine at the same distance, and so on. The evidences of these feats of marksmanship were left where Jackson might see them when he came along. Dickinson was one of the best shots of his time, and he had spent weeks in practicing especially for this occasion. He thought he had everything figured out. Jackson was a good shot, too, but not so good as Dickinson. Both were men of perfect courage. They were unspeakably angry, eager to fight and eager to kill. By his remarks about Mrs. Jackson, Dickinson deliberately had invited the challenge, and boasted of how he intended to get rid of Jackson. The duel took place in May of 1806.

Jackson was a spare man, and wore loose-fitting coats so he would not look so slender. By the terms of the meeting, the pistols were to be held downward until the word fire, when each was privileged to draw and fire at will. Those were hard terms. At the word Dickinson drew and fired instantly. He had practiced that shot a thousand times, and was as certain of himself as



An old print of the Gwinnett-McIntosh duel, evidently the work of an artist who was a Gwinnett partisan or who was forced to draw heavily on his imagination

sunrise. A fleck of dust rose from the breast of Jackson's coat, but not a muscle of his lean face moved. He slowly raised his pistol.

Dickinson recoiled a step, horror-stricken.

"My God, have I missed him?"

"On your mark, sir," commanded Jackson's second, presenting his pistol at Dickinson.

Pale as a ghost, Dickinson stepped to the line.

Jackson aimed very deliberately at the lower part of Dickinson's torso. He pulled, but the hammer stopped at half-cock. He drew it back, sighted again and fired. Dickinson whirled about and sank to the ground.

Not until then was it discovered that Jackson's left boot was full of blood. A bullet had passed through his body, just missing the heart. Dickinson's aim had been perfectly true. He simply had neglected to allow for the loose-fitting coat.

Jackson was the only duellist who became President, but in 1842 Abraham Lincoln was challenged by a cantankerous young politician named James Shields who, a few years later, was to be given a chance to work off steam in the Mexican War. Lincoln was in the Illinois Legislature. When Shields's second delivered the hostile message he said he wanted to tell Lincoln, as a favor, that he had better decline this duel because Shields was a dangerous man and out for blood. Mr. Lincoln really should decline, even at the expense of a little temporary humiliation. Lincoln must have been glad to get this information, because he made such good use of it. In a couple of days Shields's second had Mr. Lincoln's note. He accepted the challenge, naming as weapons "cavalry broadswords of the largest size." The contestants were to stand toe-to-toe and whack away. But the bloodthirsty Shields allowed outside parties to step in and compose the difficulty otherwise.

The selection of fearsome weapons did not always have a happy result, however. In 1852 an army colonel chose bowie knives for a meeting with a major. The latter accepted and was stabbed to death. Rapier were widely used in Louisiana, reflecting the French influence. Two of the finest looking trees in Audubon Park, New Orleans, today are known, with historical correctness, as the Duelling Oaks.

The classic bowie knife was an invention of Jim Bowie, who is a legend in the Southwest, where the name of man and knife is pronounced Boo-ey. Jim Bowie would fight on any occasion, on any pretext and with any weapons. He was a handsome blond giant, a man of education and polish and the restless spirit of an aristocratic Maryland family. He appeared in the Southwest

in the early 1820's, dividing his time between the camps of the frontier and the fashionable society of French New Orleans. His movements are difficult to trace. They sometimes concerned slave smuggling and like delicate matters, which, while perhaps only technically illegal because of the broad-minded state of local public opinion, nevertheless entailed some privacy. He joined Sam Houston's epic war for Texan independence and fell in battle at the Alamo in 1836.

Whilst recovering from gunshot wounds as a result of a meeting in Natchez, Mr. Bowie recalled an occasion in which he had been obliged to stab a fellow traveler. He had struck with such force that his hand had slipped from the handle of the knife over the blade, nearly severing

Bowie's thumb. It occurred to him that a guard on the handle of the knife would have averted this discomfiture. So he asked for a piece of soft pine, and as he lay in bed he diverted himself by whittling out a pattern of a knife which, if handled properly, would wound only the man it was wielded against. A Natchez blacksmith named Blackman copied the model in steel, and that was the beginning of the bowie knife. The date, for the information of collectors, is 1827.

Jim Bowie is, as I say, a legend, and on the subject of his exploits it is difficult to know what and what not to believe. Here is a story about him told by an old Mississippi River steamboat captain. It was the spring of 1833, and a young gentleman of Natchez was returning from New York with his bride. They had been on their honeymoon. A number of planters about Natchez had entrusted the young man with their collections, so on the way back on the packet *Orleans* he carried about fifty thousand dollars in cash. At Louisville a poker game was suggested and the young man sat in. River poker in those days usually was played with twenty cards—the face cards and ten-spots of the deck. After winning for a while our friend began to lose. He sent good money after bad until he had lost not only his own capital but nearly all of that of his neighbors.

At Vicksburg a quiet, sedately dressed individual got on and began to watch the card game.

In a few hours the bridegroom was cleaned out. The stranger offered to take his place. He played for a while, and presently an interesting set of hands was dealt. Bets were made, raised and reraised until there was one hundred thousand dollars in the pot. (That was a large pot, but there have been larger ones in the heyday of the high price of cotton and Mississippi River steamboat gambling.) The stranger reached out as if to make (Continued on page 84)



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Ready, Sir

(Continued from page 83)

another bet, but instead, quick as lightning, he seized the wrist of a player opposite him and compelled him to lay his cards. Without saying anything more Bowie scooped the money from the table into his hat.

The man he had caught cheating was a notorious professional gambler. The other players were confederates. They objected, and something was said about a fight. The stranger said this would be agreeable to him. With an oath the gambler demanded whom he was to fight, anyway. Speaking as quietly as if he were in the presence of ladies the stranger said, "James Bowie."

Two of the gamblers were for calling it off. But two others were willing to risk a good deal for one hundred thousand dollars. Bowie obtained a second and four of them went up to the hurricane deck. It was one o'clock in the morning. The weapons were derringer pistols, the distance eighteen feet. The gambler shot first. Bowie took aim, fired, and his man dropped, dead. The captain of the Orleans, who tells the story, says Bowie calmly blew the smoke out of his pistol, and going into the deserted ladies' parlor, divided the money into three piles. One he kept. The other two he delivered to the victimized bridegroom, and left the steamboat at the next stop before the story had a chance to get around among the passengers.

When Zachary Taylor was President his son-in-law, Jefferson Davis, was in the Senate from Mississippi. Colonel Bissell, afterward Governor of Illinois, was in the House. Bissell had commanded an Illinois regiment in the War with Mexico. During a debate one day an enemy of Bissell's declared that nothing but the bravery of Colonel Jefferson Davis had saved a certain battle after Bissell and his regiment had run away. Bissell jumped up and said that that was not the way of it. His bravery had saved the day after Davis had run away. When news of this reached the other wing of the Capitol Senator Davis sent a challenge to Representative Bissell. Bissell stipulated muskets loaded with slugs at five paces. Davis accepted, and Bissell decided to go through with it, but when he reached the duelling grounds the next morning the Davis party was not there and did not arrive. Thinking his opponent's nerves had given way, Bissell went back to town, to be met by President Taylor's secretary, who directed that Bissell report at once at the White House. Bissell entered the President's study, greatly surprised to find Jefferson Davis there. The President explained that his son-in-law was under arrest by executive order, and that by the same authority Bissell now was in custody. Old Rough and Ready then delivered a little sermon on the silliness of duelling, after which Davis and Bissell shook hands and stayed for lunch with the President.

A great many duels with firearms were fought at ranges closer than ten paces. In 1801 the United States frigate *New York*, Captain Decatur commanding, put in at Malta. Midshipman Joseph Bainbridge was in the lobby of a theatre buying a ticket one evening when an English official named Cochran elbowed him several times. Bainbridge knocked him down. After the challenge, Decatur acted as Bainbridge's second and stipulated four paces—a pretty close range. Cochran's friends objected, saying Decatur was too careless of the life of his principal. Whereupon Decatur offered to substitute himself for the midshipman at four paces. Cochran chose to fight Bainbridge, however. The short distance upset the Englishman's nerves, which was what Decatur had counted on. Bainbridge killed his man at the first fire.

On another occasion two American ensigns presented pistols the muzzles of which touched each other's breast. Neither survived. Another time a young naval officer was challenged for entering a mess with his cap on. A wound was the penalty for this piece of bad manners.

In 1831 Spencer Pettis and Major Thomas Biddle of the Regular Army and the celebrated Philadelphia family of Biddles fought at five feet, the muzzles of their weapons overlapping. The affair took place on "Bloody Island," a duelling ground in the Mississippi near St. Louis. Both were desperately wounded and Pettis died. The quarrel was over politics—the most common basis of American duels. Pettis had just been elected to Congress. He challenged Biddle over a campaign remark. The wounded men exchanged words of reconciliation as they lay on the ground where they had fallen.

A touching reconciliation took place between Decatur and Barron. Decatur was a singular man. He had a gentle disposition and abhorred duelling, but believed it to be a necessary part of the profession of arms. His affairs were numerous and his example did much to encourage duelling in the Navy. In 1806 a British ship hailed the U. S. S. *Chesapeake* at sea and directed her to stand to and be searched for alleged deserters from the British Navy. The American commander, Captain Barron, refused to submit to this indignity, whereupon the British fired a broadside, killing twenty men on the *Chesapeake*. The American ship was unprepared for action. Her decks were piled with chicken coops and other traps. The British boarded her, and this was one of the causes of the War of 1812.

Captain Barron was tried and—perhaps unjustly—dismissed from the service by a court of which the distinguished Decatur was a member. Fourteen years later, misled by malicious gossip, Barron began a long correspondence with Decatur and wound up by

challenging him. They fought at Bladensburg, Maryland. Both fell, apparently mortally wounded. Barron called weakly to Decatur, proposing that they "make friends before we meet in heaven." "I have never been your enemy, sir," said Decatur. "Would to God, Captain," replied Barron, "you had said that yesterday!" Decatur was going fast, and his friends carried him away. His last sentence was that everything had been conducted in a most honorable manner and that he only regretted he could not die in the service of his country. But the gallant seaman closed his eyes believing that he had rounded out his life in defense of a tradition indispensable to the Navy. Captain Barron recovered.

Whilst civilians might, on occasion, avoid fighting, there was less chance of escape in the Army or Navy. A Revolutionary captain in a Pennsylvania regiment once tested this out. He repeatedly declined challenges, although in battle he gave proof of his valor. This, however, was not enough. Another officer who had been refused a meeting horsewhipped the reluctant captain and was supported by the popular opinion of the regiment. The captain then challenged and fought and restored himself to favor among his fellow officers. Amongst civilians the custom of "posting" grew up following refusals of challenges. William Cummings, of Georgia, and George McDuffie, a Congressman from South Carolina, fought and the latter was wounded in the back. Mr. McDuffie appeared dissatisfied with this outcome, and made remarks about Cummings which brought another challenge. Cummings went to Greenville, South Carolina, but the men failed to get together. The challenger soothed his disappointment by posting this notice in the court house:

Greenville, 5th Sept. 1822.

Mr. George M'Duffie having virtually denied me the satisfaction demanded of him, and which he promised to give, I pronounce him AN EQUIVOCATING SCOUNDREL AND A BASE COWARD.

WILLIAM CUMMINGS

In a few hours another notice was tacked up beneath the foregoing. It read:

I gratuitously offered Col. Cummings the satisfaction due a gentleman, when in the estimation of the whole community he was disgraced and unworthy of notice. . . . I am perfectly convinced that from inquiries which no gentleman would make, he ascertained my mode of shooting; and therefore refused to meet me until he could obtain further time to practice. I have seen Col. Cummings on the field of com-

bat, bracing his cowardly nerves with artificial stimulants. I know him to be a coward, who has been driven to desperation to the course he has pursued; and am satisfied that he will not meet any man unless he supposes he has a decided advantage in the contest.

GEORGE M'DUFFIE

Cummings stayed in Greenville for several days trying to get McDuffie to fight, but for reasons which may have been the best in the world the South Carolinian continued to prefer the pen to the horse pistol.

In 1826, when Secretary of State Henry Clay challenged Senator John Randolph of Virginia, the latter went to the field determined to fire in the air,

but expecting to be killed by Clay. Randolph could not disclose this to his second, of course, because that official would have been bound by the Code to prevent the meeting. The Virginian confided his plan to a colleague in the

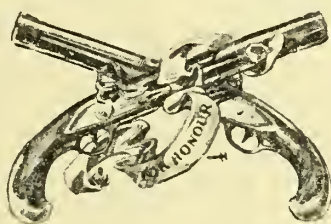
Senate, Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri. Benton was familiar with the Code, too. He had killed one man and broken Andrew Jackson's arm—after which, however, he left Tennessee and moved to St. Louis, making no bones of the fact that he had no desire to be too near to Jackson when he got well. But later he and Old Hickory became the closest kind of friends.

Benton remonstrated with Randolph, but the Virginian said his notion of honor would not permit him to decline the meeting, and his conscience would not let him risk making a widow of Mrs. Clay and an orphan of her little boy. What could a gentleman do? Mr. Benton could not answer that question, so when the day came Randolph wrote a codicil to his will and put all of his affairs in shape to die. Two fires were exchanged, after which both marksmen dropped their weapons and spontaneously rushed together and shook hands.

"You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay," Senator Randolph said, putting his finger through a bullet hole.

"I am glad the debt is no greater," replied the Secretary of State.

Two years after he had "met the enemy and they are ours" Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry was cruising the Mediterranean, when he had a falling out with Captain John Heath, commanding the Marines on Perry's ship. Perry lost his temper and struck the captain. That made a duel inevitable. The Code recognized no apology for a blow. Heath fired and missed. Perry shot in the air, saying he could not consent to return his adversary's fire, as the meeting was the result of a disagreement in which he, Perry, had been entirely in the wrong. Stephen Decatur, Perry's second, then stepped in and reconciled the (Continued on page 86)



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Ready, Sir

(Continued from page 85)

two men without further exchange of hostilities.

After Benedict Arnold had tried to betray the Colonies and had gone to London to live he found himself shunned by a great many people in English society. At a ball he was introduced to Lord Balcarras, who refused to accept Arnold's hand. There was a challenge. Arnold fired first, but his aim had been defective. Balcarras stood on his mark, staring contemptuously at his opponent, but making no move to raise his weapon. "My lord, are you not going to fire?" asked Arnold. The nobleman tossed his weapon away. "No, sir. I leave traitors to the public executioner."

Duels have given some peculiar twists to later events. The Burr-Hamilton affair probably deprived Burr of the Presidency, and did deprive his country of Alexander Hamilton, one of the ablest statesmen the United States has ever had, who died in the prime of his usefulness. Hamilton had been Washington's Colonel House and certainly would have been President except for the fact that his West Indian birth made him ineligible. Burr had missed the Presidency by a hair and was Vice-President in 1804 when he killed Hamilton and ruined himself in the estimation of the people. Sentiment nearly always favored the dead man. Sometimes he deserved it, but poor marksmanship was not an infallible guarantee of an excellent character. Hamilton was a better man than Burr any way you would compare them, but all the responsibility for that duel did not rest with Burr by any means. Hamilton knew the etiquette of the times. He had been an official at duels. He had spread stories about Burr which may have been true, probably were true, but they were grounds for a duel according to the custom of the day, and Hamilton knew that as well as anyone.

It is not so widely known that Hamilton's eighteen-year-old son fought two duels in defense of his father's political views and was killed two years before the elder Hamilton fell on the same field at Weehawken, New Jersey.

In the 1840's one of the ranking officers of the Navy was Post Captain Bolton, elderly and easy-going and seemingly as unromantic as a sea captain well may be. But in 1819 a Lieutenant White of the Marine Corps challenged a Lieutenant Finch of the Navy, alleging that Finch had remarked "to Lieutenant Legge, that I was ignorant of my duty." White seems to have been egged into the contest by hot-headed friends. Finch tried to avoid trouble, but finally accepted the challenge. He

met the rash young Marine on an island in Boston Harbor and shot him dead. He felt so badly over the matter that he changed his name—and so, after twenty-five years had rolled by, we have Post Captain Bolton.

The signature which American autograph collectors prize above nearly all others is that of Button Gwinnett. Although you may not be an autograph collector, that name and that autograph are faintly familiar, I am sure. We have all seen it at one time or another. It appears on the Declaration of Independence. It is a fashion to collect autographs of the Signers of the Declaration. But Mr. Gwinnett left so few samples of his signature that recently one sold for as high as \$22,500, which is \$1,607.14 a letter, the highest price per letter or per name ever paid for a specimen of the handwriting of an American.

Up to the time of the Revolution Mr. Gwinnett was a fairly well-to-do Georgia planter, not very well known and not very much given to the practice of penmanship. And what he did write almost no one bothered to keep. The war found Squire Gwinnett hot for the Colonial cause, and they sent him to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. He was an inconspicuous member. As a matter of routine he put his name to the paper which another inconspicuous member named Thomas Jefferson had drawn up, and which later became famous as the Declaration of Independence.

Then he went back home. They were raising a new infantry brigade and Mr. Gwinnett thought he would like to command it. The brigadier was to be chosen by ballot by the men. The other candidate was Colonel Lackland McIntosh, who was looking for a promotion. He got it.

Gwinnett took his defeat hard. He said mean things about McIntosh, and began to meddle in military matters which were properly the business of General McIntosh. He made it plain that he was trying to drive McIntosh from the

service. The General showed remarkable forbearance, however, but he could not help from exulting a little when Gwinnett ran for governor and was beaten in that race, too. Gwinnett immediately challenged McIntosh. McIntosh accepted and chose pistols at twelve feet. In May of 1777 they went out at dawn. At the first fire, Gwinnett's legs went out from under him and he fell. He was shot through the knee. McIntosh, however, was the more seriously wounded of the two. He had a bullet in the thigh. But McIntosh got well and in two weeks Gwinnett was dead. Mrs. Gwinnett wrote a letter



relieving McIntosh of responsibility in the matter, and blaming a surgeon's lack of skill for the death of her husband.

The era of the duel in America properly began during the Revolution, when so many newly appointed officers became suddenly conscious of their official and personal honor. Nor were these delicate sensibilities confined to officers. Old army records show that in 1779 Corporal Colbee was reduced to the ranks for challenging Sergeant Powers.

Washington never fought a duel, but was the cause of at least two meetings which he must have known something about at the time. During the winter at Valley Forge the French-Irish soldier of fortune, Conway, whom Washington had taken into his army, actively schemed to displace the Commander-in-Chief. That was the "Conway Cabal" of the school histories. Washington's friend, General Cadwalader of Pennsylvania, challenged Conway and severely wounded him. When he thought himself to be dying Conway wrote a manly letter of apology to Washington. After Washington had rebuked Charles Lee for his questionable conduct at Monmouth, Lee made remarks about his chief which drew a challenge from Colonel John Laurens, of Washington's staff. General Lee, who was a notorious duellist, received his only wound in the encounter which followed.

When Major General Nathanael Greene was challenged by a swash-buckling Captain Gunn he wrote to Washington and asked him what to do about it. Washington told Greene to ignore the call, as his life was too valuable to his country to be placed needlessly in jeopardy. Washington also persuaded the Marquis de Lafayette to permit the friendly adjustment of a dispute in which the Frenchman had

demanding "satisfaction" of one of the British peace commissioners.

The duelling era roughly is enclosed by the dates 1775 to 1875—or lop off ten years at the end if you wish to be quite conservative. I may be stretching it just a bit to fill out an even century, but I don't think so. There were duels before that and after that, but that was the era. It had its rise in the turmoil of the Revolution, and strangely enough its decline set in precipitously at the beginning of the Civil War, when most people got too busy to think of fighting on a small scale. With the tranquilization during the decade following Appomattox duelling petered out as a going concern. There were, however, several fatal meetings, held in accordance with all of the conventional forms, as late as the 1880's. A descendant of Jim Bowie was killed in a duel in Dallas in 1884. In Louisiana there were a few harmless affairs after 1900. But these were an isolated hang-over and not a part of the period.

The first fatal duel in America took place in Boston in 1728, and during the duel's heyday, say from 1800 to 1840, encounters took place everywhere. But generally speaking the South, the Southwest and, on the heels of the gold rush, California held the Code in highest favor. In the frontier West of the last generation the duel trailed off into the gun-play. The formality of seconds and such was dispensed with, but the basic etiquette remained the same. A man was supposed to have his "chance." Then it was a "killing"—otherwise murder, and Judge Lynch was pretty prompt. Wild Bill Hickok, California Joe and other Western gunmen of prestige were descendants of the punctilious gentlemen in claw hammer coats who stood on their marks and said, "Ready, sir."

Dangerous Ways

(Continued from page 41)

And so I left him and wandered down to the water-front. My little boat was still tied to the rickety wharf near my house. It seemed to call to me to get aboard. Out beyond the harbor entrance loomed the green bulk of Pine Island.

My little boat—and the island. One was the carrier and the other was the place. I wanted to step right into it, and once again try an exploration of the island. . . . But my assailant, and the girl, would not be there any longer. The fact that she and Saragon had had no transportation away from the island was proof that it was merely a casual rendezvous.

But where had they come from? That put an idea into my head. I went up to Carl Sangerman's garage. Occasionally I lent Carl my boat; in return, he frequently supplied me with an unwanted car. I furnished the oil and gasoline and paid for any repair that might be needed. And today he

had an unused Buick runabout which he told me I was welcome to for a month, if needed.

I had him fill her tank with gas, saw that there was oil, and air in the tires, and set off up the Bagaduce shore road.

Over in West Brooksville I got my first clue. At a filling station run by a chap I knew, I stopped and gossiped about the mysterious assault in the Firport house.

"What I've heard about the guy—Saragon, that his name?—well, he looks like the man that got me to vulcanize a tube one day last week. Had a girl with him, too, and a pretty one. Brown-haired and light-eyed. Sounds like they might have been the couple," he said. "They headed toward Myron's Lake House," he added.

And at Myron's Lake House, old Myron, proprietor of the camp-hotel, informed me that the couple whom I described had lunched together at his place on three (Continued on page 88)

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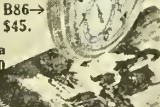
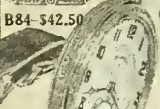
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Dangerous Ways

(Continued from page 87)

different occasions in the past week. They had always come in a motor-car, but once they had had, as companions, some people from a yacht in Myron's Harbor.

The name of the yacht? The *Lark*. I could have cursed aloud. Of course, the girl had come from a yacht. But—why hadn't she or Saragon known the name of the nearest town? They'd been motoring around the country.

But these were puzzles I couldn't hope to answer. The thing to do now was to find out where the *Lark* was.

And old Myron told me that it had sailed away yesterday afternoon. And all the time during the past forty-eight hours, it had been anchored within half

to do with the day one found an extra pack of cigarettes, or the sergeant stumbled in the mud.

And now that childish disconsolation was repeated. I felt the same sense of stupidity, of inadequacy in the face of a simple situation. For I was absolutely certain that there was no possibility of error. Saragon and Rose Blaney had come from the *Lark* to Pine Island. The *Lark* had been at hand. Had I used any wit at all, I'd have known that people who lied about their small boat having drifted away must have arrived at Pine Island from some yacht. Their clothing proved that they'd not have embarked in a boat that they expected to run themselves.



a mile of Pine Island, just around the point that sheltered Myron's Harbor on the south!

CHAPTER V

I CAN only remember one incident in my life that matched this, and it seems silly to recount it, yet it is only by making my readers understand my attitude that I can make them, later, understand my amazing actions. As a little boy, of nine or ten, I'd gone out to play with the other children. I went up the hill from my house to the old Fort, where I felt certain I'd find my gang, and there was no one there. All that hot July afternoon I waited patiently for my playmates to arrive, but none came. That evening I learned that the gang had been playing at Indian fighting in the woods a half mile away. Had I mounted the ramparts of the Fort, I would, from that grassy eminence, have descried them as they darted in and out of the pines.

I remember that I wept inconsolably half the night at thought of the fun I'd missed, and that I'd missed by sheer stupid lack of imagination. And, before you laugh at me, talk to some of the boys who were Over There, and learn how easily tragedy becomes so commonplace that slaughter is forgotten, and men come back from war with their most vivid remembrances having

Some one had deposited them on Pine Island, and that someone must have come from a yacht.

All this I told myself angrily as I rode sullenly away from Myron's Lake House. Yet, as a matter of fact, deductions always seem obvious after the fact. There was no real reason why I should have known for certain that Saragon and the girl had anything to do with a yacht. They might easily have hired a boat, though I now told myself that such an action was ridiculous to suppose, and told their ferryman to leave them on the island. That would have been a strange action, but no stranger than the things these people had done since.

But there is a kind of mental ease to be gained by giving one's self a good cussing out, and I sought for that ease.

Rose Blaney had sailed away on the *Lark*. Of that I was now absolutely certain. The only trace of her, since the assault on Saragon, had been my discovery of her on Pine Island. North, south, or east, she had sailed away. I had no proof of this, mind, but I didn't need proof.

And, by way of consolation, I asked myself exactly what I would have done had the *Lark* remained in Myron's Harbor. What could I have accomplished? For I knew, instantly, that, duty or no, I'd not have notified the police of my suspicions, my certainties. I'm not of-

fering extenuation for this attitude of mine; I merely state it. A natural repugnance toward informing on a woman was strengthened by an angry desire to pay off my own scores without assistance.

So, how could I have paid them off? Had I chugged out to the *Lark*, and managed to win aboard it, I'd probably have been tossed unceremoniously back into my boat. And perhaps I'd have carried away a graver injury than I'd brought home from Pine Island.

Indeed, as I thought the matter over on my way back to Firport, I was in as good a position now to gain revenge as if the *Lark* were still anchored in the Bay. All I had to do was communicate my certainties to Manigault and urge him to get in touch with the proper authorities, and the whole force of the United States government would be bent toward the apprehension of the *Lark*.

And I didn't mention the matter to Manigault, nor to anyone else!

The Sheriff had made no effort toward capturing the girl. So why should I make any attempt to overcome his inertia? Why should I inform him of the results of my own investigations? Once again, I do not apologize for my indifference toward my civic duty. I merely state it, and trust that I may be understood.

I kept away, the next few days, from my old friends in the town. I discouraged, too, Martha's talkativeness. Knowing how curious she was, I could imagine how she suffered at my uncommunicativeness, but I had nothing to communicate. Her cousin Len's son, she told me, had fitted right into my job at the grocery, and I smiled bitterly.

So much of a niche I'd carved for myself in the seven years since the end of the war that a half-grown boy could fill it instantly. I, who had aspired to so much, had achieved so little!

For a week I idled. In my little motor-boat, I went fishing. But I never landed on Pine Island. All that I'd find there would be recollections of my hurt and humiliation. I fished, read a little and smoked too much. I was in that indecisive mood which heralds change, but what the change was to be I could not imagine. I only knew, deep down in my heart, that Martha's cousin Len's boy would not be ousted from his job in my favor, that I was through, for a time at least, with Firport.

But where I'd go, what I'd do—the book of the future was sealed to me. And it was toward the tenth day after my defeat on the island that Tom Reland called on me.

He was a big, bluff, hearty chap, whom I'd met Over There, and with whom I'd struck up one of those quick and close army friendships that, like so many things, had been broken abruptly by the closing of hostilities.

He stopped at my house one morning, just as I'd finished breakfast and was looking dully forward to another unexciting day cruising around the Bay.

"Well, old Stick-in-the Mud, what are

you doing with yourself?" was his greeting.

We shook hands, and I pressed coffee on him.

"Just living, that's all. And you?" I inquired.

"About the same," he grinned. "Been running a filling station back in Meadows, Vermont. All of a sudden, five days ago, I had enough. A man had been dickering around, wanting to buy my station, and—I sold it."

"What are your plans?" I asked.

He shrugged his big shoulders and held out his cup. I filled it for him.

"Plans? What the hell use are plans, Jack? Seems to me I remember you had plenty plans when I last saw you. You were going to complete your law course, be a great trial lawyer, and maybe become a judge. Well, what happened?"

Briefly, I told him. "How did you know I was still here?" I demanded.

"Didn't. I tell you, I just sold my place, hopped in that runabout that's standing in front of your gate, and set out. Just any place so it wasn't Vermont, that's all the plan I had. Well, I got into Maine a few days ago, and got thinking of you. I remembered you used to tell me of your home town of Firport, and—I had no particular place to go, so I just aimed the bus toward Penobscot Bay and let her go. Slept last night at Bucksport and this morning headed down here. Five minutes ago I stopped for some gas, and mentioned your name and found out you were living here, and had been here since the war. So over I moseyed. And that's that."

"Well, I'm sure glad you came, Tom," I told him enthusiastically. All my old regard for the big fellow had revived at sight of him. Also, my pride was soothed a bit by him. He was no fool; not extremely well-educated, but a natural, sharp intelligence had been refined by an ordinary high school education. He had as much to go upon as nine-tenths of the country's successes, and yet—he, too, was a failure like myself.

We had a smoke-talk after breakfast. I told him my dreary lot, and sympathized with him in his. Also, I told him of my recent adventures, and he was instantly excited.

"Darn! Nothing like that's ever happened to me," he said. "I'd take a crack on the bean for a little excitement, Buddy. I want to tell you, I got so I was ready to scream every time some guy wanted more gas or oil. Gas and oil, gas and oil! Till I hated the smell of either. Doggone, a man that's seen action can't be a clam all the rest of his life. That's why I got up and got. And I think it musta been a hunch that sent me in this direction. Here are you—nothing to do, getting nowhere. Here am I—same thing. Well, why not pool the assets?"

"And do what?" I asked cynically. "Open a combination garage and grocery store?"

"Not by a long shot! I got some money—twenty-five hundred, all told. How much you got?"

"Well, I (Continued on page 90)



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Dangerous Ways

(Continued from page 89)

can put my hands on that much cash," I admitted.

"Well, reach out the mitts and grab it, then. Then pack a bag—travel light, kid—throw it into the bus, and it's us for—"

"Where?" I asked.

"Where every other live one is headed for—Florida," he answered.

Not such a reckless reply, I thought. In common with the rest of America, I'd read, and heard, of the Florida boom, thrilled with envy at the tales of sudden riches to be gained there. But my native New England caution asserted itself.

"What'll we do when we get there?" I asked.

winter underclothes, Jack Dorrance, darning them, and everything."

"Pretty early in the summer to be doing that," said Tom.

"Is that so?" said Martha. "Listen, young man, it ain't never too early to be doing anything. Well, when do you go?"

"Today," said I.

Oh, now that the die was cast, my enthusiasm, my eagerness, more than matched Tom Relland's.

"It's a good day," said Martha, "for doing anything at all. You'll not get weather again like this."

Around the corner, as I could see through the opened window, hobbled old Manigault. He turned in at my



"Well, what are you doing here?" he countered. "At the moment, you're loafing; for seven years you've been a clam. Well, we can't do any worse in Florida, can we? Gosh, if we've got to sell stuff across counters, we can sell as well there as anywhere else, can't we? We're both ill-equipped to look for jobs in cities. We'd do there what we've done in the country—sell stuff at retail. But where there's quick money, in a place where what wit a fellow has can be put to use—well, Buddy, until two minutes ago I didn't know where I was headed for, but, believe me, I know now. I'm another of the tin-can tourists, and you know when I'm starting? To-day, feller, today."

This was the first enthusiasm I'd encountered since I'd returned to Firport. Enthusiasm! I knew now what I'd been starving for. I'd wanted someone to be interested in, something that was personal, not a mere excitement over what the newspapers related.

On impulse I thrust forward my hand. Relland gripped it, pumped my arm up and down, let out a war-whoop that brought Martha running to the door.

"Land sakes, what's happened?" she asked.

"Nothing—yet," chuckled Relland. "But plenty is about to, Miss Perkins. I'm taking this old oyster out into the world with me. Down to Florida to make our fortunes."

"Hmph," sniffed Martha. "Then I've been wasting time sorting out your

gate, and paddled up the little walk. I went to the door and admitted him.

"Telephone message from Bangor, Jack," he told me. "And what do you think?"

I shook my head.

"This feller Saragon's left the hospital," he said.

I whistled. "But I thought he was laid up for months," I said.

"So did I—for weeks, anyway," said old Manigault. "But seems different."

"But—what do you mean? The police—"

"Sure. They were going to question him as soon as he was able to talk, but—who'd ever have thought that a man that'd been half-murdered would walk out of hospital without telling the police anything? Anybody'd think he'd want the police to know all about it, so's he could get square with the folks that slugged him."

I avoided the eyes of Martha and Tom. They both knew that I'd been slugged and kept my mouth shut.

"Perhaps," I suggested, lamely, "he had his own reasons—"

"Exactly," said the Sheriff triumphantly. "He was as big a criminal, maybe, as whoever hit him. That's what I said to the police in Bangor when they phoned. Well, I thought you'd be interested, Jack."

"I am," I assured him. "But—how did he get away?"

"Oh, some friends called for him in a big car. The head doctor was away

from the hospital, and none of the others felt they had authority to detain a patient. It seems Saragon's been conscious the last day or so—and anyway, you know how these things happen in small towns."

I hid a grin. Manigault, Sheriff in a village of one thousand people, termed Bangor a small town. But I could understand. The law, and its execution, is more lax in small communities than elsewhere. Fewer big events happen in small places, and people are untrained in how to meet emergencies.

"Well, there ain't nothing for me to do," said Manigault.

He declined my invitation to have a cup of coffee and stumped off, to regale other acquaintances with the latest development in the mystery that had excited the town.

"You certainly stepped into a funny affair, Jack," commented Relland.

"He ain't stepped out of it yet," declared Martha.

"What do you mean?" asked Tom.

"Nothing in particular," was Martha's reply. "Except I've noticed that there isn't very much in this world that stays half-finished. You think a thing is all over, and then you find that it's just begun. Whatever you do, you'll find, keeps coming back to you, in some way or another. No, sir, Jack ain't heard the last of this Saragon, nor of the girl that hit him, either."

I made no answer to this; I agreed with Martha, yet it seemed to smack of superstition, this statement of hers and my silent agreement. I went upstairs to my room, and began overhauling my things.

Strange how, when the moment of decision arrives, we find how little, after all, remains to be done save the attending to trivialities. After I'd packed a bag, there was little for me to do. I told Martha to continue on in the house, if she chose.

"I got my own money, Jack Dorance," she told me, "and I won't need wages if I stay here. But I can rent my place to the Whites, and stay on here and keep the place fresh, if you like. And besides, you may come traipsing back as quickly as you went away, though I don't think so."

So we let it go at that. Then I went down to Westerman, told him that I was leaving town for awhile, shook hands, and that was settled. After which I went to the bank, and arranged to have two thousand dollars transferred to a bank in West Palm Beach.

"Because maybe there'll be some bargains waiting to be snapped up down there, and we'll need ready money," said Relland. "I've sent mine to West Palm Beach. We'll make that our first headquarters."

Five hundred more I took in cash, and—that's all there was to it. Less than two hours after Tom Relland had dropped into Firport, I was on my way to Florida with him. And I couldn't have wound up my affairs more satisfactorily if I'd devoted two weeks, instead of two hours, to the task.

Crazy? Of course it was crazy. But,

as Tom pointed out, was it any more crazy than remaining in Firport, where there was no future at all? I was mighty grateful for the recollection of our friendship that had made Relland, at a loose end, wander into town. For, despite all my distaste for my present life, who knows that, alone, I'd have summoned up energy enough to have abandoned it?

At Bucksport we crossed the Penobscot by ferry, and started south-west. That night we slept in Rockland, Maine. And, lounging around the streets that evening, stretching our legs after the confinement of the past hours, we learned that we weren't the only people in Maine who were headed for Florida. Even here, in this small city, there was talk of little else but the fortunes to be made in speculation in the southern land of sunshine and palms and oranges. Sane men were giving up businesses, women were leaving the schools and shops, to embark upon new careers in Florida.

It may be that these folk were rash; the future alone can decide that; but it made me respect my countrymen—and women. A race that always wants to better itself, that will abandon the homes of generations on the chance that something better lies around the corner, is a progressive race, a *doing* race. And if you argue that the rolling stone gathers no moss, I will reply that it sees a bit of the world, anyway.

Next morning, though, I got a shock. The Rockland paper told of the sudden departure from the hospital of the man Saragon, who had been nearly killed in Firport. It elaborated on what Manigault had told me, described the car in which he had departed, gave descriptions of the two men who had called upon him, and taken him away. And then it told how his body, badly bruised, had been found in the woods on the outskirts of Brewer, across the river from Bangor.

There was no question about the identity of the body. Nor was there any question as to the fact that murder had been done. For the man had been shot twice through the head, and his body had been thrown from a rapidly moving automobile, apparently. The clothing was the clothing that had been brought to the hospital by the ambulance that had conveyed Saragon to Bangor. And there was the bruise, half-healed, upon his head, which had been treated by the hospital doctors.

Lured from his hospital bed, only to be murdered! I felt a sick sensation as I read the paper. I showed it to Tom Relland.

"What'll I do?" I asked him.

"I hate to advise you," he said. "You'll be in wrong for not having said that you saw the girl after Saragon was injured in Firport. The police might even call that suppression of material evidence. Lord knows; you were once almost a lawyer. You know if you've violated the law. But I know what I'd do, if I were you. I'd keep my mouth shut."

Well, maybe (Continued on page 92)

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Dangerous Ways

(Continued from page 91)

it was wrong of Tom to so advise me, and maybe it was equally wrong of me to accept his advice. But I did accept it.

CHAPTER VI

WE slept that night in Boston, and before we went to bed, Tom and I talked over again the mystery which had resulted in murder. I'd felt uneasy all day, during the ride along the Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts coasts. After all, murder had been done, and where murder enters into an affair, the affair becomes a public matter.

Tom, too, had done some thinking, and the easy advice which he had proffered in the morning was withdrawn now.

"The Bangor police might never happen to stumble on the fact that a yacht named the *Lark* is involved in the affair, Jack," he said. "Neither the garage man who gave you the tip, nor old Myron, may ever think of informing the police. I guess, old feller, you'd better take a morning train back to Maine, and join me later."

"I guess I had," I agreed. And we went to sleep on that.

But the Boston papers, next morning, made me change my mind. The Brewer mystery, as it was termed, occupied a front page column. And the telegraphed account stated that the Bangor police had discovered evidence which caused them to believe that passengers—or the crew—on a yacht called the *Lark* knew something of the mystery. Old Myron had not been as uninterested as Tom and I had believed. The girl, Rose Blaney, was described, and all that I knew was evidently known to the police, except my own treatment at the hands of her unseen rescuer.

"That lets you out, Jack," said Tom. "You couldn't add a blooming thing to what the police already know, except the fact that you took one on the skull.

I think, everything considered, you aren't doing anything very wrong in keeping your mouth shut. You can't help find the girl. All you can do is tell how you were outwitted, made sort of a fool of. I'd let it drop."

Once again, I don't know whether we were right or wrong, but, instead of taking a train back to Bangor, I continued on with Tom in the runabout.

I'd never done any traveling in this country of ours, save trips to Boston when I studied there, and what I saw—and, I hope, learned—on that motor trip to Florida, impressed me as nothing else had ever done. More than fifteen hundred miles of motoring, and we only touched the fringe of the country. But we saw the manufacturing towns of New England, the beautiful Connecticut River; we spent two days in New York, and two more in Washington, and we visited beautiful Charleston.

And all the way, though we loafed, really, and took in the sights, we felt that bubbling enthusiasm which possessed the country in this year of the great Florida migration.

It made me think of tales of the Klondike rush, when thousands of men started forth, ill-equipped to cope with the life ahead of them, but glowing with the conviction that fortune would be theirs.

Only this rush brought women and children, even babies in arms, along in its train. And this rush was not to face the rigors of the Arctic, but was to terminate in a climate as fabulously soft as the South Seas.

Yet here and there, as we pitched our tent in the tourist camps provided by most of the cities and towns, we met disconsolate folk who were returning from the land of fortune.

"Living prohibitive; only a place for a rich man; there are lots enough to sell one to every person in the world and have plenty left over; suppose you do get thirty dollars a day? If it costs

you forty to live, where do you come out?"

"Croakers," Tom would say. "I'll bet that when manna came down from the skies there were plenty in Moses' train to beef because they didn't get gravy, too."

"How do you know they didn't?" I inquired.

"Well, then they beefed about something else, old kid," he insisted. "The trouble with these croakers is that they went to Florida expecting to get something for nothing, and that never happens. Buddy, you and me got to work in Florida same as we got to work anywhere. All we hope is that we get a little better return for our work, and maybe a little surf bathing this winter when there's a blizzard cooling dear old New England. Besides, we're bringing some dough with us, and guys with dough can look the situation over a bit. Are we down-hearted?"

"No," I said. "Not till we've had a look-see, anyway."

It took us three weeks to make the journey, and each day the roads were more congested, the tourist camps at night more crowded. But at last, having skirted the Lake country, we pulled into West Palm Beach. We found us a room, at a pretty high rental, but within our means, on the outskirts of the town, and that very day went swimming in the surf on the Palm Beach side of Lake Worth, the name of the inland waterway that separates the outer keys, or reefs, of Florida, from the mainland. Some places this waterway—which varies from a few yards to a few miles in width, is called the Indian River, the Halifax River, or Biscayne Bay, but at Palm Beach it is known as Lake Worth, and is as lovely a stretch of water as one may hope to see.

The season, we were told, had not begun; and indeed, it was extremely hot; but the West Palm Beach side was crowded as I'd never seen a place, in peace times, crowded. And the excitement was contagious. Everyone, apparently, was getting rich, and I had to restrain Tom Relland from investing his money within an hour after we arrived.

"Shoe-string gamblers break their laces, Tom," I told him. "Remember, if the lots are good today, they'll be equally good tomorrow."

"But the price will go up," he protested.

However, I managed to persuade him to cool off, and we spent two weeks in the town without spending any money save for living expenses. And then, in a peculiar way, I made the connection that removed us from the ranks of the idlers living on their principal, and put us among those who had a stake in the country.

For it had begun to look to us as though we'd have to go back to our respective trades of gas-seller and grocery clerk. It took a certain kind of assurance to land jobs as real estate salesmen, and neither Tom nor I possessed that particular asset. We had

diffidence, I'm afraid, and diffidence is not a thing of commerce. Both of us had been too long away from things and men of affairs; either of us, we assured each other, would make good once we got started, but it was the start that overawed us.

Now, it happened that I played a very good game of checkers. I know that among crackerjack players I'd be a dub, but around Westerman's store, or at the Firport House, I always managed to do more than hold my own. Of course, I know none of the names of the various moves, had no book knowledge of checkers, but a certain native shrewdness came to my aid in tight places.

So, one afternoon, having watched an old chap defeat a rather bumptious young fellow in the Park in West Palm Beach, I slipped into the vanquished one's seat as he walked, crestfallen, away.

"Take me on?" I asked.

The old chap was jubilant. He looked like any other of a hundred who were killing the hot afternoon at checkers or pitching horseshoes. He wore a colored shirt without any collar, suspenders, no coat, and manipulated chewing tobacco with dexterity.

"Don't care to risk a dime, do you?" he inquired.

I laughed. "A dime would be about my limit," I replied.

"That so? Then y' ain't made a million in Floridy real estate, eh?" he asked.

"Find me a job," I said, "and I'll let some one else have the million."

"That so? Well, we'll see," he said.

"A good checker player, if he ain't too good, which would mean he never done anything else, ought to be able to hold down a job all right. First move?"

I won the first game. He won the second and the third. I paid him a dime, congratulated him, and would have moved off. But he climbed bulkily from his bench and detained me.

"You and I might have a little talk," he suggested. "Who's your friend?" He nodded at Tom, who had been loudly jeering my defeat.

I told him Tom's name and my own.

"I'm Silé Keenan," the old chap informed us. "I'm the feller that invented acreage."

I eyed him with sudden respect. The Palm Beach papers were filled with his advertisements. I had seen his offices on Clematis Avenue, and guessed that he must be a millionaire several times over.

"Let's go have a cup of coffee somewhere," he suggested.

Naturally, neither Tom nor I demurred. And the upshot of the meeting was that Keenan engaged us both, at salaries of a hundred dollars a week, and a commission of five percent on what sales we might engineer.

"You fellers," he said, "are the kind of lads I like. Too many white collar boys down here, and they don't go so big with the farmers I'm selling to. I'm a countryman, myself. Come from Ioway, and (Continued on page 94)

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Dangerous Ways

(Continued from page 93)

made plenty money back home. Been comin' to Floridy winters for fifteen years, and each year I bought myself a few hundred acres of good farm land. Then come the boom, and I spread out. Now lots may rise and lots may fall, but a man that's got a farm and can work it don't need to worry about real estate values. He raises food—and we'll always need food. But the city fellers working for me are a *leetle* too slick. They don't sell a client a farm, they sell him a possible subdivision, and they tend to give me a bad name.

"Now, can you two chaps sell *farms*, and sell 'em without hinting to the buyer that he can sell his acres as lots next week?"

He accepted our assurances that we could, and Tom and I went to work for him. I bought a second-hand car, and for three months I was busy night and day, and so was Tom, selling acreage to farmers who had wearied of the winters of the North.

We averaged about two hundred dollars a week, and, even though living expenses were high down here, we managed to save better than half our earnings, which, as Tom said, was a lot better than breaking even up north.

And then, at the American Legion arena on Clematis Avenue one Tuesday night in the late fall, the almost forgotten mystery of the summer time revived for me.

Martha Perkins had sent me regularly the *Bangor News*, and I had followed the course of the Saragon affair until it had died out of the public prints. For the *Lark* had never been traced; no one had claimed Saragon's body, and for months the *News* had never mentioned the murder. To me it had become one of those recollections which brought a flush of anger to my cheeks whenever I thought of it, but these times grew less and less frequent.

On this particular night, I don't believe I'd thought of Rose Blaney, or Pine Island, or the murdered man, for weeks. Tom Relland had taken a prospective buyer over Lakeland way, to show an orange grove, and I, with an evening to kill, strolled over to the Arena to watch Kid Indian, Palm Beach's favorite lightweight, go ten rounds against Tony Paris, a tough little old-timer from the North.

The preliminary bouts were entertaining, and the final was full of action. Like everyone else, I stood up during the last round, cheering on the Indian in his final desperate effort to stop the game boy from the North.

I had bought myself a bleacher seat, and, between rounds, I'd amused myself by speculating on the identities of the folk in evening dress who occupied the ring-side boxes. For Palm Beach was beginning to fill up now; some of the hotels had opened, and many of the great mansions on the ocean had re-

ceived their owners. A man beside me, noting my interest, pointed out millionaires, publishers, bankers, speculators, and professional people of various degrees of achievement.

I will admit to a certain thrill at seeing them. Success is an enviable thing, and these people were successful. Also, I had never seen women at a prize-fight before, and I was a bit shocked at first. But that wore off. Boxing is a beautiful sport when capably performed, and I began to see there was no reason on earth why women should not witness the events as well as men.

One woman, in particular, I'd watched. She sat in a front row seat, and was in evening dress. Something attracted me to her, although I could not see her face. Perhaps it was the easy way in which she swayed in her seat, the grace of her white shoulders, and the youthfulness of her boyishly bobbed brown hair.

But when, at the close of the last round of the final bout, she turned to leave the arena, I knew that it had been not merely charm exerting its spell, but dimly apprehended recognition.

For the girl was Rose Blaney.

I could not be mistaken; though the last time I'd seen her she'd worn a hat and street dress, this was the girl. My fists clenched viciously. Perhaps the tall, good-looking chap with her, whose arm she was taking now, was the man who had slugged me into unconsciousness that summer day on Pine Island.

I pushed my way through the milling throng in the bleachers, until I gained a place, in the procession toward the exit, just a few yards behind the girl.

In the babble of conversation that arose from the still excited audience, I could not distinguish the words she uttered, but the vivacity of her manner, the smiling countenance she turned to her companion, were proof enough that the murder of Saragon didn't weigh very heavily upon her conscience.

I felt toward her that same horrified anger that one feels toward a beautiful reptile, whose grace but serves to make more dreadful, by very contrast, its villainess.

Instinctively, too, I hated the man she was with. Like Saragon, he was a bit too good-looking, and much too assured of manner. He was as tall as myself, and about the same weight, I'd say, and he looked in the pink of condition, fit, indeed, to take on one of the pork-and-bean light heavyweights who had performed in an earlier bout. He was olive-skinned, with heavy eyebrows that met, thin-featured, and gleaming-teethed. I put him down for a Spaniard, or possibly a South American. Certainly he was not American.

I kept, as I've said, a few yards behind them, but near the exit the girl half-stumbled, tripped, I fancy, by some

excited boy in such haste to get out that he was careless of the comfort of others. The man caught her, but as she straightened up she turned, and her eyes looked directly into mine. The arc-lights were turned on now, and the place was illuminated like day. I felt like some child caught in some bit of prying; my cheeks burned.

And then she locked indifferently away, as though I'd not existed. This was no acting. She didn't recognize me at all. I'll admit that my vanity was slightly piqued, but good sense made me forget that.

In Maine she'd escaped me. Well, I could be pardoned that. But now I swore an oath that, come what might, she'd not get away from me until I'd had explanation of her part in Saragon's death.

Yet I couldn't call to the policeman who loitered outside the arena. After all, as I've said before, this was not merely my private quarrel, but it was a woman with whom I had the quarrel. But I'd have explanation from her, and then, if explanation were not satisfactory, she could talk to the police.

Outside the Arena I got closer to them.

"Oh, let's not ride," she said. "Let's walk to the lake."

The man shrugged and they proceeded lakeward along the street. There was no difficulty, at first, in trailing them. The street was thronged with gay, chattering people, among whom it was easy to efface one's self. But when they neared the lake drive the situation changed. Pedestrians were fewer here, and following people was more apt to attract attention.

However, the arc lights were scarcer here, and by taking advantage of the shelter of occasional palms, I was able to keep fairly near to them without drawing attention to myself.

Then, on the embankment, they paused. The man drew a flashlight from his pocket and twice a narrow beam of light streaked the water. There was nothing secretive about his action, nor anything furtive about the answering beam from a yacht moored a few hundred yards out in the lake, nor anything stealthy in the fashion in which a motorboat detached itself from the yacht and chugged toward the shore.

It brought up alongside the embankment, and in a moment the girl and her man companion had stepped aboard and were headed out into the lake.

Trembling with excitement, I stepped to the stone embankment and stared out after them. The yacht was lighted, though not brilliantly so. Soon the girl and the man mounted the short companionway and went aboard.

An overmastering desire to get aboard that yacht, to learn what went on there, possessed me. I make no excuses for my action; I admit that it was not the action of sanity, of thirty years of age, but the sort of boyish recklessness that would have better befitted me fifteen years earlier.

For I walked along the embankment until I came to a little private pier and there, deliberately, with full knowledge that I might not be able to offer satisfactory explanation to its owner if he should chance this way. I borrowed a little row-boat and pulled gently out into the lake.

In ten minutes I was alongside the yacht which had received Rose Blaney and her companion. Hearing no sounds from the craft, I ventured to tie my rowboat to the stern and clambered aboard. I'd hardly done so when I heard the noise of an engine starting, heard—and felt—the screw churning the water.

I dashed back to the stern and saw my row-boat drifting a score of yards away. I was always a lubberly sailor, and the half-hitch I'd tied was, as usual, incompetent.

I debated whether or not swim to my boat. Then, as I hesitated, I heard Rose Blaney's voice.

"Well, we've made our getaway," she said.

I heard a man laugh. "We weren't meant for jail, my Rose," he said.

So—they spoke of jail. I made my determination. I threw myself under a tarpaulin that sheltered a life-raft and drew the heavy water-proofed canvas over me.

Insane? Well, adventurous, I'll admit. But I was not going to let the girl get away this time, not until my curiosity was satisfied. That I might well lose my life in satisfying curiosity did not occur to me just then.

(To be continued)



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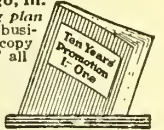
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